THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]G POST

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Samuel G. Blythe—Ben Ames Williams—Alonzo Englebert Taylor—Maximilian Foster
Nina Wilcox Putnam—Sophie Kerr—Alfred Noyes—Nalbro Bartley—Sinclair Lewis

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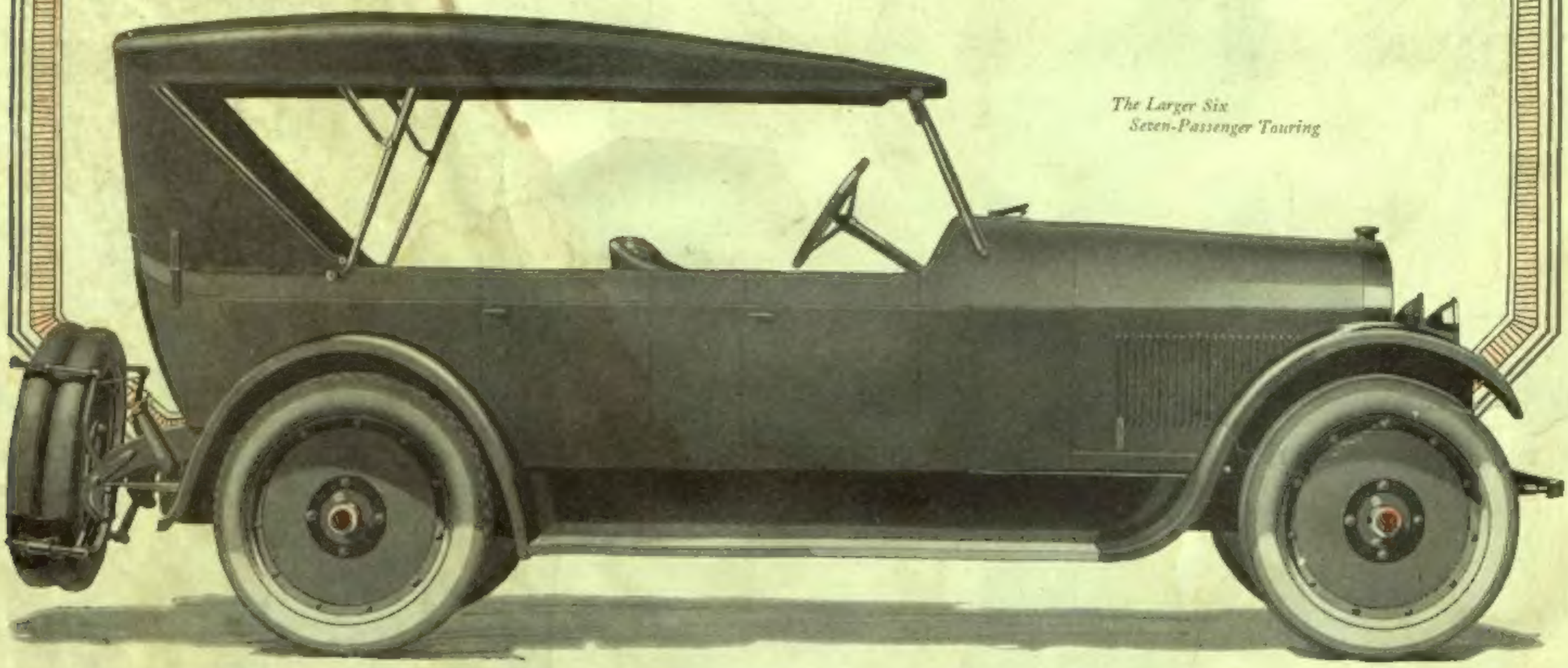

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HAVE POPULI A VOX?

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

WHAT profits it a people to be articulate politically if they say nothing? And if they have nothing to say? The answers to these questions are obvious and identical and are: It profits a people not at all. But the propounding of the questions brings into consideration two equally obvious though not identical points of view. The first is that the questions are futile because a people—any people—are not politically articulate; and that is the view of the professional politician. The second is the view of the people themselves, in the mass, that it would do them no good if they were politically articulate because politics is an enterprise in which the professionals control all the machinery of operation and consummation.

Occasionally there rises a proletarian who protests, and occasionally there develops a politician who understands; but largely the quality of speaking their aggregate mind with precision and with the result of popular action is denied as existing by the politicians, who officiously undertake to do all the speaking and direct all action, and is not asserted by the people. Therefore the politicians maintain, by sheer assumption, a power that is not theirs legitimately; and therefore the people deprive themselves of the benefits of their greatest and most powerful governmental attribute.

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Governor Sproul, of Pennsylvania

Nationalizing the matter, a democracy, such as ours, is one thing in theory and another thing in practice. Vox populi is the ambush of the demagogue as it is the invincible but usually unoperated power of the people. We become an autocracy overnight to conduct a war, but we are a miserable heterogeneity to handle a peace. We act as one to oppose an outside foe, and we counteract as bewildered and ineffective individuals to fight an inside enemy. *Pro patria* is our motto when stirred by exterior national danger, but *pro persona* guides us and controls us when, unstirred, we face interior political peril and manipulation.

The Promised Land Not Yet in Sight

THAT, in the last weeks of the year 1919, is the situation in the United States of America. There has been a great proclamation of the premise that the war, which ended more than a year ago, destroyed—or denatured, at least—much of the former method of political control of this country, wrecked it as it wrecked many other attributes of a former conventional civilization, started new lines of thought and action, gave the people new conceptions of themselves; in fine, set forth a series of new conditions to which the people not only of the United States but of all the world must and would adjust their habits of mind and action. There has been much talk and much writing to that general and encouraging effect. We have been told that the dawn of a new day is at hand. We have been written at, declaimed at, harangued at, chautauquaed at, cinemaed at, editorialized at, pamphleted at, ballyhooed at without end that the aurora of a purified and idealized era is to be observed—an era wherein the people shall come into their Utopian own and the rights and justices and needs of the commoners, so long delayed, shall be allotted to the general rejoicing and benefit of all.

This widely advertised new era comprehends not only the economic and industrial and social phases of national life but the political phase as well, as has been borne down upon us by the incessant yammer of the incessantly vocal near-messiahs; and we are daily informed that a refreshed and revitalized and reformed nationalization pends only the necessary readjustments—the adaptation of the unmistakably awakened national sentience to the circumstances existing—the clarification of national thought—the amplification of national trends—the translated urge of a nationally quickened conscience—the interpretation of the postwar national psychology, and thus and so.

Still Waiting

THE war ended on November 11, 1918. Certainly by this time, more than a year afterward, a faint premonitory pinkness of the coming roseate and glorious dawn of the new day should be discernible on some portion of the horizon. Certainly in that elapsed year there should have been noted a preliminary stirring, however slight, among the people who are so vigorously to awake to new conditions. Certainly there should be heard at least the far thin call of the authentic voice summoning the masses to the credible shrine. Certainly the genuine shibboleth should sound somewhere. Certainly in all this welter of words there should be one authoritative note. Certainly if the road is not yet clear the path should be at least staked out. Certainly if the conclusion is not yet reached a minor premise that is tenable and reasonable should be formulated by now.

Instead we have industrially a situation that we dimly describe when we call it chaotic. Instead we have a social condition that has retained all the instabilities of the prewar period and gained none of the stabilities of the prophesied new order. Instead we have an economic plight that embraces all the dangers and difficulties of an inflated currency, a conscienceless profiteering, a wild speculation, a gouging of the consumer that makes the mere occupation of living a burden that weighs more heavily on the people than ever before. Instead there has been a transfer of a large wealth from one class to another class, and the resultant dissipation of that wealth in nonessential spending. Instead of the brotherhood of man we have the solidarity of selfishness. Instead of new men, measures, methods we have nothing new that is good and everything old that is bad, and twice as much of it.

Point out a heralded change that has been wrought. All classes were measurably coalesced during our time in the war. As soon as the war ended each class sprang back to foray against each other class; petty larcenies that were tried during the prewar days became grand larcenies that are accomplished now; producers have become plunderers and consumers are exploited without mercy or remorse; if there is any alteration in the social system it is for the worse, as a cursory survey of our national life will show: Government continues to be largely a matter of mediocre oratory; politics is the same as ever; economically, politically, administratively, socially, and in our psychology as related to all these phases of existence we are as we were; or behind that mark even. The great bulk of the American people—the average Americans—are plodding painfully toward a goal they cannot see, along a road on which there isn't a signpost that is not turned the wrong way.

The economics of a nation are important, and so are the social, industrial, financial and cultural aspects thereof, but fundamentally they all depend on the politics of a country, for just as the administrative, legislative and judicial branches of the Government either help or hamper in the development of all economic and social phases of national life because they are the arch on which all depend, so is politics the keystone of that arch. Prosperity is essential to a nation; so are production, distribution, coöperation and an orderly social and economic system; and these are

attained in greater or less degree in exact ratio to the quality and character of the politics of that nation, because politics creates the government and the government creates the rest.

Hence there will be no dawning of a new day until there is an expressed and accomplished desire for new politics. You may have and have had a quasi and negotiable situation under old systems, but the true measure of the advance of a nation is the measure of the character and quality of the advance of its politics. You cannot make new things of old materials. You may make different things, but they will not be new. Wherefore, as all the lessons of the war and all the beneficial results thereof, so loudly trumpeted for the past year, are held up to us as the ultimate outcome of new conditions, considering the fact that what has been accomplished thus far—if anything—and what seems to be planned for future accomplishment are definitely the products of old materials, that widely heralded dawning of a new day seems to be mostly a lingering and murky sunset of the old.

Each man is most concerned in his own affairs, which is but a human exemplification. The employer views everything as an employer. The employee bases all his considerations on his status as an employee. Economics are paramount to the economist, and the state of society to the sociologist. We have, each wabbling in its own orbit, a series of foggy specialists, or, rather, a congeries of foggy specializations, each obsessed with the plan of a standardization that shall meet his specifications, and distributed between these, subject to all influences, malign or otherwise, a nebulous inchoate Milky Way of average Americans—consumers—who are enormous in mass but inconsequential in accomplishment because of their passivity and lack of organization.

Regardless of what any specialist may believe as to the importance of his specialization, regardless of the proclaimed virtues of each and every panacea that is offered by the nostrum venders of this sort, regardless of the clamor of the numerous and usually self-selected leaders out of the wilderness, regardless of every economist, sociologist, protagonist, reformer, uplifter and near-messiah of whatever sort—the fact is that until the average American takes hold of the politics of this country a new day never will dawn, and the present murk will continue.

The Shaper of Our Destinies

THE most important situation that faces the people of the United States is not the financial situation, is not the labor situation, is not the cost of living, is not the social unrest. The most important situation that faces the people of the United States is the political situation, and the reason that is true is because every other situation, every other condition, every other phase of American life depends on and is entirely subordinate to and corollary of the political situation. The most important problem the American people have to deal with is the election of the right man President of the United States in 1920.

Everything stands back from that, everything entails upon it. It transcends all such perplexities as the League of Nations, the internationalism of our policies, the question of taxes, expenditures, precedents and performances. It means either the new day if the right man is chosen or the old night if he is not. It is essential. It is paramount. The four years that will have elapsed when President Wilson's term expires on March 4, 1921, however momentous, are negligible when compared with the four years that will begin on that date, because those four years will spell either affirmation or negation of the benefits and constructions that are generally held will be the outcome of the war in the way of a reorganized and humanized conduct of life and the employments and pleasures and perquisites thereof.

Given the right man in the White House, the new day will dawn because all the conditions prerequisite to that dawning are undeniably at hand and need but the proper influencing ability. Given the wrong man, he will be a modern Joshua, who will not only command the sun to stand still but will go far beyond his Biblical prototype, and will, by his ineptitudes and his previously contracted entanglements and his partisanship, prevent the sun from coming up at all. The legislative branch of the Government often asserts its prime importance in our national scheme, and from time to time we hear similar assertion from the judiciary; but the fact remains that, whatever the ideas of the fathers may have been as to coördinate and equal powers, the President of the United States is the most important man in the United States in regard to his relation to the progress of the country; and, more than that, the President of the United States from March 4, 1921, will be not only the most important man in the United States, considered nationally, but the most important man in the world, considered internationally. This country is coming close to making or breaking in the next five years.

We Americans are given to patting ourselves on the national chest and stating that we, as a people, are the most intelligent people in the world, and the best educated. That does not mean, as we state it, that our intelligentsia is more numerous than that of any other country, but that we are, in the mass, more intelligent and of higher mental cultivation and of greater mentality to cultivate—more raw mental material to be taken in hand by our instructors. If that is the case we should surely be as intelligent nationally as we are held to be individually, and in mass cerebration; and there can be no doubt that we understand the premise just set forth that the next five years of our existence as a nation will be the most important five years in our history, certainly so far as the past is concerned, and quite as certainly with reference to the three or four decades that will begin with this term. We must be intelligent enough to grasp that.

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Mr. Herbert Hoover. Above—Mr. Charles G. Dawes

Will the Average American Wake Up?

BUT are we? The proposition seems open to question. Any person at all cognizant with American affairs, and of even rudimentary appreciation of present-day conditions, should know that the forthcoming year in this country, with Mr. Wilson as President, will be a formative year and that one of two results must ensue. Either Mr. Wilson will administer wisely with a view to the future, and make his plans and policies and executions to that end—or he will not. If Mr. Wilson does the importance of the man who follows him will rest in the continuance of those policies as they may affect us. If Mr. Wilson does not the double importance of the man who follows him will come in his opportunity to make the necessary rectifications. In any event Mr. Wilson will be President until March 4, 1921. That is a situation that is determined, but the United States will require administration after he retires—if that event comes to pass in 1921—and the conditions that will be precedent on March 4, 1921, will be tremendous in their bearing on our future national health.

Assuming that there is, or should be, if we are of such wide national intelligence as claimed, an understanding of these facts, what can be said in defense of that national intelligence when we discover that the average American, in whose hands not only the election but the nomination of the next President rests, is apparently paying not the slightest attention to the presidential politics of the present day? What can be said in praise of a national intelligence that allows the old-time political bosses, the machine men of the two great parties, to proceed in exactly the same manner they have proceeded for years in the work of picking candidates for President? Does not the average American deserve exactly what he will get unless he takes a hand in this important matter? Is he intelligent, either individually or in the mass?

From time to time there have appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST during the past year articles setting forth accurately the plans and prospects and procedures of the old gangs of politicians as to the presidential nominations for 1920. It has been shown, without contradiction or denial, that the old machinists are at work with the old machines to produce an old-style product—entirely political, entirely partisan, entirely archaic. There has been much authoritative exposition of this elsewhere. It is well enough known that the Old Guard of the Republican Party, the men who have operated its affairs for years, the Bourbons of Republicanism, are planning to nominate a man for President in 1920 whose greatest claim to the nomination will be that he is one of them, in sympathy with their ideas and their policies, and will operate with them and for them, as a partisan, to the consequent advantage of their organization—rather than operate as an American first and a Republican afterward.

Similarly, it is well enough known that the Old Gang of the Democratic Party, the Bourbons of Democracy, are planning to nominate a man for President in 1920 whose greatest claim to that nomination will be exactly as set forth above, except that he, if elected, will be Democratic in his tendencies and operations and affiliations instead of Republican. There has been no change in the Old Guard of the Republican Party, nor has there been any change in the Old Gang of the Democratic Party; and it is credulity to the point of simple-mindedness to think there will be any change in the character or affiliations of the man either the Old Guard or the Old Gang will nominate if they have the opportunity.

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TOUJOURS DE L'AUDACE

He Was Sending "Shanghaied, Aboard ——" Then a Window Was Burst In and a Man Thrust a Revolver Through the Broken Glass

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

HIS real name was Slim Attucks, but this was not the name he had signed on the hotel register. Slim kept his real name for his friends. He was no bigot in the matter of names—he was willing to use any name that came along. It added variety to life. In this particular case he was registered as Charles Parker. He usually called himself Parker in March—and this was the fifteenth of March.

Slim was looking forward to a pleasant visit in Boston. He was originally a Bostonian, but his native heath had not felt the tread of his feet for almost ten years. He had spent the intervening time in an unostentatious tour of the West, supporting himself by writing fiction. Slim's fiction was unorthodox and marked by a certain sameness, but he had little difficulty in marketing it at rates that were never less than ten dollars a word. He wrote all his fiction on printed forms and his favorite form was what is known as a blank check.

He had reached Boston the night before after a stay of a few days in a profitable little college town where he had stopped over on his way down from Montreal. When the bank statements should be sent out about the first of April Slim knew that a number of students would be anxious to locate him. But a glance at the population figures in a little blue-leather notebook which he carried assured him that the chances of his being located in Boston were seven hundred and forty-six thousand, nine hundred and seventeen to one in his favor. He considered those odds fair enough.

Nevertheless, there was a certain alertness in his bearing when he entered the elevator to descend from his room, and he was not so completely at his ease as he looked when he stepped into the café for breakfast. His grapefruit refreshed him; his cereal had a reassuring smoothness; his eggs and coffee stimulated and emboldened him. He tipped the waiter with a pleasant liberality and strolled out into the pleasant sunshine of the springlike day. There were patches of snow in the gutters and here and there along the sidewalks, but these patches were shrinking in the sun and little trickles of water spread away from them along the lines of least resistance, steaming faintly on the warm stones of the pavement. Slim drifted with the current of passers-by as far as Tremont Street and let himself move with the stream there. He had an appreciative eye for the occasional pretty face that passed; he was smoking a good cigar. The world was a comfortable place to live in.

Slim had slept late and he had dressed slowly. Thus he came out upon Tremont Street at the height of the morning shopping hour. The broad sidewalk was crowded and along the curb automobiles and ancient family cabs and carriages were stopping while their occupants alighted. One of these caught Slim's attention. He paused to watch it with a faint smile upon his lips. The carriage was one of those low, wide, open affairs that always suggest Queen Victoria. It was varnished and polished till it shone and the horses which drew it were as glossy as the cab. There were two men upon the high front seat, and when the vehicle drew in at the curb one of these men alighted to swing open the door and lend his hand to the lady who alighted. The word "lady" is used advisedly. She may have been sixty or seventy, with soft white hair and a black bonnet and a black dress and a pair of black silk gloves upon her hands. She swept across the sidewalk and entered a store.

"The real thing," said Slim to himself. "The real thing. You don't see many of 'em nowadays."

He had been so absorbed that he forgot to be watchful. He started now with alarm and surprise. A hand had touched his elbow.

Slim had an attribute not uncommon in gentry of his profession. He disliked to be touched. He had never felt a formal hand upon his arm and never wanted to. The police had no photographs of him, no finger prints. He did not intend that they should have. Once mugged, his occupation would be gone. Every teller in the country would know his countenance, alter it though he might. So he had always avoided even the appearance of evil—had always avoided even a chance encounter with the police.

And here was a hand laid lightly on his arm.

For a moment he stood rigidly, not turning, not moving, his mind working like swift lightning. In another moment he would have leaped away into the crowd, trusted to his legs. A vain hope—in broad day, in such a crowd, but better than submitting. He was tense for the wrench and the turn—and all this had taken only the split part of a second—when a pleasant voice at his elbow said gently:

"Hello, Perry!"

And he turned and saw that it was a girl who had touched his arm.

He took off his hat and smiled in sheer relief. The girl, he saw, was very pretty—expensive looking—a fur coat almost to her heels, a glint of lace at her throat, a hat that only an expert could fashion.

She laughed at him and she said: "Your nerves are jumpy. I think I frightened you."

He said, still smiling: "You did!"

He had never seen the girl before and he understood that she had mistaken him for someone. No doubt his voice would tell her that she was wrong.

But apparently his voice fitted in with the picture, for she told him in a chiding way that if he kept better hours he would not be nervous; and he laughed, enjoying the situation and wondering how soon she would see that she was mistaken.

"I didn't get in till after one last night," he confessed.

She frowned a little at that, half serious.

"Perry, you mustn't," she told him. "How can you expect me—any of your friends—to take you seriously if you don't take yourself seriously?"

"I've too much sense of humor to take myself seriously," Slim told her. He was enjoying the game.

The pretty girl hesitated for a moment, looking down at the toe of her neat little boot, and then her eyes met his again and she asked: "Have you decided to go into Mr. Ammidown's office?"

Slim shook his head.

"I haven't decided."

"You ought to, Perry," she said.

Slim laughed.

"There are offices everywhere," he exclaimed. "Why should anybody want to go into an office? And why should anyone want to go into Mr. Ammidown's office, anyway?"

"The law is an honorable profession," she said soberly. "Your father wanted you to be a lawyer; so did your mother. And you'd make a good one. You're so—so horribly clever at arguing."

He was more and more interested. It was obvious that the girl was a familiar friend of the man she took him for, yet she had not seen her mistake. He and this unknown man must be amazingly alike. Slim's blood was tingling. There was an audacious, adventurous strain in the man. To play with fire was like wine to him.

He said abruptly: "Look here, are you shopping?"

She nodded.

"Yes—that is, I have been."

"Come and have lunch," he suggested. "Let's talk it over."

She hesitated.

"I'm provoked with you, Perry. I ought not to go with you. I ought to tell you I'd never see you again till you—go to work like a man."

He laughed.

"If we always did what we ought this would be a dull world. But honestly I want to please you. And it does me good to talk to you. Do come along."

"Where?" she asked, and when he suggested the Copley-Plaza she shook her head. "No, it's too—fussy. Some place that's quieter."

They chose eventually the English room at one of the Boylston Street hotels. Slim was as alert as a cat; he was tingling with enjoyment of the situation and his wits were working. It was chiefly the marvel of the likeness that must exist between him and this unknown Perry which interested him. He and the girl walked to the restaurant she had chosen, and he was wondering how long he could sustain his part and wishing he knew who she was and who he was himself. The latter information came to him almost at once. The head waiter greeted them with courteous familiarity. And when Slim said, "Good morning," the man replied, "Good morning, Mr. Danton."

Slim caught at the name exultantly.

"Perry Danton." He said it over to himself and liked the sound of it. Why should he not be Perry Danton as easily as he was Charles Parker or Slim Attucks? By the time they were seated he was already adjusting himself to his new identity. Only—who was the girl?

The head waiter put them at a table for four, and the girl laid her hand bag on one of the unused chairs. Perry helped her out of her coat. It was nutria, he saw, and he guessed at its value. And the dress she wore was a thing of price. When he dropped the coat on the chair he marked the hand bag and saw an opportunity. A little later, after they were seated, he worked that chair nearer to his hand and reached the bag—under the table. Slim's fingers were slender and dexterous and there had been times when they had earned his living in a fashion frowned upon by authority. It was almost as though they had eyes to see. They found one of her cards in a little pocket in the bag and abstracted it. Under cover of the table's edge he flashed a glance at it.

"Miss Camilla Hoyt."

He smiled with a certain satisfaction and slipped the card into his pocket.

He had breakfasted not an hour before and had little appetite for lunch, but the girl said, as they sat down: "I'm hungry as a bear. I've been shopping all morning."

So Slim ordered accordingly.

When the waiter departed kitchenward she leaned toward him across the table and she said: "Now ——"

"Please," he laughed. "Don't start on me till I've had something to eat."

She said: "Oh, Perry, you try to joke about everything! Don't you know there are some serious things in the world?"

"When you ask me to go to work it's almighty serious," he agreed good-naturedly.

"Don't you think I have a right to ask it, when you—ask me to marry you?" she suggested, her cheeks coloring faintly but her eyes steady enough. Slim gave Perry Danton credit for good taste and made a note of the information.

But what he said was: "If you really want to make me go to work you ought to marry me and be a very expensive wife."

She smiled a little.

"I'm afraid I couldn't be expensive enough," she said. "Your father gave you too much of a—start on me."

Slim nodded. "You see—you admit I've all the money I need. Why should a man work when he doesn't need money?"

"A real man needs work," the girl told him steadily.

"I've managed to get along."

"Please be serious, Perry," she begged, and Slim thought there was a hint of tears in her voice. He leaned toward her.

"See here," he said, "do you really put so much—lay so much stress on this work business? Is that all really that keeps you from marrying me?"

She looked away from him.

"Why—that and the things that stands for, Perry. You're not serious enough. You—there's no fight in you. If things go wrong you laugh instead of working to right them."

"'The man worth while is the man that can smile,'" he quoted, but she silenced him.

"Don't!" she cried under her breath.

Then the waiter came with the viands he had ordered and while the man hovered about the table Slim sat back in his chair, studying the girl, thinking hard, trying to construct in his mind a picture of this Perry Danton. And a plan, a possibility so vague and tenuous that he could scarce be sure it was there, began to form in his mind. He played with it in his thoughts and after a little he laughed aloud at the sheer audacity of it.

The girl asked: "Why are you laughing?"

He said readily enough that he was laughing at the notion of going to work, and she made an impatient gesture. Then he was absorbed in wonder that she did not see that he was not Perry Danton, and he began to test her, moving his head this way and that so that she might catch various angles of his countenance, and he laid his hands on the table where she must see them. Mentally he catalogued his features, wondered if there were any scars to betray him. And at the same time he fell in with the current of the conversation and brought it back from the generalities that might have entrapped him and made her speak of him and of herself, gleaning some small particles of information.

When they left the restaurant he said with an apology that he must leave her.

"If you won't mind?" he asked.

And she said: "Of course not. I'm going to a bridge at the Tuileries, so ——"

He asked whether he should put her into a taxi, but she told him she would walk. The day was fine, the way not long. They separated, and Slim turned downtown.

When she was out of sight the man quickened his steps. He went direct to his hotel and in his own room he sat himself down to consider. Thus far he had laid no plans; he was possessed rather by curiosity than by determination. He was curious to know what manner of man this Perry Danton might be. He saw possibilities in the situation. But if he meant to take advantage of them he must keep out of sight until the time was ripe, until he was better prepared. He could not afford to risk another of these chance recognitions. Even this one might ruin him. Yet if it were not for this encounter with Camilla Hoyt he might never have known—"Might never have known that I am Perry Danton," he told himself, and chuckled.

He began to pack his bag. At dusk he paid his bill at the hotel and walked out into the street. An hour later he had found lodging in a South End rooming house, where not even his fellow roomers were likely to see his face.

And late in the evening he went to the corner drug store to telephone to a man he knew and to mail two letters he had written.

Even after he had turned out the light and gone to bed he lay awake for a considerable time, exulting in the sheer audacity of the exploit to which he felt that he was already half committed.

II

CAMILLA HOYT'S birthday fell on the fifteenth of May. Perry Danton telephoned her that morning that he wanted to come out in the evening and see her and she gave him permission to do so.

"I don't want to run into a crowd," he said.

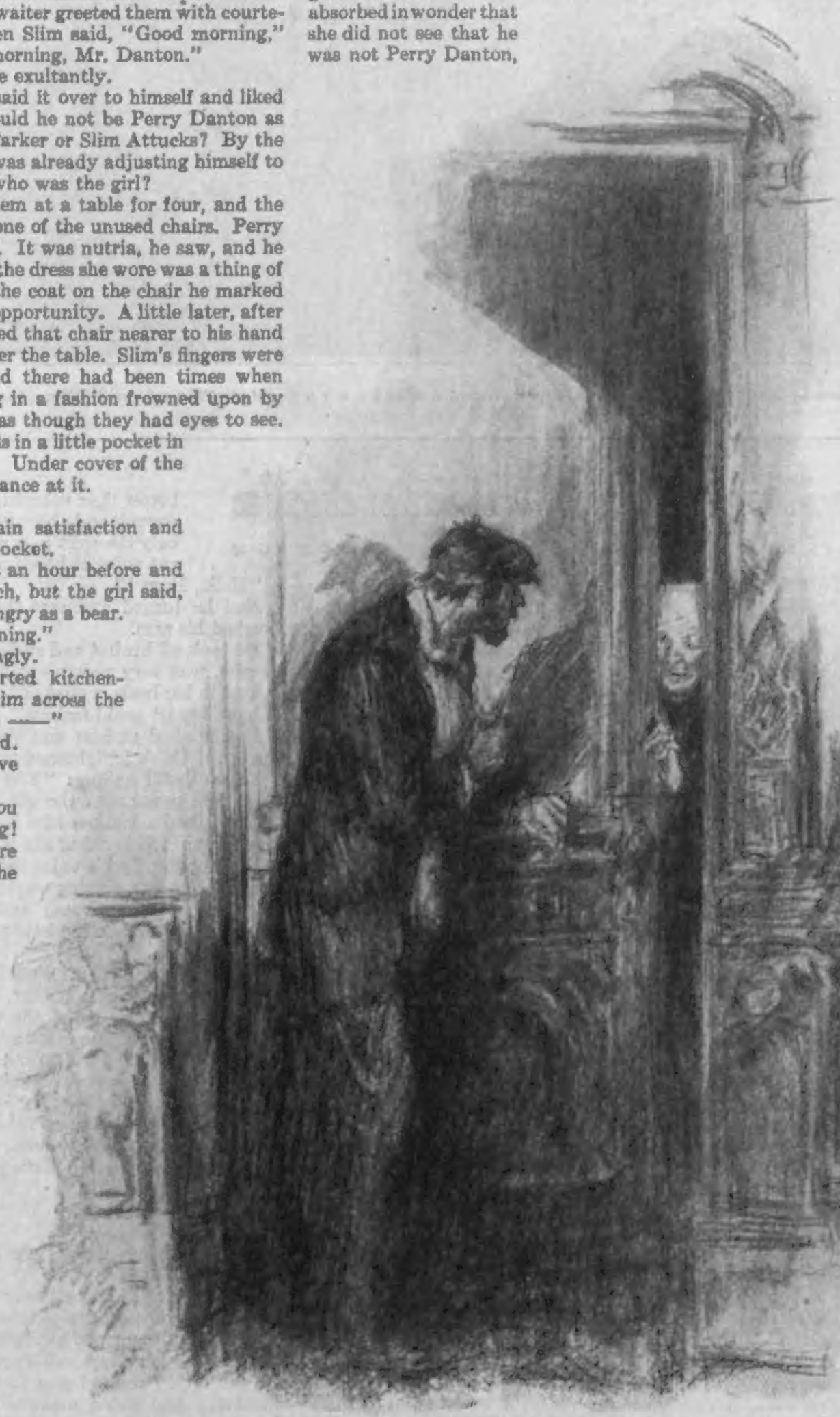
"You won't," she promised. "There'll be no one here."

"About eight?" Perry asked, and she assented.

He had dinner alone in the narrow, high, deep house on Beacon Street wedged in between others that were as like as like, which was a part of his patrimony. He lived alone in this house, if a man may be said to be alone who has three servants to wait upon him. Perry was a gay, inconsequential, rather likable chap, somewhat spoiled by too much money and too many of the things money can buy. His mother was dead years before; his father had died when he was a sophomore at Dartmouth. Since then old Theron Ammidown, his father's lawyer, had looked after Perry's financial affairs and done his best to argue Perry into an appreciation of the fun that may be had out of honest toil. But Perry had little inclination for toil, honest or otherwise.

He was a slim young fellow with a crisp head of brown hair and dancing blue eyes and an audacious tongue. Audacity was to some extent a creed with Perry. The French instructor at Dartmouth had introduced him to that other Danton of the Revolution and to that other Danton's splendid phrase. The ring of the words caught Perry. He had devised for himself a coat of arms on which was inscribed the cry "Toujours de L'Audace." He thought that was a fairly reliable gospel of life and found it especially successful in a game of poker. Some of his friends were inclined to make fun of him in this matter, but they failed to disturb Perry.

He continued to bet a bobtail flush as though its tail were of regulation length—to their confusion.



"Come, Arbiay, Old Man, it's Me—Perry. Take Off That Chain and Let Me In"

His dinner this night pleased him. He told Arklay so. Arklay was the dried-up little old man who had served Perry's father as butler and who served Perry in the same capacity. Perry bade him summon Mrs. Rumson from the kitchen, and she came, wiping her hands on her immaculate apron, and beamed while Perry told her what he thought of her viands. Afterward he smoked a cigar in the living room and at about half past seven he summoned Hasket, who was his valet. Perry considered Hasket a find. Decidedly more efficient than Thompson, who had resigned the place six weeks before in Hasket's favor. Perry bade Hasket fetch his hat and coat and when the man brought them Perry asked: "Did the package come from Martin's?"

"Yes, sir," Hasket told him.

"I came near forgetting it," Perry said. "Let's have it."

Hasket produced a small packet wrapped in heavy paper and sealed with red wax. Perry cut the seal, tore off the outer wrapper, more carefully removed an inner covering of paper and opened the red-leather box which it revealed. Within lay a gold cardcase, jeweled—a lovely, simple thing. Perry pressed the spring, inspected the leather lining. Two leaves of gold were designed to hold the cards in place. He lifted one of these with his finger nail, pressed it down again with his thumb, shut the case, returned it to the box, handed it to Hasket.

"Wrap it up," he said. "I'll seal it."

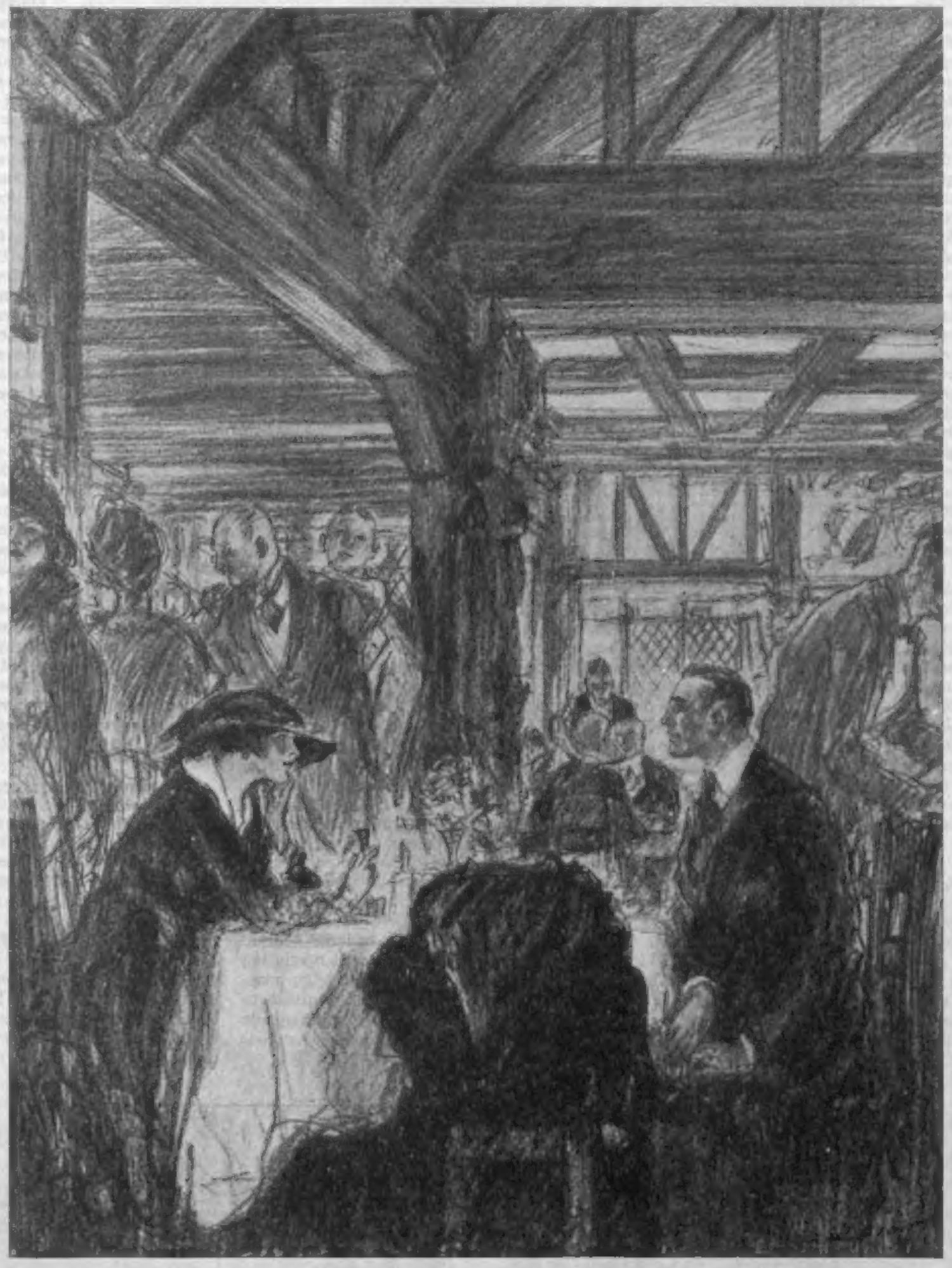
Hasket rewrapped the box in its inner covering and knotted the string and brought a candle and a bar of wax, and Perry dropped a little wax on the knot and stamped it with his signet ring. He blew upon the warm wax till it was firm, then dropped the packet into his coat.

"All right," he said. "Car here?"

"At the curb, sir," Hasket told him, watching Perry with a curious intentness. Perry went out to where his roadster waited. Hasket, left behind, closed the door after Perry, then he looked about to be sure Arklay was nowhere near and finally drew a notebook from his pocket and wrote in it in a hurried, furtive way.

What he wrote was this: "Left house at seven-thirty-five. Took gold cardcase set with small diamonds engraved with initials 'C. H.' Sealed it with his ring."

He returned the notebook to his pocket and went upstairs.



It Was Almost as Though Slim's Fingers Had Eyes to See. They Found One of Her Cards in a Little Pocket in the Bag

Perry's was the sort of car you would expect Perry to have. In it he shot out Beacon Street, slipping past other cars with a touch of his foot on the accelerator, and the speedometer dial told a tale that would have shocked the most hardened magistrate. At Massachusetts Avenue other automobiles halted to let crosstown traffic pass. Perry did not halt. He threaded his expert way through the current, missed a tail light by an inch and a horse's nose by less than that, laughed at the outcry of the driver and guided his tires into the street-car tracks to avoid the poor pavement on Beacon Street between Massachusetts Avenue and Commonwealth. Once across Commonwealth Avenue, his speed mounted.

Camilla's home was one of those old Brookline residences set in grounds as ample as a small park, with an approach that wound between shoulder-high hedges. The drive was steep. Perry sent his roadster roaring up the ascent and brought it to a smooth halt at the steps, braking the wheels just enough to stop—not enough to drag them. Perry knew how to drive.

Camilla heard him coming. She was in her room when he was admitted and she sent her maid to tell him that she would be down at once.

Perry, stripping off his gloves, said, "Thank you, Katie."

The maid curtsied in a pleasant way she had and went back up the stairs. When Camilla came down Perry took both her hands, laughing. He said something in a teasing way about his welcome. Camilla smiled.

"I'm sorry. I sent Katie to tell you I'd be down."

He nodded. "I like that young lady who buttons your frocks," he told her. "She's much pleasanter than old Bangs used to be."

Camilla laughed.

"She hated to have you call her Bangs, Perry. Perhaps that is why she wasn't nicer to you."

"Then she shouldn't have worn them."

"They were the fashion of her youth. I think she hated it, giving up her work for me. But she was getting so old and she wasn't well."

"Give me Katie every time," he told her. "If she's as competent as she looks—have you had her long enough to know?"

"One day would be long enough—and I've had her almost two months. Don't be flirting with her, Perry. You'll turn her pretty head."

"If I thought it would make you as jealous as the books say it will ——"

"Come," she said, "sit down. You don't need to make me jealous, Perry."

"I need to do something."

"There's no mystery about what you need to do," she told him seriously.

"You know that," she added.

"Go to work?"

She nodded.

"Yes."

He laughed.

"Please make it something more practical, Milla."

"Go to work—and quit calling me Milla," she protested good-humoredly.

"Millie then, or Mill, or Cam."

"Camilla is my name."

He shook his head, lifted both hands in protest. "Never! Sounds like a maiden aunt sixty years old."

She laughed.

"You don't know the value of contrasts, Perry. Now if I were Marie or Marigold or Mignonette I'd have to be sober as a judge to avoid being commonplace. But being Camilla I can be as gay as I please and people will like it because it contrasts with my name."

"If I had a name like that," he said, "I'd change it—all of it. Particularly the Hoyt part."

"Even if I changed the Hoyt I'd still be Camilla," she told him, smiling.

"You might start with Hoyt."

She said nothing for a moment, and he saw that her eyes were serious.

"What is it?" he asked.

She shook her head a little.

"I—like you too well to enjoy too much joking about—us," she said.

"Too much to joke about, but not enough to be serious about."

"I am serious about it."

He leaned toward her.

"Milla, you care for me. You know you do."

She looked at him in a curious level way and her eyes were very kind.

"Yes, Perry, I know," she said.

He would have caught her hand, but she moved it away. He pleaded.

"Milla!"

"I do care," she said. "That's why I—can't——"

"Please don't preach!" he exclaimed a little sullenly.

She got up quickly and moved toward the door. Katie, the maid, passed through the hall. Camilla asked, "What is it, Katie?"

"I'm getting a book from the library, miss, if I may?"

"Certainly," the girl told her, and came back to Perry.

They could see Katie by the bookshelves in the room across the hall. After a little she chose a book and came out and went upstairs.

"I thought I heard her. I thought for a moment someone was listening," Camilla told Perry.

He laughed.

"I supposed that was one of the perquisites of her position—to listen."

"Hardly," said Camilla. "But I don't think she was. She reads a great deal and I told her she might get books when she chose."

Their talk drifted into inconsequences; they spoke of this and that and the other thing as young people will. They had known each other for a good many years and there was a close and sympathetic understanding between them. Their friends wondered why they were not long

(Continued on Page 141)

Views of a Layman on Bolshevism

German Radicalism—By Alonzo Englebert Taylor

THE war has been good to Germany in one particular: It has provided her with a subject for discussion of a kind dear to the German heart. Did defeat cause revolution or did revolution cause defeat? This is not merely an academic question, susceptible of endless discussion with infinite subtilities; it holds a meaning for the future of Germany. The position of the socialists and humanitarians, of the majority of the university class and the high-grade business men and of the advanced thinkers in Germany, is that revolution appeared in the German Army following realization by the soldier of the inevitability of defeat. The disillusionment of defeat was the basis for that elemental revulsion of feeling upon which a political revolution is grounded. The politicians of the old school, the conservatives of the Pan-Germanic type, the theologians, the aristocrats and the military officers contend that it was the revolution that lost the war. "We did not lose the war; we gave the war away." The book of Ludendorff consistently presents this position; and whenever he feels compelled to say that German soldiers did not do what their officers expected of them, humanely or inhumanely, he ascribed their weakness to the virus of revolution inoculated by propaganda in civilian Germany.

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Listening to Revolutionary Speeches Outside the Town Hall in Vienna, During the Spartacide Revolution

This virus the Germans believe was a domestic strain. They are proud enough of their own accomplishments to believe that only a German revolutionary virus could provoke the German people to direct action. The Russian Bolshevists boast inordinately that they planted the seeds of revolution in the German soldiers; and certain American sympathizers with Bolshevism apparently believe that the late enemies of Germany should forever treasure the Bolshevist in appreciation of this action. Mr. Creel and his subordinates believe that they also planted many seeds of dissatisfaction in Germany and that they fell on good soil.

Nothing But Defeat in Sight

THE writer has never heard anyone in Germany mention either Russian propaganda or Mr. Creel's propaganda. The Germans are very bitter against the Russian Bolshevists for propaganda since the political revolution. They blame the Bolshevists for attempting to bring about a social revolution. But the Germans ascribe their political revolution of November ninth entirely to internal influences. There are of course admirers of the Kaiser who profess to feel that the war was largely a conspiracy against His Majesty, and they believe that the enemies of Germany worked through Russia to destroy German faith in their Emperor; but in a serious sense Germans do not blame the Russians for the German revolution, except so far as Russia had furnished the illustration that even a czar could be dethroned. The Russians expected revolution to occur in Germany as soon as the Russians ceased warfare.

The American who in Germany weighs the statements of the two sides and evaluates them in the light of the data now available comes to the conclusion that the German Army staff sought the Armistice because the army was daily in defeat that could have no end but a débâcle or a surrender. The revolution was the result of revulsion of feeling, due to disillusionment of defeat, intensified by suffering and by resentment against the mailed fist of militarism. The individual German, like his government, was organized for victory and not for defeat. With defeat he went to pieces and in exasperation and desperation plunged into revolution. With military success revolution would have been impossible; no amount of foreign propaganda would have moved the German from his mission to Germanize the world. With defeat foreign propaganda was not needed to provoke revolution. Nothing succeeds like success; nothing fails like failure.

The sequence of events was just the same in Germany as in Russia. Mutiny against officers, first on October thirty-first, in the squadrons lying in the waters off Kiel and Wilhelmshaven; then in various scattered divisions in Belgium and Northern France, well behind the fighting front; then open revolt of the soldiers upon a large scale, degradation of officers, followed by election of officers from the ranks, with loss of control by division commanders. As a result of conferences with heads of parties the abdication of the Emperor and the Crown Prince was forced by the Prime Minister, Prince Max of Baden, a man of humane and liberal instincts. This was followed in rapid succession by the forced abdication of the rulers of the numerous German states. A provisional government was immediately erected, consisting of socialists of all complexions, with such additions of representatives of other parties as to give the appearance of a coalition government. The Reichstag remained in function.

Side by side with the erection of the provisional government, soldiers, sailors and workmen's soviets were formed, culminating in an all-German national soviet. The provisional government in coöperation with the Reichstag issued a call for the election of an all-German assembly that was to determine the new form of government. This was opposed by the soviets, who, guided by Russians sent for the express purpose of influencing the march of events, demanded that the soviets should have an integral function in the new government, that the army, navy and police powers should be placed in charge of soldier and sailor soviets, and that the sittings of the new assembly should be consolidated with the national soviet.

The Spartacist Radicals

AMONG the socialists was a radical group who from the beginning denounced the provisional government and the proposed all-German assembly, demanded "all power to the soviet," the exclusion of everybody but the proletariat from the ballot, and strove for the establishment of a dictatorship of the proletariat with communism in industry. Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg and Radek—an Austrian Bolshevist who in 1918 in Russia had carried on a propaganda against acceptation of the German treaty of peace of Brest-Litovsk—were the leaders of the extreme group, called Spartacists because of the fact that direct action had been appealed for by a writer—probably Liebknecht—under the *nom de plume* of Spartacus. There were two

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A Budapest Club Singing in Honor of the Success of the Revolutionists

Gypsy Bands Celebrating the Success of the Hungarian Revolution in One of the Streets of Budapest

other groups of socialists to the left, one led by Haase in Prussia and Eisner in Bavaria. The other contained men like Mueller, Ledebour and Daeumig. The mass of German socialists led by Ebert, Scheidemann, Kautsky, David, Preuss and Bernstein were in the provisional government or associated with it, and Haase was also in the government for a few weeks.

Thus the provisional government represented largely the political social-democrats who during the war had accepted the governmental policy and had voted for it, on the theory that the war was one of defense; and also the socialistic scholars of Germany. The three groups to the left represented the radicals who in the Reichstag and in public print as well had opposed the government program and refused to vote war credits. Not one of these men, however, could be called scholarly in the Marxian sense. The Spartacists did not vote at the election of the national assembly in January. The vote cast represented the total number of males and females of voting age in the country, so far as could be determined with the military losses not yet confirmed, within a hundred thousand; and this may be taken to represent the number of bitter-ender communists.

The struggle between the congress of soviets on the one side and the provisional government and the all-German assembly on the other side resulted not as in Russia in the conversion of the national assembly to the soviet idea but in the conversion of the soviet congress to the idea of the national assembly. The soviet congress adjourned after having in fact abdicated to the assembly, which was stigmatized in the Red Flag as treason to the proletariat and regarded by the rest of the nation as high-minded Teutonic patriotism.

Kurt Eisner's Dramatic End

THE German Bolshevists tried repeatedly to upset this program by direct action. There was much fighting in Berlin and elsewhere in Germany from January until May. Only in one place did the Bolshevists effect lodgment, in Munich. The provisional government carried on a fierce and effective propaganda against the Bolshevists, appealing to everything that was orderly, industrious, thrifty and disciplined in the German nation. They pointed to the chaos in Russia, and to the necessity for a unified Germany in the peace negotiations in Paris. This propaganda gradually had its effect. The German police powers were lodged in the hands of a previously unknown man named Noske. His forces were recruited chiefly by voluntary enlistment; and though the Bolshevists continuously depicted them as the agents of counter revolution, as a matter of fact Noske's divisions were composed largely of men intent on saving capitalism in Germany and desirous of retaining the standing of Germany in the economic world. The murder of Liebknecht and Luxemburg by a troop of ex-officers deprived the agitation of its most forceful leaders. Occasionally a man would run amuck, as did Eltzbacher, and urge that Germany should ruin herself in Bolshevism in order to plunge the rest of Europe into chaos. "Why not be a Samson and pull down upon the head of Germany the pillars of the temple of Europe? Then the proletariat of the world would reconstruct Europe."

But as a rule the thinking people of Germany believed that Germany could come back, both politically and industrially. Most intelligent

A Revolutionary Street Scene in Budapest

men did not believe that she could come back as a monarchy or as a military power. But everybody agreed that her chances of coming back depended upon her stability in the economic sense; and that the attitude of the Allied and Associated Governments in Paris would eventually be based more upon Germany's economic future than upon her militaristic past.

Under these circumstances with each month the struggles of the Bolshevists became feebler, the social revolution failed, and from the time of the signature of the treaty of peace, on the twenty-eighth of June, Germany could be defined as a nation with a more or less unstable political government, susceptible of rapid alterations in political complexion but stable in industrial institutions and consistent in economic policy.

Not a little of the public disturbance has been due to criminals. During the early days of the revolution the prisons were thrown open. Bands of criminals have made it a practice to rouse an uproar in order to use the time of confusion for thievery. When caught they always claimed to be Spartacists; and this gave to these radicals a greater activity in the press than they in fact displayed.

The conditions in Bavaria represented a curious mixture of internal and external politics with radicalism. When the revolution occurred in November Bavaria formed a sort of independent state under the ministry of Kurt Eisner, a radical socialist but not a Bolshevist. Eisner was brilliant but erratic. During the war he had bravely opposed the government. After the revolution instead of devoting himself to the reconstruction of his state he gave his attention largely to the uncovering of documents revealing the responsibility of Germany in the causation of the war. He brought forward evidence to indicate that in 1914 the German order for general mobilization was issued on July twenty-eighth and not on the thirtieth. He pleaded for full confession of guilt, for consciousness of repentance, for frankness as the basis of German diplomacy in the conference in Paris. But he did not attend to the practical affairs of Bavaria, which were going from bad to worse.

About this time a monster petition was in circulation in Germany demanding the immediate return of the prisoners of war, in defiance of the terms of the Armistice. Eisner boldly proclaimed that no one had the right to sign such a petition who had not signed a protest against the deportations from Northern France. This caused great irritation throughout Germany. While Eisner thus devoted himself to affairs of history and agitation a majority socialist named Auer devoted himself to the everyday problems, with the result that before long Eisner stood almost alone while Auer was the controlling figure in the Bavarian group of socialists. Eisner had surrounded himself with a group of men who opposed the domination of the all-German assembly, and a large group of Russian Bolshevists had also collected in Munich.

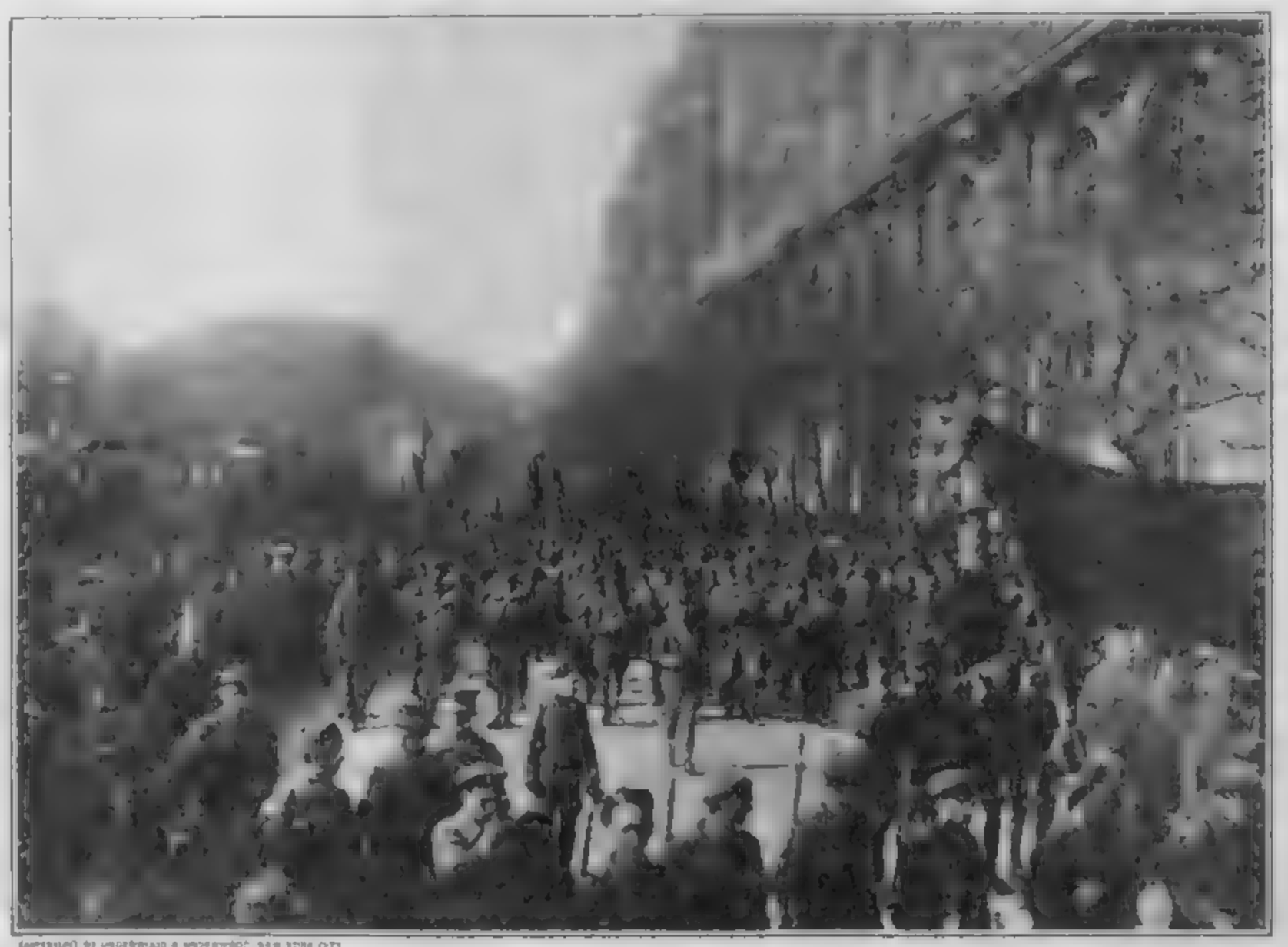
One day in a session of the ministerial body Eisner was suddenly shot by an officer, a member of an old aristocratic house. As quick as a flash one of his friends retaliated by shooting Auer, who was not killed but incapacitated. Thereupon a general shooting affray occurred, like a meeting between cattlemen and rustlers except that the marksmanship was not so good.

The Separatist Movement

THE murder of Eisner provoked a profound revulsion of feeling, and the city was seized by Bolshevists, who also extended their control to other Bavarian cities. Defiance was hurled at Berlin, and the new régime held complete sway. Numerous hostages were seized and some were executed; the dwellings of the city were placed under a housing committee and thrown open for the use of the proletariat; industries and banks were taken over; and a program was inaugurated that gave promise of making Bavaria as Bolshevistic as Russia. At this time intense Bolshevistic agitation occurred in Austria and Rumania. Obviously it was the hope of the Russian agitators to connect up a geographical chain—Bessarabia, Rumania, Hungary, Austria and Bavaria—so as to stabilize communism in Hungary and Bavaria. But no success could be achieved in Austria and Rumania.

There was also an international aspect to the situation. A strong separatist movement was under way in Germany. This aimed at the splitting off of the Left-of-the-Rhine and of Bavaria, to form separate republics. This, with the transfer of Posen to Poland, would leave a weakened Germany, composed of little else than Saxony and an amputated Prussia. Feeling in France was divided. In support of a fragmentation of Germany was the conviction that such an outcome would represent for France a guaranty against future military aggression. On the other hand from

(Continued on Page 82)



One of the Huge Processions of Idle Workmen Which Marked the Soviet Rule of Bela Kun in Budapest

SITTING ON THE WORLD

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIAN KEEN WAGNER

CALVIN PRETLOW PRICE was returning home a hero. He knew it, though he was too inarticulate to say it, even to himself. He did not look like a hero—at least he was not the stern austere type or the dashing romantic. He was big and brown and every muscle of his youthful six-foot body was as supple and as strong as steel, but his eyes were still those of a good-natured boy and he could hardly keep his face from crinkling up into a wide grin as he sat there in the accommodation train and reflected that he was going home—and that he was a hero.

There had never been an oversupply of heroes at Masseyville. Looking into the past Calvin could remember only two who might stack up for that title, and one of them was the Collisons' hired man, who had run out and twisted the head nearly off an angry bull, which would have gored little Janie Collison—a good bait for angry bulls, since her mother habitually dressed her in red calico. That feat had become a countryside epic. The other hero was a woman—Aunt Lucy Massey, who had gone to nurse a camp of gypsies stricken with smallpox. Most of the neighbors had not considered her a hero but rather a plumb fool. Still Calvin acknowledged that Aunt Lucy sure had a nerve. He'd seen the nurses in the hospital where they'd taken him after that little dose of gas and the story of Aunt Lucy had come back to him as he watched those smart blue-and-white-uniformed girls working in the wards and doing lots of things he couldn't have been hired to do himself.

But after all a hero coming home from the war was more properly a hero than any tamer of bulls or defier of smallpox. He had not read very much, but all the same he felt the picturesque values of his present estate and he knew how his family was going to feel about it.

"There'll sure be a high old time," he muttered to himself more than once—and then that tickling grin would pull at his mouth. "Yes, sir, there'll sure be a high old time."

Janie Collison, the same Janie whose infantile red calico had provoked the attack of the bull—Janie who was now a lovely, slim, dark-eyed, high-headed, nineteen-year-old Janie—would feel elated about his coming home a hero quite as much as his own kin. It would be pretty nice for Janie, reflected Calvin, to have her fellow come home with three service stripes and a sergeant's chevrons and a couple of medals, the only man who had enlisted from Masseyville and been wounded and gassed and everything. Enlisting was not the same as being drafted, look at it ever so broad-mindedly, and he had taken occasion to say so occasionally to a couple of other Masseyville boys—draftees—who chanced to be part of the second replacement force of his regiment. Janie had cried when he went away and told him that she would be ever true. He was sure that she would, because he, too, had said so and had kept his word. Well, now she would be rewarded for her good judgment in picking out the right kind of a fellow and there was a spice of satisfaction in the thought that she had had plenty to pick from. About every unattached man under sixty in Masseyville or vicinity buzzed hopefully round Janie Collison.

To be sure, Calvin had not heard from Janie or any of his family for more than six months, but that didn't worry him. They were none of them the letter-writing kind, any more than he was himself. He was magnificently sure that they were all right and would be waiting for him on the station platform, with about four-fourths of Masseyville besides, when his train came rolling in. He had taken a dollar bill off the roll he had saved from his poker and crap winnings—Calvin had a fool kid's luck with cards and dice—and sent them a telegram announcing the time of his arrival. He had sent it to his mother, because Mattie Price was the strongest character in her household and her children and her friends always thought of her before they did of William Price, her husband. She was a fanatical church woman and a strict disciplinarian, carrying out her ideas of duty and righteousness with bitter rigor. Not from her did Calvin get his engaging smile or the cleft in his chin that would make him eternal boy if he lived to be a hundred.

Even though he deferred to her authority, it had tickled Calvin's masculine humor to pay for that telegram with crap winnings, and he was very careful to use the same crumpled bill that Corporal Klinger, Company E, had handed over to him with a profane tribute on his success with a certain capricious lady—namely, the Goddess of Chance—in that final bout with the dice at the demobilization camp. He'd never dare to let ma know it, thought Calvin, but he meant to tell pa about it when he got a chance.

Pa would enjoy it, for all he was as much under ma's thumb as any of the children. But in that little dusty uncomfortable room over the wagon shed—it was reached by mounting the seat of the wagon and swinging oneself through the trap door—which was about the only place on the farm ma couldn't rout them out of, he and pa had had some right satisfactory sessions—when ma had neuralgia or there was a season of violent house-to-house prayer meeting on.

Pa was going to be mighty proud that Cal had turned out to be a hero, but not specially surprised. Ma would be surprised. Ma had told Calvin frequently that he would turn out to be a godless good-for-nothing. And at that remembrance Calvin's chest swelled and he tautened and relaxed his velvet muscles in a sigh of satisfaction. Seemed as if he was putting something over on ma every minute.

"You Go On Back and Stay With Janie Collison," She Said Furiously. "I Knew She'd Come Right Over to Get You Back—I Knew It!"

It was all very satisfactory, this being a hero. Money in his pocket too—enough to make a first payment on the Wilder farm. Oh, he knew perfectly well what he was going to do! No more rampaging round and going off to war—though it hadn't been a bad war at all, looking at it in retrospect—but a snug little farm down by the creek, where the plow turned up earth as black and rich as virgin soil and corn grew twelve feet tall, and a hill field where he could plant an orchard of peach trees that would burn pink flames of bloom in the spring, and where a man could get a good living, working outdoors in the sun and rain all year long. He'd seen all the cities he ever wanted to see.

Yes, he was going home to his heart's desire—his kin, his girl, a farm, a future of content—all laced with the admiration and acclaim that was undoubtedly due his exploits. And moreover, his stomach reminded him, he was going home to good cooking, eats beside which the Salvation Army doughnut and the "Y" cocoa became loathly and distasteful. Supper, now, when he got there—what'd they have? There'd be fried chicken and ham with red gravy the way he liked it, and sweet-potato bread, split open, hot and dripping with butter, and peach preserves and ginger loaf cake and real cream, thick and yellow and heavy with richness—a pitcher of it all for himself. There might be pie too—custard pie that quivers with deliciousness as one lifts it. And coffee—regular coffee! Oh, boy! He'd take four cups, and more if ma'd let him. He stopped the train boy and puchased crackers and bananas, peanuts and lemon soda, to keep from dying of hunger for that supper, though he had eaten a huge middle-of-the-day dinner in the dining car before changing from the express.

The conductor, who had looked hard at him when he punched his ticket, came back presently.

"Going home, hey?"

"Yes, sir," said Cal, sort of carelessly moving his arm so the service stripes would show, "and sure glad to get there."

The conductor was an old man, bent and thin-faced, with a wisp of discouraged white mustache. He looked wistfully at the youth and strength of the boy in uniform. Something in Calvin's ingenuous eyes brought out his confidence.

"My boy—he never got acrost—the flu got him—he'd only been in camp coupla months. Just twenty-one."

"My gosh, that's tough!" said Calvin. It embarrassed him to feel sympathetic. "That's sure tough!" he repeated in an awed tone.

The conductor's tired old eyes looked absently out of the window.

"Well, I try to figure to myself it's just the same's if he'd been actually in the fightin'. Way I look at it, a man can't do no more than give his life. I reckon you was right in it now?" he asked, trying to get away from his own emotion.

Calvin could not swagger before this old man who had no son to come home to him.

"I got plenty," he said soberly. "Yes, sir, I sure got plenty. I'm glad to be gettin' home."

"I'm glad f'r your folks," said the conductor, and patted Cal on the back as he passed on. The boy choked over his peanuts.

"Gosh, I'm a fool f'r luck!" he told himself. "I'm a fool for luck! I'm not no better no way than his boy was, and he never even got acrost, whilst I get acrost 'n' see it through, get my clip in the leg and my whiff of gas; yet here I am, coming home with bells on! I sure am sittin' on the world! Yes, sir, I'm sittin' on it!"

It was the finest phrase he knew. It expressed the very peak of good fortune. There was nothing left to be wished for. He had thought so before, but the conductor's words had confirmed it. It had been a darned good war, he admitted that. He had drunk and gambled and fought, all in the same spirit of youthful hilarity. He had been in on every bit of rollicking rascality that the most inventive minds in his company could devise. He had had a high old time, every minute of it. Even his wound hadn't been serious, and as for that bit of gas, as he'd told the doctor, it was the limit to send a fellow to the hospital for nothing worse than that. Yes, sir, some war! And yet—and yet—home was going to look mighty good—yes, sir, mighty good!

So much thinking made him restless. He got up and stretched his long legs to the water cooler and thence to the back platform. The country was growing very familiar—friendly, peaceful country, with the look of having been tilled for comfortable, simple living rather than for aggressive profit. No very modern methods prevailed here—they had come from the wooden plow to the steel one and from the scythe to the mowing machine, but there they had paused. They had yet to take the leap to the tractor, overhead irrigation and such like new-fangles. If wire had largely replaced the one-time rail fence it was only because the patches of woodland had been constantly dwindling and rails were consequently harder to procure. Now and then the train stopped at a little town—clusters of frame houses, tree-shaded, quiet, dull in color, with a church spire or two for accent. Calvin Price looked at it all fondly.

"It sure looks good to me!" he told himself occasionally. He wondered if he would be home in time for the threshing. He was going to pitch right in and take hold, hero or no. It would show them all that his new status hadn't spoiled him.

As dusk came on the names of the stations grew as familiar as the fields. Monona—Kaine's Crossing—Ovenburg—Still Pond—River Mills—and then he began to feel very queer. Home was so near, so near—could it be real after all? His hands shook as he gathered up his few pieces of baggage and his eyes misted so that he could scarcely see the river or note the woody bend as the train slowed and whistled for Masseyville. No way for a hero to behave! He was ashamed of himself. Throwing back his shoulders, he seized his baggage and bumped out into the aisle. He was on the platform before the train had quite stopped and he plunged down the steps on the very heels of the old conductor. And on the lowest step he stood, poised, his jaw dropped, his eyes round with surprise and dismay.

There wasn't any crowd at all!

There were the usual two or three chronic station loafers and the agent, who was busy putting a crate of live chickens into the baggage car. He stepped down and again looked round in bewilderment. He couldn't believe it. A skinny middle-aged woman in an aggressive hat, who wanted to board the train, jostled him to one side and scraped his smartly wound puttee with a bulky telescope. He moved out of her way dazedly. They couldn't have got his telegram. Surely—surely if they had they'd all have been there! Or maybe somebody was sick—maybe they were all sick. Wild imaginings gripped him. He swallowed a hard sticky lump of disappointment in his throat and walked quickly round the station, avoiding the few people to whom he might have spoken. The main street of the town with its small twinkling street lights lay before him, but moved by some obscure motive he turned into a narrow dingy back street, where only negroes and poor whites lived and where in the darkness he would not be recognized. He walked very fast, almost running.

The back street brought him out on the other side of town and there was a short half mile yet to cover to the Price farm. For all his anxiety and distress, the very road felt good to his feet, and the hedges, overrun with honeysuckle, sent their perfume to greet him. But he did not slacken his pace until he could see the lamplight in the home windows. It was not particularly reassuring, that lamplight, but at least it told him they were there. Something indefinable made him go more slowly and still more slowly until he reached the gate set deep in an Osage hedge. He put out his hand to open it and suddenly out of the shadows a girl ran toward him and, flinging open the gate, threw both arms about his neck and kissed him resoundingly.

"I was bound I'd come to meet you, no matter how Aunt Mattie laid down the law!" declared the girl in an eager whisper. "Oh, Cal—I'm so glad you got here!"

"Why, it's Rosy Redhead!" exclaimed Calvin. "What you come bouncing out at me like this for? Where's ma—and pa?"

"In the house—come on in. And you just can that redhead stuff, Sergeant Calvin Smarty Price!"

"My lands, the child's gettin' fresh!" teased Calvin, following with a lightening of heart her figure, dim in the darkness.

"Child, nothing!" snapped Rosy. "Reckon you think nobody gets any older in two years. I'm a young lady now, I thank you!"

They had come up the brick walk and turned to go round the house to the side entrance and in their interchange of civilities it had not struck Calvin that it was odd that Rosy, the little cousin who had lived with the Prices since infancy, should be the only one to meet him. At least her greeting had been warm, and she had given no intimation that there was anything amiss with the rest of the family. He had no time to remark on these things, for at the foot of the side-porch steps she stopped and turned and gave him a strange defiant look.

"Come On," Rosy Whispered. "Let's Get Out. Are You Hurt Much?"

"You come right on in and act like nothing's the matter," she commanded, and then lifting her voice: "Oh, Aunt Mattie! Uncle Will! Here he is—here's Cal!"

She caught hold of his arm and urged him up onto the porch, and as he stepped into the shaft of warm lamplight he heard an answering stir within and saw his father getting up from the supper table, though his mother sat still; and so did the two children, though their glances turned eagerly toward him. Georgie, the twelve-year-old, made as if to rise.

"Set still!" commanded his mother.

William Price came forward to greet his son.

"You Cal," he said shakily, and shook hands with him powerfully. "Go kiss your mother," he added at once with a placating glance toward the gray-haired woman who sat so straight and still at the head of the table. There was a curious air of constraint and awkwardness in the room, but Calvin wonderingly obeyed his father. His mother offered an unresisting cheek, but did not kiss him in return. She did not smile, but looked at him in a stern accusing way. Calvin moved rather dazedly round the table to greet Georgie, and then seven-year-old little Malvie flung her arms round his neck even as Rosy had done and kissed him lovingly.

"D'you bring me a German helmit, buddy?" she asked ecstatically. "Oh, my, you look big an' grand in your soldier clo'es! Why, I b'lieve you've grown!"

"Looks to me as if he'd grown most two feet," exclaimed Rosy with all the effect of one who is making conversation that must conceal an awkward situation. She was bustling about, a busy housewife. "Set down to the table," she rattled on, placing a chair for him. "I'm going to bring you in some hot biscuits and some fresh coffee. Help him to ham and eggs and the fried potatoes, Unc' Will, whilst I'm gone. I'll bet he's most starved, traveling all day."

William Price obediently dealt Calvin a magnificent thick slice of ham and two fried eggs with a mound of fried potatoes on the side. He set the plate before his son.

"Go ahead," he said; "we've all eat. Just pitch right in, son."

His voice had the same anxious hurried twang as Rosy's. Cal, glancing up, thought his father looked as if he'd been on a spree and ma had been nagging him. He picked up his fork and attacked the heaping plate, and then—mouth full—he gave his family a comprehensive survey. Something was the matter, he didn't know what. Ma was certainly on her very highest high horse and it was worth his life to tackle her. Yet his abused boy's heart demanded expression. This was no way to treat a hero and they might as well know it.

"Mighty funny way to act, seems to me," he burst out. "Didn't even wait supper, and me away all this time!"

Rosy came in with another pot of coffee and a plate of biscuits. She heard the plaint and tossed her weight of auburn hair impertinently. She had the redhead's creamy thick skin, unblemished by freckles or the taint of sallowness. A ripe young creature, vivid and impulsive, her hazel eyes ready to laugh or snap fire on the instant of feeling. Now they snapped fire—at her Aunt Mattie.

"That's what I say!" she said, taking a cup from before her aunt and filling it herself with coffee. She came round to Calvin's side. "I think it's a perfect shame, and I wanted to fry a chicken and make a fuss over you—and I even had to beat up a cake on the sly!" Her voice shook with youthful fury. "But I did it while you was at prayer meeting, Aunt Mattie, and you can't unbake it, for all I reckon you'd like to. Have another biscuit, Cal. I'll pour you a glass of cream too - I know you like it."

She set the plate down beside him and stared defiantly at the cold, tight-lipped woman at the head of the table. The children and William Price sat mute. Never before had they beheld Mattie Price openly defied and their emotions were akin to those of the retainers of Douglas when Marmion dared to tongue-lash that imperious Scot.

"Yeah, but ——" said Calvin, troubled and puzzled. "But look here, ma—what's the matter?"

Mrs. Price roused herself and fanaticism blazed in her fine thin face.

"I don't see how you darst to ask me such a question, Calvin!" she said clearly and sternly. "You, who've made the Price name a byword and a hissing in foreign parts, and all the neighborhood wrapping your goings-on round their tongues, pitying me to my face! My own son, my oldest! A worthless rapscallion, dicing and drunken—a jailbird!"

"I am not a jailbird!" interrupted Calvin, almost too frightened by the storm he had raised to make the protest. "Whoever said I was, I wanta know?"

Rosy pressed his arm in sympathy—and William Price's cheeks showed red spots through his weather-beaten skin.

"Don't attempt to deny to me, Calvin," went on his mother, still sternly angry, yet with evident distress, "that you were arrested for drunkenness and insolence to a superior officer! You thought because you were so far away from home that you could indulge yourself in sinful pleasures and your mother'd never know of it. I know pretty much everything you were up to whilst you were gone. I know about your playing cards for money and your dicing, and I know ——" she stopped and a bleakness came over her face. "That's all that's going to be said about it."

Her imperious, tyrannical will rode them down, left them beaten. That is, all except Rosy, and even she was rendered cautious.

"Go upstairs to bed," said Mrs. Price firmly but not unkindly to the two children. They trailed off, afraid to protest. When their mother spoke like this it was the better part of valor to obey. She rose and took some dishes in her hands and carried them out to the kitchen.

"You go on and eat your supper," said Rosy, choking back a sob. "I'll go out and cut you a piece of cake. Here, let me pour you some more coffee."

But Calvin pushed away the food.

"I lost my appetite, I reckon," he said dully, and got up and went out to the porch. His father followed him in

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NOSKE—DICTATOR

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

A STOCKY, brawny, broad-shouldered man with shaggy eyebrows and piercing black eyes that gleam behind tortoise-shell spectacles sits every morning at a desk in a bare room in the big white German Ministry of Marine Building in the Benderstrasse in Berlin.

At first glance you would take him to be the walking delegate of the Iron Molders Union in good standing and active training, for he is the personification of grim, uncouth, unyielding strength.

This person is the worst hated and at the same time the most respected individual in Germany. He is the human rock on which the whole shifting structure of the new republic rests. Prize suppresser of revolution, he has become the merciless interpreter of the law that knows only force. Such is Gustav Noske, technically Minister of National Defense, but in reality the dictator of Germany.

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To the average American he is known merely as the individual who saved the new government through the harrowing series of revolutions and disorders that have punctuated German history since the downfall of the Hohenzollerns, and which reached their high tide with the destruction of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. You never see his name but it is associated with some act of suppression. A creature of blood and iron, he might well be called the Bismarck of the bourgeoisie. Of all the personalities I met in Germany his is the most striking.

The Master Organizer of Defeat

MEASURED by actual achievement the only two men in Germany to-day who stand out amid the mediocrity of the government are Erzberger and Noske. Every other member of the cabinet either owes his post to his political affiliation or to the fact that he controls an interest vital to the integrity of the republican machine. Erzberger, who holds the purse strings of the nation, is considerably more than a figurehead.

Noske handles the reins of law and order, without which there can be no commercial recovery and no perpetuation of whatever ideals the beaten and discredited fatherland may have set up.

He incarnates the military uniform, and the man who runs the military establishment in Germany to-day is the man who sits in the saddle. Though the brass button has lost its lure in a land where it was once the passport to highest favor, it still stands for the big stick, and Noske is wielding it as no one else ever did in our time.

Most great crises have produced at least one dominating figure. Sometimes it is a soldier and again it is a man of the plain people. England found him in Lloyd George in the dark day of her bitterest travail. Out of encircling gloom Clémenceau led the forlorn hope of France to a new and triumphant faith. In the same way Germany turned to Noske.

Lloyd George and Clémenceau were the organizers of victory, while Noske is the organizer of defeat. He is both revolution maker and revolution breaker. Like the Carnot of that other crimson day, he is fashioning a democratic army out of the wrecked royalist legions. If any human being can save Germany during this winter of discontent that man is Noske.

The Cover of Noske's Autobiography. Above—People Running to Cover When the Street Fighting Began Between the Government Troops and the Followers of the Rebel Standards

During the last four years I had the privilege of meeting practically every so-called strong man of the Allied countries. I watched the whole fascinating procession of nation savers that stretched from Petrograd to Rome. I saw Kerensky swept to the crest of his tragic popularity; I witnessed the ascendancy of Lloyd George to dazzling eminence; I beheld Clemenceau in the hour of disaster and triumph; and I heard Sonnino hailed as liberator of Italy. All these men have in varying degrees a personal charm and some form of magnetism. Each likewise dramatized himself in everything he did.

It remained for me to find in Noske the incarnation of brutal but dynamic power absolutely unrelieved by color, and apparently without affectation. There is not a spark in him. In repose he seems to have a dim kinship with those Rodin statues that brood with such mysterious and unuttered potency. In plainer, blunter speech he gives you the feeling that he is a good person to avoid in a dark alley on a night when mischief is afoot.

Noske is strangely reminiscent of Alexander Gutchkoff, whom I met when he was Minister of War in Kerensky's first provisional cabinet. He was a rough-hewn Titan who put the fear of God and a respect for the machine gun into the hearts of mutineers and malefactors generally. He was a stranger to conciliation, an open foe of diplomacy. When he said a thing he meant it. He followed threat with action. Noske is the same type. Unlike his Russian prototype, who was born to wealth, he comes from the masses. He is the son of an obscure weaver and himself worked for years at the same trade.

Though the mailed fist as such has vanished from the German ruling map it remains incarnate in the character and performance of Noske. Before the war German militarism was expressed by a whole caste which numbered many thousands. The one-time clanking sword, which was their symbol, has gone, for the time at least, into the scrap heap along with William Hohenzollern's uniforms and medals. The force and tyranny once expressed by this reactionary group now find a reincarnation in the thick-necked, spectacled overlord of the German republic.

Selfishness, brutality and utter disregard for human rights were at the root of that old Prussian congress of autocrats. National necessity coupled with politics produced Noske. He is a syndicate of force. As I remarked in a previous article in this series, Germany in the old days turned out the machine-made military bully in quantity output. Noske is a self-made bully.

The Dictator as His Own Press Agent

THROUGHOUT Germany I heard that pat phrase, which is so often merely a phrase, and which falls so glibly from the tongue of the uplifter and the proletariat: "All power proceeds from the people and the people's will is the highest law." My observation is that all power in Germany to-day emanates from the big-fisted combination of commander in chief of the army and boss policeman of the whole republic, who fills the office of Minister of National Defense; in other words, Herr Noske.

Who is Noske? What has he done? Where is he likely to land?

Before I take you into the presence of this German Gambetta—for he has been acclaimed as such in many quarters—it might be well to tell you the story of his life, certainly the approach to that day when his iron hand was first felt in the series of events that made him a world figure. Noske, I might say, is his own press agent. In a comparatively calm interval between riots and revolutions last September he took a day off and wrote a brief autobiography. It bears the title As I Am.

When I asked him why he wrote this he said: "There is so much misinformation about me that I wanted people to know the facts."

If ever a man sprang from lowly origin that man is Noske. His people have been of the humblest. His grandfather, who emigrated from Posen to Russia, was a forester.

His father grew up in the district of Lutzk on the Styr in Volhynia. To quote Noske's own words, which I have retained in translation so far as possible:

"My father used to tell me that in his youth he and his brothers were obliged to work as laborers in the trenches in the Crimean War. Whether in war or in peace, life in the vicinity of Lutzk was wild.

"My grandfather was a weaver like many of the other colonists who emigrated with him, and all of them remained Prussian subjects. As a consequence my father went to Germany when he was twenty-one years old, to fulfill the military duty, which his brothers had all done before him. His brothers all returned to Russia and when I went to Courland during the war I found many relatives of mine.

"My father, however, remained in Germany. He lived first at Forst and subsequently at Brandenburg on the Havel, where he married and spent practically the remainder of his life.

"My mother was a native of Brandenburg, and her father, like my own father, was a weaver.

"I was born on the ninth day of July, 1868, at Brandenburg, and as I recall it, in a small, low cottage in the Wollenweberstrasse. I am unable to remember much of the earlier years of my life except that my mother was a remarkable woman and took the greatest care of my little sister and myself.

"My first years at school were spent at a sort of elementary establishment. My father could barely read or write. He determined that I at least should have as good an education as possible. None of my masters will admit that I was a model pupil. I seemed to learn things rather readily, but I was not gifted with a special amount of perseverance, though I managed to pass all my examinations without much difficulty."

In the Days of Apprenticeship

"MY HISTORY teacher, whose name was Hoffman, exercised the strongest influence over me. History has always appealed to me. Another man who shaped my early life was the deputy rector, Rosenburg, whom I gave, I am afraid, many unpleasant hours, because his paternal manner irritated me.

"I was always fond of reading. In my youth I read with special pleasure Robinson Crusoe and stories about American Indians, which fascinated me. I suppose I was a regular, average boy and when I did not have to study or work for my father I went out to the woods with my playmates and we played at being Indians. I remember that outside the town and near the cathedral were some large, thick, thorny hedges. I built a cave under them and occupied it in my spare time with another boy, who later became a prominent banker in Berlin.

"My father was a strong lover of Nature from his youth. Indeed, he loved it so much that on Sunday, his one day of leisure, he would often go to the country as early as three o'clock in the morning, and frequently I accompanied him.

"Near our house in Brandenburg was the River Havel. I early became a good swimmer, which is the only art, by the way, in which I have attained any proficiency. My love of aquatics caused me nearly to lose my life in my eleventh year. A boat I was rowing capsized and I was thrown into the water. It was midwinter and I was almost frozen stiff before I was rescued."

Noske's account of his boyhood is naïve and diverting. Like the same period in the lives of other forceful characters, it gives a hint of the man's future leanings. Of it he says:

"When I was fourteen years old I had passed through the town school. My ambition to become a forester, which would always keep me in the open air, could not be fulfilled. It was important that I learn a trade at the least possible cost, which would at the same time bring me the largest possible income.

"Someone persuaded my father that I could become a basket weaver at a cost of a few hundred marks. My parent was much impressed, and as a result I was apprenticed to a basket maker in July, 1882.

"My first impression of the workshop was most disagreeable. My employer had his shop in the rear of the house in which he lived. It was a narrow dark garret, in which two other apprentices and myself labored early and late. I had to sit on a low stool and I did not like it. Besides, the basket maker was an irritable and surly individual, addicted to strong drink. His life was so disorganized that but for his thrifty and exceedingly hard-working wife the establishment, modest as it was, would have gone to ruin.

"The apprentices were constantly put in an embarrassing situation. Part of our work was to deliver the baskets to our customers. Our master made us keep back some of the money that we collected, so that he could procure brandy with it. We had to invent all sorts of excuses to leave the shop and get this liquor for him. Always we had to pass under the vigilant scrutiny of his wife, who on more than one occasion not only took away the bottle and the money but cuffed our ears in the bargain. On such occasions the master remonstrated with his wife and there were many ugly scenes. This was all the more distasteful to me because in my own home the family life ran smoothly and there was never any harsh speech.

"Hence all the bitter and profane turmoil that raged about me in the shop became a constant irritant. One day the master tried to strike me. I ran away and it was with the utmost difficulty that my parents persuaded me to return to my apprenticeship. Things went from bad to worse and at Christmas time the apprenticeship was dissolved on my insistence. It was decided that I remain in the same trade, so I became an apprentice to the Reichstein perambulator factory, which wove the bodies for baby carriages.

"I found the opportunities for learning my trade thoroughly somewhat limited in the new establishment because we were restricted to one kind of basketwork. I now got a real insight into the hardships of the German factory. Our apprentices were compelled to work from ten to twelve hours a day, while on Sunday morning they had to clear up the workshop and get materials ready to begin the new week on Monday. Moreover, the boys were obliged to attend a night school."

Berlin During the Uprising of the Bolshevists: A Contingent of Troops Loyal to the Ebert Government Arriving in the Wilhelmstrasse to Disperse a Gathering of Spartacides. Above—Gustav Noske

Early Leanings Toward Socialism

"I WAS able to escape this because I had already been at the town school. I therefore turned to education on my own account. It had to be carried on without much method. At the town school I had learned a little French and English, so I continued to study these languages. Political economy interested me and I paid considerable attention to this absorbing subject. I had to buy books out of my very meager earnings and often I was forced to deprive myself of clothes and little luxuries that I longed to have.

"I was first induced to take up these serious political studies through two friends who still live in Brandenburg, where one has became a town councilor. At that time the German workman, and more especially the one who dared to express any social-democratic sentiments, was in danger of getting into serious trouble. Labor was disorganized and oppressed. When the workers did meet to discuss doctrines and formulate some plan for relief it had to be done in some out-of-the-way garret or on Sunday morning out in the woods.

"Naturally I heard about these meetings. They had something of the atmosphere of an adventure, and this spirit appealed to me. I was then about sixteen years old.

"On a certain memorable Sunday I was permitted to go to one of these meetings held in the woods near Brandenburg. For the first time I heard the gospel of social democracy preached and I became a convert. I was so much impressed that I at once gave up my membership in the Christian Society of Young Men."

It was about this time, when social democracy in Germany was in the making, that young Noske had his initial contact with trade-unionism, with which he later became conspicuous. He has always been an organizer. Thus, at the age of seventeen, you find him seeking to effect an association among the basket weavers of Brandenburg. He became something of a juvenile agitator, displaying even then a readiness

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SEEING'S BELIEVING

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IT WAS at a table in the café of the Brevoort that I first heard Lola was going to Hungary. Yes, the Brevoort! Why, for fiction's sake, disguise the place as the Pink Turtle or the Mongering Mongoose, when you would recognize it instantly anyway? Besides, I believe in using the Truth. For what we crude provincial Americans need most is the habit of looking at things as they are. And I, as a true radical and free spirit, simply refuse to compromise my statements. Besides, there are no longer any cafés in Greenwich Village posing as animals out of the delirium tremens—and not because of prohibition either. About two years ago some raw, dull, thick-necked servant of the capitalist class, wearing the shameful uniform of those who protect private property—in other words someone on the police force—decided to, as he termed it, "clean up" these animal-cracker resorts, and forthwith they went out of business.

Not but that they might have benefited by a little cleaning up in the literal sense—for they were mostly that kind of place. Not that I have much first-hand evidence, as I never really frequented them, for I am not a real villager, my residence on South Washington Square being a purely geographical circumstance, and it is a well-known fact—a psychological reflex as dear Prof.—he is professor, isn't he?—Freud would put it; and all the villagers, so self-admitted, come from Harlem.

But in point of fact did there still exist any Blue Goats, Green Roaches or other soft-drink-selling cafés of alcoholic denomination—and by the way, of course these names were simply founded on the French equivalents in the Quartier—Le Chat Noir, Le Rat Mort, and so on; and if the police had ever studied French they would have known this and realized that the vice of these places was also merely a feeble translation, and let them alone. Well, at any rate, if they had existed at the period I am about to describe I would not have found Lola in any of them, for two reasons—firstly, because I would not have gone into one of them, and secondly, because she would not have been there. She was what that clever young Cheko—the pianist, you know—or will know some day when the managers' trust permits him the opportunity of displaying his great genius—well, as he said, she was a "Brevoort hound." And while the village menagerie is undoubtedly depleted, for the reasons above given, this last species remains. Though if one goes there now it is merely to eat.

The evening I speak of was in the latter part of May, 1919, before the prohibitive outrage on our liberty was imposed upon us. Before our free right to be drunk was taken away from us by the ruling classes or the representative classes, I forget which—at any rate, before it was taken away from us against some of our wills—and so when I found Lola I found her sitting before a half-consumed cocktail all by herself in a lonely corner where she could powder her nose in the wall mirror without turning her head. When she saw me she smiled her well-known wan smile and pushed a stray lock of her hair into place.

"Hello, Comrade!" she said. "Are you dining alone? Sit here with me, won't you?"

Well, I thought quickly of how much money I had with me, and then I said yes, and sat down. She raised a languid hand to a listless waiter, and indicated the glass before her.

"Another!" she said briefly, and asked me for a cigarette.

I produced one. Not that I ordinarily smoke myself, but I carry them in case the opportunity for making a protest against hidebound convention arises. Wouldn't it be terrible if They dared try to stop us from smoking though?

Well, anyway, Lola took one, and said softly, "Nellie, I am going to Hungary to-morrow!"

Wasn't that thrilling? Or rather might it not have been, except that one was getting a trifle used to these shocks since the beginning of the war. In fact, I had experienced several amazing, terrific farewells in this very corner, as when Stella Rhodes got her passport to England when she went over for Looker's Weekly, and as when Holman Holman came in wearing a Y uniform and we all thought it was the Ordnance Department. To say nothing of the time Ted and Fred Liggett enlisted the day before conscription went through.

So I was somewhat inured to farewells and rather put to it to look as amazed as I wanted to feel—and I really wanted to in this case, because I admire Lola so excessively. She is the most complete individualist I know—in every respect, from her clothes to her food, and next to Truth I most admire Individuality—the fundamental externalism of what one owes to Oneself, as Bergson or Elbert Hubbard, I forget which, would say.

And so I dug up the very deepest look of intensity that I could.

"My dear!" I exclaimed. "Why they have a Soviet there. You will see it!"

"Yes, I will see it!" she murmured, fixing me with her great eyes that were like two splendid lamps between her enormous dangling earrings of jade—the most intriguing ones ever! I mean the earrings. Then she beckoned to the waiter, who returned with another round and waited listlessly as Carter Durant approached and, with a passing greeting to the tables along the way, joined us. My heart leaped at the sight of him. He was hatless, except for his thick curly brown hair, and as usual wore no necktie. Such freedom! Such utter indifference to what the world might say! It was Carter who had taught me the true equality of the Sexes, and the comradeship of man and woman, and all about how it did not make the least difference to anybody who paid the check except the waiters and they ought to be made to get used to that sort of thing. How profoundly true. Waiters have been a form of social tyranny these many years!

Well, at any rate, Carter came right over and sat down, knowing that he needed no invitation while I had a penny in the world. He saluted Lola airily, a satire of his on the military order of the day, and then stretched his languid, toil-stained hand to me. I grasped it at once.

"I have been drawing in charcoal all day!" he said wearily. "Some little studies of coal miners for the Arm of Labor" And indeed the dear fellow looked it. "Give me to eat!" he added.

"I am going to have imported caviar, breast of pheasant *bonne femme*, a few fresh mushrooms and a half bottle of Sauterne—not too cold," said Lola deliberately to the waiter. Then to me: "You know how important to my writing the proper sort of food is, dear!"

"Of course!" I said admiringly. "It affects your brain immediately, I know. I think I will have a small steak. What are you having, Carter?"

"A small cup of black coffee," he said over my head to the waiter. And I dared not protest for fear I might disturb some great thought.

"Lola is going to Hungary!" I said. "That will be all, waiter—no, just a minute, please—here is Miss Krexwell—see what she will have!"

And indeed it was Mercedes Krexwell, the anarchist, and with her was Fritz West himself—the handsome editor of the Arm. They sat down with us. The waiter hovered and they ordered—thick pea soup with lemon in it.

"It's a Russian dish," Mercedes explained. "And now what's this about Hungary? Not a counter-revolution?"

She peered eagerly through her thick glasses. It is really a shame that any girl should have cornered Fritz—he is so handsome that in a free country he probably would be nationalized. But as it is, he stays meekly within the bonds of matrimony and Mercedes keeps a tight hold on the reins, if not upon his last name.

"I am sailing for Hungary to-morrow!" Lola pronounced.

At once there was acclaim.

"Good!" shouted Fritz. "Now we will have the truth about the Soviets! At last we will get some Facts instead of the perverted trash printed by the capitalist press!"

"How I envy you, Lola!" sighed Mercedes. "Why, there is very little danger in going to Hungary, and no one denies that the revolution is real there, with a Soviet working!"

"And when you come back," added Fritz, "I will publish all your stuff if you have to go to jail for it! Who is sending you?"

"My brother-in-law is in the foreign-relations department at Washington," Lola explained. "He managed it through Senator Gooding, a friend."

"That conservative!" exclaimed Fritz. "Well, he doesn't know what he has done this time!"

Lola smiled wanly, and attacked her caviar.

"I shall tell the whole truth," she said. "The American people shall know how beautiful it all is."

That was just like dear Lola—so perfectly fearless! She has always been that way. Ever since the time when the crowds of unemployed broke into the churches to sleep. Do you remember how she hired a church—an abandoned one that had been condemned as unsafe or something—and turned it over to them to sleep in? Of course! And she is always just like that.

"Well, Lola," said Fritz, "show up

"Nellie Kelly," He Said. "I—I Want—That is, Will You Marry Me?"

this nonsense about atrocities, whatever you do. And tell the real stuff! Especially on education—you know one of Okunkoff's decrees says that in their so different schools the work of floor-scrubber, janitor, and so on must be to some extent expert, with a pedagogical foundation, and therefore the word 'Servants' assumes an entirely different meaning than with us."

"Why, yes, indeed!" said I. "While over here they just get paid for doing as little as possible—they don't need to be even industrious, much less pedagogical—when you can get them at all!"

"Nellie, that's what comes of holding down a job on a capitalistic magazine!" said Mercedes. "You are so beastly flippant! Now if you were really an artist ——"

"I know I'm not an artist," I said humbly. "Nobody could call the art-needlework department art. But I am getting out some free verse now."

The waiter arrived at this juncture and the talk took another turn. They ordered. Steak for Mercedes and Fritz.

"What will you have, dear?" I asked Carter, who had finished his coffee.

"Vanilla ice cream," he said again over my head to the waiter. I could see a soul storm of some kind was brewing in him.

"Yes!" he went on to us with sudden firmness. "It's the Truth we want! Thank heaven it is you, Lola, who is going instead of Nellie here. She, I suppose, will go on commercializing her art for a mere hundred a week when she could and should be expressing herself in her verse, which I assure you is wholly and absolutely free; in fact, it is wild!"

They all agreed with him, and of course I felt terribly in the wrong—almost bourgeoise in fact. But presently, the waiter having returned, and Carter having ordered a salad, Lola brought the talk back to herself. She leaned her elbows on the table, blew clouds of cigarette smoke over the Fritzes' apple pie and cheese, and spoke, oh, how wonderfully!

"Think of the chance I am about to have!" she said. "I shall actually see the Soviet at work under practically undisturbed conditions. I shall see the unity of the people—a fair world of Equality and Justice, where men and women at length are absolutely on equal footing, without restraint of any sort except their own judgment in the matter—if you understand me. Where even art is socialized—where everyone has his or her needs met scientifically.

"What freedom for the soul! Will we ever attain any such freedom here? Never! I shall simply inhale freedom there, so that I may bring it back as the breath of life to America!"

"Roast chicken," said Carter to the waiter. The Fritzes were on coffee by now.

"The trouble with American democracy," said Fritz, taking one of my cigarettes, "is that the Press is subsidized; we don't get the Truth from abroad. The great mediums of public information are neither representative of public sentiment nor do they convey any information except that which their masters the capitalists want spread. Take that magazine of yours, Nellie—outrageously misrepresentative—feeding to the people what the master class wants them to hear."

"But the bourgeoisie actually do buy it to get it!" I objected. "And we have several million subscribers—really have them. People don't have to buy it—they do!"

"You defend it because you are interested," said Fritz. "Of course they buy it—they like to! That's the huge pity of it."

"Of course I realize," I said earnestly, "that a subscription list of three or four hundred intellectuals such as the Arm has is worth infinitely more to the country at large. But I confess I am sometimes puzzled why we—that is, it, the Record Breaker, has so many more readers. It's queer, don't you think?"

"Not at all!" put in Mercedes briskly. "The advertisers, the servants of capital are behind them! We pander to no such a class! Nellie, honestly, I don't see how you, with your growing social consciousness, can stay with them!"

"Only to earn my living!" I protested. "Though I am afraid I can't quite get over liking my work. You see my ignorant bosses—Mr. Kellogg, our assistant editor, in particular, assures me that the public likes what I do—and—and I'm afraid I find a certain selfish satisfaction in that."

"A success complex!" said Lola tolerantly. "But you'll get over pandering to the bourgeoisie, my dear. After all they are not the Masses, and you are a revolutionary at heart—you are with the majority—the oppressed majority, who work with their hands and attain no self-expression under our present system."

"Bring me some soup!" said Carter suddenly.

"I am Going to Have Imported Caviar, Breast of Pheasant Bonne Femme, a Few Fresh Mushrooms and a Half Bottle of Sauterne—Not Too Cold," Said Lola Deliberately to the Waiter

"Do you know," I said in a troubled voice, "somebody told me a very strange thing the other day—namely that the bourgeoisie are in the majority in America! That all the laborers who work strictly with their hands, all the capitalists who come under a strict definition of the word, all the middlemen, and landlords put together, form a minority in actual numbers. If that's true, isn't it terrible?"

There was a brief pause during which I noted Carter glancing over the relishes on the menu and so ordered oysters without consulting him. He thanked me with a glance. How wonderful it is to have perfect understanding with an artist's soul! Then Fritz spoke deliberately.

"It would be terrible in a way, if true!" he admitted at length, choosing a dollar cigar from the tray the boy had brought. "Mind you, I say if true. But how can you depend on statistics furnished from a prejudiced source?"

"I don't think Mr. Kellogg is prejudiced," I said rather warmly. "Only he does believe in a representative form of government."

"What old-fashioned nonsense!" exclaimed Lola impatiently. "Who said anything about a representative government or the desirability of one? Doesn't Lenine himself talk of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat? What we intelligencia are striving for to-day is Freedom, not a mere voice in the government."

"Oh, I see!" said I, though I didn't, quite.

"Yes, money will soon have no value at all!" said Mercedes, out of a clear, though I suppose not so wholly unrelated as it seemed, sky. "And then what good will your salary do you, Nellie?"

Of course that was final, and feeling it so Lola rose and drew her white-ermine mantle about her shoulders.

"I must fly!" she said. "I have to give my instructions to the butler before I go to bed, and arrange with the housekeeper to dismiss the chauffeur. I can get another one when I come back. And I want to see that my maid has packed everything I need. Well, Comrades, wish me luck! And remember, when I return I shall tell the truth, and *nothing will stop me!*"

There was a clamor over her departure, and then the Fritzes seeing the waiter hovering with the check found they had to rush away to a meeting at the People's House. And like magic they were gone.

"I don't see how you can endure those people!" said Carter while I was paying the entire check—my pleasure and privilege.

"They are not really free. Fritz is bound by certain conventions—marriage for example! I declare, if he didn't print my stuff I'd never go near him."

"But think of how he has dedicated his life to Labor!" I protested, slipping a couple of dollars to the waiter, for the check was a large one.

"Bah! Somebody else's labor, you'll notice!" said Carter crossly. "And as for Lola!"

"Lola is a wonder!" I cried, really annoyed. "Look at the way she works for the revolution, and she doesn't need to—she's rich!"

"Lola is a bourgeoise at heart," Carter declared. "Some day it will come out!"

"Well then, since you are not with them, though you always agree with everything they say when they are present," I said, "what do you stand for?"

"I believe only in the Cosmic Infinite," declared he with that sturdy, incorruptible intellectual honesty for which he was famous. "Only that and the devotion of my life to smashing the theory that two parallels cannot meet."

"You are wonderful!" I breathed. "But it is getting late—nearly ten o'clock—and I have, unfortunately, to be at the office early to-morrow, with a hard day ahead of me. I must go. Will you walk along?"

Carter consented, and as he had no hat to retrieve—indeed he goes without one as a protest against the tyranny of the hat-check habit, an idea which came to him just after he lost his last hat off the Staten Island Ferry and was temporarily out of funds. Well, anyway, as he had no hat we made our way to the street without further delay and turned southward toward my boarding house, a habitat he strongly disapproved of as too protected in an old-fashioned way. And as we strolled along, indifferent to the stares of the sightseers, he berated me for the hundredth time about my narrow views on the subject of matrimony.

Now I will admit that the institution, as such, is probably a total failure. But when it comes to doing without it some obscure subconscious reflex working on my subjective mind causes an inhibition in me.

"It isn't that I am not willing to marry you!" Carter explained. "It is the fact of marriage that I object to. It is death to self-expression. No artist can survive under it. Even you, in your limited field, must appreciate that!"

"I appreciate it," I denied him. "But I don't subscribe to it!"

"Subscribe!" he scoffed. "Always thinking in the terms of that dreadful commercial paper of yours! Thank heaven they have never printed anything of mine!"

"Well, I don't care how you laugh, Carter," I said firmly. "I have a complex against that—that sort of thing."

"Which only goes to prove that you are no artist," he said triumphantly. By this time we had reached my doorstep, and the tone of his voice changed. I knew by the sound what was coming.

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ARE WE EXTRAVAGANT?

By Albert W. Atwood

THERE is a suspicion abroad in the land, to put it mildly, that we Americans are becoming increasingly extravagant. Indeed it is said that in the last year we have grown into a nation of wild, wild spenders and are now in the midst of a revel of luxury, an intoxication of spending, a joyride of extravagance.

"It is accumulative," said the secretary of one of the largest national associations of retail merchants. "What can we do about it? A drop of water may fall from a roof laden with snow without having much effect. But if the sun gets warm enough you know what a torrent comes pouring down. That is the way people are spending money now."

Nine years ago a business man went into a store on his way home at night and bought a pair of white-topped, pearl-buttoned shoes as a present for his wife. It was her birthday and though the shoes cost five dollars, which was more than his wife had ever paid, he thought the extravagance was justified on such an occasion. But his wife was so shocked at his recklessness that she sat down and cried instead of thanking him for his thoughtfulness. To-day the same woman thinks nothing of spending sixteen dollars for shoes.

A college girl was told to write an essay on extravagance and she ended it with this sentence: "The worst of this awful disease is its prevalence and spreading powers, for even at this moment I contemplate buying a six-dollar pair of hose."

Curiously enough, almost everyone else appears to be contemplating or actually engaging in a similar or greater indulgence. Yet most of the civilized world is close to bankruptcy, and in this and nearly every other country great portions of the population are demanding and receiving much larger pay for much less work. Under such circumstances just where will this mania, this debauch of expenditure, lead? To what fool's paradise are we so blithely tripping?

It is a grave charge, this indictment of the American people for extravagance. For actual extravagance is little short of criminal. Yet the accusation is on everyone's lips. It crops up in almost every conversation and appears in the newspapers in myriad forms. Suspicion of and belief in it pervade nearly every mercantile transaction.

For extravagance is a derogatory word, almost a poison in the social system. Applied to a government it means incompetency or worse. Applied to a man, his honesty is suspected. Applied to a woman, who will marry her?

Untrue allegations of extravagance are exceedingly pernicious and dangerous. The president of a Western cattle raisers' association was reported recently as being nearly convinced of the oft-repeated statement that people would no longer buy any except the best cuts of meat. Indeed he was about ready to urge his members to cut down production to a point where the consumers would be forced to eat the whole carcass.

Shopping With Fifty-Cent Dollars

BUT is it true that people in the main will buy only the best cuts, so regardless are they of cost? Rather is it not true that prices of the poorer cuts have risen more rapidly than the choicer ones? Pork has risen more than beef. The consumption of butter substitutes is said to have increased faster than of butter itself. Thus one cannot hastily deduce a wholesale, sweeping charge of extravagance in meat cuts.

Indeed every easy assumption and eloquent denunciation of reckless spending must be modified by the indubitable fact of inflation. We still think in terms of the dollar of 1913, though it has only a fraction of its former purchasing power. Thus when the workingman or workingwoman buys a pair of shoes or a suit or waist at a higher price than prevailed under the bygone scale we holler extravagance.

To speak plainly, the prevalence of high prices has produced a condition where higher and yet higher prices can be demanded, not only for the best but often for the poorer qualities. Of course if one does not buy anything then he can avoid being extravagant. But if we buy at all we must pay big prices, which by older standards appear to be excessive and wasteful.

There is nothing more difficult to realize than that the dollar is worth only about half its prewar value. But millions of people have more dollars in their pockets and thus suffer from a false sense of prosperity. Or if people do realize the change in the purchasing power of money then naturally they are afraid of low-priced goods. They fear there is no quality in them. They have been told of the depreciation of the dollar and they wonder how the merchant can sell an article of a similar quality at former prices.

"My wife came home the other night," said a business man of large but not exorbitant income, "after a day of exhaustive shopping and said she had been to every store in the city without being able to find a suit for less than two hundred and sixty-nine dollars."

"'What do you think I am?' I said. 'A millionaire?'

"'Well, I went all over the city,' she replied; 'and I finally decided I had to spend money to get value.'"

"We have a ready market for suits at three hundred and fifty dollars," the manager of one of the country's leading department stores told me, "but they are not extravagant in the sense of being fussy or overdone. The cloth costs six to eight dollars a yard, and garment workers get up to one hundred dollars and more a week. Everything else, including distribution, has increased in cost similarly. The people pay the price because they are used to inflation, but it is not so much a case of buying more fancy things than usual, which would be extravagant."

"There is doubtless still some inexpensive merchandise to be had," said another large merchant to whom I had put the question whether good qualities could still be had at low prices, "but it is in broken sizes, usually in merchandise produced a year or more ago, which either the manufacturer is clearing out or the retailer has carried over. This would perhaps enable a careful searcher to find an occasional item that would fit him and that might be less in price than the average run of similar goods of recent production."

Reactions From Wartime Frugality

NOR is it quite accurate to describe as extravagance what might be called frenzied buying. All over the world consumers have lost confidence in the stability of prices and the certainty of continued production. They have largely given up the cost-of-living problem as hopeless of solution and have decided to buy before prices go any higher. A prominent merchant with whom I discussed the subject drew from his desk drawer a pair of new shoes which he had bought two months before and had never taken home.

"This is the sort of thing which puts up prices," he said. "I am guilty like many others. I did not need these shoes, but I bought them for fear prices would go even higher. And that is just the sort of buying which frightens department heads. They fear they have not ordered enough goods and immediately pile on new orders, thus shoving prices up still another peg."

The proprietor of one of the country's largest department stores came to the conclusion that though the average retailer was not making excessive profits from shoes yet the prices were too high for most consumers. So he put on a sale of eight-dollar shoes of more than average quality for that price. But customers bought so excessively—two or three pairs at a time—that he was forced several times during the day to warn the head of the department not to sell more than one pair to a single customer.

"Make no mistake about it," said Paul Painleve, former Minister of Public Instruction of France, to a newspaper correspondent a few months ago, "the spending and luxury which are observed by foreigners passing through Paris, far from indicating wealth, indicate rather a distrust crisis. People spend their notes in haste because they are not very sure that they will be worth much to-morrow."

Much of what is called extravagance is an accumulation of normal spending held up during the repressive years of the war. We are still catching up arrears. This is particularly true in the building trades, which were held down perhaps more than any others during the war.

Not only was it drummed into us to save during the war but by a score of governmental agencies luxury industries were actually repressed and even suppressed. The production of necessaries was speeded up by every means, and now that restrictions are over the rebound is in the other direction.

It is quite true that capital is pouring into the luxury and semi-luxury trades as never before. Banking interests which a few years ago would have sniffed at anything less than a railroad or steel merger now finance candy and perfumery concerns. Our import statistics show an increasing tendency to indulge in luxuries, and a study of wage statistics indicates that labor as well as capital is being attracted into the production of other than necessaries. The expansion of the tobacco, motion-picture and palatial-hotel industries points more or less in the same direction.

We are enjoying a reaction toward luxury greater than any normal, fundamental impulse in that direction. For long dreary months the craving for vanities and fripperies could be satisfied only with a feeling of guilt. To buy pianos, fur coats, jewels and even automobiles, or to build an extension to one's country house, while our young men were offering their lives, became abhorrent to right-thinking men.

But when the nightmare of death passed away, when restrictions were lifted, just how much of the reaction toward spending was reprehensible and how much justifiable? I have a friend and neighbor who has just bought an automobile and a piano. He and his wife for several years past have wanted a piano for their growing children to practice upon, and an automobile to ride in. But they would not buy these things during the war though they had money enough.

The writer of this article has wanted to have the lower floor of his house done over for at least six years. It did not seem patriotic during the war, but now the order has been given to a painting contractor. And what is his answer? He says that a few months ago he was able to keep twenty-five men just busy, whereas now he has thirty-two and is hunting for more. Besides, he refuses to promise to handle my work at all. Here again accumulated orders have driven up wages and prices, but am I to be blamed for wanting my shabby walls done over for the first time in years?

Women say they have not had a new rag since the war, and if some of the garments which they are buying now find a fitting description in that very word the fact remains that love of beautiful apparel can no more be diked up for a long period of time without eventually breaking bounds than any other law of physics can be withstood.

There is still another manner in which talk of extravagance must be discounted. The extravagance which is being denounced to-day is emphatically not that of the rich but of the wage-earning classes.

Naturally the employer regards with considerable nervousness the tendency of factory girls to buy three-hundred-dollar fur cloaks. For he knows that working-class extravagance will be handed back to him for liquidation. If the wage earner cannot live upon his wage without sacrificing the luxuries to which he is apparently becoming accustomed will he not strike for higher wages?

On his side the wage earner does not appreciate being told that he spends too much, especially when the sermon is preached by someone whom he suspects of having more of this world's goods than himself. "The good things of life have not been evenly enough distributed," says the wage earner, "but now I have the money and the power and I will enjoy a few of them myself."

Rising Standards of Living

"SO MANY merchants come in here and tell the same story," said the secretary of a large retail merchants' association, "that you would think it had been printed on boiler plate. But they all tell it as having happened in their own store. It is the story of the laborer who comes into the store with his wife and when asked why he is buying a very expensive article says: 'She has been a good wife; she has wanted it all her life and now I can afford it.'"

All over the country wage earners are to-day gratifying wants long felt and never before possible of realization. With millions it is a new experience to gratify desires which have always been repressed from necessity.

It is very important to distinguish between mere extravagance and a steadily rising standard of living. The progress of civilization is to be measured by the creation and satisfaction of human wants rather than by their curtailment. Inventions, new and improved machinery, education, social-service work, and above all increased transportation and communication—all these have long been raising the standard of living.

Much apparent extravagance is the outcome of years of growth. For a long time people have had greater facilities for mixing round and seeing what others have and do. The fact that people have automobiles though their ancestors had none does not necessarily prove extravagance. But it does prove that industry has developed enormously. Probably the increase in expenditure is partly due to an actual increase in wealth. Our ancestors did not have enough steel to make automobiles even if they had known how.

Improved industry steadily brings more objects into use. Our ancestors went to bed instead of to the movies not so much because they were more economical but because there were no movies to go to.

But after making every allowance for the sympathetic defenses and explanations of extravagance the fact remains that spending has been getting out of bounds and going beyond all reasonable limits. It is truer perhaps in this country than elsewhere, though extravagance seems to be a febrile symptom of nervous reaction everywhere.

We have always earned easily and spent freely. Because of our apparently unlimited natural resources, the bigness of the country, the general atmosphere of prosperity and the relative ease of earning as compared with Europe, we have been strong believers in good luck. In such an atmosphere waste has been accepted good-naturedly and cheerily.

With this background it has been easy to slip back to the old habits of free spending. Mr. McAdoo, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, asks: "How can the average American family be taught to save when it is surrounded by the false but pleasant theory that some day father will invent a motor, or brother will slide up to a managership?"

No class of men are more clearly aware of present conditions than the retail merchants themselves. Here is a statement made by an executive official of one of the largest stores in New York City:

I wouldn't dare come out and say this over my own name, but if you really want my opinion without quoting me I will say that what we are suffering from is a lack of moral restraint. The war led to moral exaltation and now we are having the reaction. It is not confined to merchandising. Look at Wall Street. You can float anything down there.

People show no regard for money. They are not satisfied with the sensible or practical. There is less money restraint than formerly and no effort seems to be made to combat this lack of control. It seems to me almost a disease. That is why it is easier to sell high-priced than low-priced goods.

The same idea was expressed by ex-United States Senator Elihu Root when he said tha everyone wants to be self-determining People seem more determined than ever before to have what they want when they want it. "Everybody wants to do something else," said Mr. Root.

What is Extravagance?

THE people who are crying the loudest for labor do not want to work. The people who make the most noise about the high cost of living are crowding the jewelers' shops. They raise so much trouble about paying the baker, but there was never such good business in cheap jewelry and in furs and in laces and in feathers and in silks.

It is almost impossible, however, to draw the line and say "Here is where real extravagance begins." Shall we take jewelry, which is known to be booming in an unprecedented manner? The purchase of jewelry was naturally frowned upon during the war. It was not a necessary then, nor is it now. But the most severe Puritan will allow for some instinct of adornment, some desire for beauty, show and distinction. How much of the present buying of jewelry is a natural reaction from war restrictions and how much is a merely deplorable hysteria? I doubt if there is any Solomon wise enough to answer.

Or shall we make a tilt at musical instruments? Music is surely not an extravagance in any sense whatever. But the countless stories that one hears in every section of the country to the effect that musical-instrument salesmen have been able in many cases to sell two or three phonographs to the flush wage earner because there were several children in his family gives one a little pause. Still more suggestive is the report that in many Southern districts negroes buy two pianos in order to balance the room. Probably the actual number of such foolish sales is relatively few, but the story crops up so persistently in so many different places that one suspects there is a little fire where so much smoke pours forth. Mixed in with an unadulterated love of music there appears to be real extravagance.

The Condescension of the Uplift

"This company is selling more pianos and more self-players than ever before in its history," is the way the trade situation was described by a salesman for an installment piano company; "and that despite the fact that the hours of the salesmen have been reduced. There was a time four or five years ago when twenty-five dollars was the initial payment on a piano, but to-day it has risen to one hundred dollars. The prices of pianos have doubled, but it is impossible to supply all of those wanted."

How about the movies? As in the case of music, the theater affords needed amusement and recreation. Certainly there is no extravagance in going to the movies—up to a certain point. But just where is that point reached? Again I say there is no Solomon wise enough to answer. But one cannot avoid the suspicion that a reasonable limit has been passed with a good many people. A few years ago many a hard-working person regarded a fifty-cent theater ticket once a week as extravagance, whereas now he will spend twenty cents for a movie four or five nights a week.

From London comes the report that one hundred and thirty-five families were turned out of a block of buildings to be torn down to make room for a new moving-picture palace, though there were already forty cinema shows in the neighborhood. It seems as if people really gloated in the fact that pleasures rather than necessaries are taking first place. Witness this advertisement in the street cars of a leading American city:

Motion pictures, the fifth industry in America: Its new importance and preëminence will be exemplified in the *Luxury* of the Blank Theater.

The significant fact here is that the italics are not mine, but those of the advertisement. An ever-increasing number of advertisements contain that word "luxury" these days. People seem to get real enjoyment in referring to suits and cloaks as "luxurious."

Also there appears to be a mass of evidence showing that never before did so many people prefer the more expensive article just because it is more expensive. Or to be severely accurate and just, never before were so many people willing to pay exorbitant prices to get something which impressed them as the best or the swellest, without in the least analyzing those qualities.

Even if many of the amusing stories of the free-spending proclivities of working people be accepted at a discount the cold-blooded statements of merchants who come directly in contact with the public are all too convincing. Late in November I received statements from the two men in charge of the shoe department of one of the largest department stores in the country, which caters to all classes of people. One of these men has charge of the cheaper grades and the other manages the higher grades.

Here is what the manager of the cheaper-grade shoes has to say:

"A pair of serviceable shoes for women can be purchased for four dollars and ninety cents, while a pair of serviceable shoes for men cost five dollars and ninety cents. All above that amount is paid for style, trimmings or fancy leather."

"The workingmen are buying better-quality shoes than ever before," said the manager of the high-grade department. "Most of the men who come into the store do not pay any attention to the price until they have made the purchase, then they often ask if we haven't something better in the house."

The Furniture Man's Testimony

"IT IS no uncommon thing for a workingman in overalls to come into the store, and leave with a sixteen-dollar pair of shoes; this despite the fact that the six-dollar-forty pair I have would give him better service. The expensive shoe is of a soft leather that will not stand up under his work, and soon he is back for another pair.

"On the other hand there are some old customers of the store who do not buy so wildly. They come into the store and say, 'I used to get a shoe here for five dollars. Do you still keep that grade?' Then I find the same grade of shoes for them. Those people are saving their extra money."

I asked a manufacturer of fine furniture whether his business was good. He replied by saying that retailers who were asking him for twenty sets considered themselves fortunate if he promised them two. His unfilled orders were the largest on record, he added.

"As a sample of conditions in this business," he remarked, "let me tell you of a retailer who buys from us. He had had a set for several years which he could not sell. It had

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BIG-TOWN STUFF

The Bald-faced Pinto Decided He Would Help Himself to Another Mouthful of Grass

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

THE awakening civic consciousness of a foothill cow town like Rodeo seldom shows itself in the cow town's footwear. Not at the jump-off, anyway. Take the pair of natty Number 9½C Bals a St. Paul salesman unloaded on the New York Racquet Store—Solly Blumberg, Proprietor—the week of the big oil strike westward at Lavendar. The Bals had patent-leather vamps with white kid tops and flat pearl buttons, but for seven months they stood unsought in Solly's show window, a glaring reminder of one of the few bad breaks Solly ever made in business. In other words, Rodeo buys its footwear for use, not ornament, a tradition persisting among its populace that this is what footwear is for.

Such being the case, it is not remarkable that an hour or so after the five-nineteen westbound pulled in on Saturday evening the town, fore and aft, had heard about the new arrival, the guest putting up at the Merchants'.

The visitor wore spats. They were the first spats ever worn in Rodeo.

At the Durkin ranch house, across the flat in the creek bend, the event, backed with all its circumstantial details, was vouched for on authority. The authority was Mrs. Durkin herself. Her air in relating the happening was that you could take it or leave it, as you liked, it was nothing to her s'fur as she was concerned. Once she had been heard, though, little choice was left.

Having taken the buggy and the bald-faced pinto to run in from the ranch for the Saturday shopping, Mrs. Durkin had finished the shopping in ample time to drive down to the track to see the five-nineteen come in. Thus with her own eyes she not only had beheld the newcomer when he came, but awed and, it may be said, agape, she had pursued him with wondering orbs till he crossed the way and faded from view behind the doors of the Merchants' Hostelry. Even now, as she hovered over the cookstove at the ranch, Mrs. Durkin's mood was exclamatory.

Giving the evening sirloin a preliminary flip she flapped it from frying pan to platter, not even skipping a syllable.

"If I say it myself, as true as Holy Writ—spats!"

Connie, on her way to the table with a dish of fried-brown potatoes, stopped so abruptly that the fried browns nearly skidded to the floor.

"Spats! Why, mother, how did you know they were?"

"I didn't—not till Solly Blumberg told me," Mrs. Durkin answered, and as she tilted the skillet to drain the gravy over the steak she gurgled briefly. "You should 'a' heard Mr. Blumberg, Connie! He says in New York and Chicago women wear 'em too!" The statement was succeeded by a titter. "I'd look gay—tee hee! wouldn't I?—slidin' round this cookstove in a pair!"

Connie made no reply. She was a lithe, slender gray-eyed girl with an animated smile, but now the smile seemed somewhat vague. Setting the potatoes on the table, she stood for a moment gazing dully into vacancy. A sigh, faintly audible, sounded presently in the kitchen.

"My! I'd give something to be there once!"

Obviously she meant New York or Chicago, and Mrs. Durkin nodded. In the nod, though, was not much enthusiasm. Once, now twenty-two years ago, she had made a trip to Chicago. It was the year before Connie was born, and "Bricks, dirt, noise—give me fresh air and God's green earth!" had been her dictum ever since.

"I know, mother, but ——" murmured Connie.

"Ask Jud. He's been there!" affirmed Mrs. Durkin.

The Jud referred to was Jud Evans, their neighbor, a young rancher who owned the adjoining quarter section. But evidently at the moment Connie was not concerned about Jud.

"What did the fellow look like, mother?" she asked.

"What feller?" inquired Mrs. Durkin, interrupted in the train of thought the remembrance of the trip to Chicago evoked.

"The fellow who wore the spats," responded Connie.

Mrs. Durkin reached into the oven for the biscuits. "He looked like a feller who would," she answered; and, setting the biscuits on the table, she trudged to the door and put her head outside.

Jud Evans was taking Connie to a dance that evening in Rodeo, and he and Connie's father were sitting on the top bar of the winter calf pen, talking irrigation.

"Hey, come and get it!" commanded Mrs. Durkin.

The topic of the stranger and his spats ended there. It was not a thing anyway that would have interested Jud. As he entered the door you saw at a glance that probably he'd never had on spats in his life. He was a big stalwart fellow, and as he saw Connie his face lighted instantly.

Mrs. Durkin saw the look.

"Yeah," she remarked, "that's the new dress Connie's wearing her pa got her from Chicago." Then in a drawl she added: "Her pa would get her the moon if she wanted it."

"Some dress!" nodded Jud, his boyish, good-looking face frank with admiration.

Connie dropped him a curtsy, at the same time spreading out her skirts.

"You like it?" she inquired.

"I'll tell the world I do!" responded Jud; and, a hint of color glowing beneath his tan, his eyes followed Connie as she tripped across the room to the table.

However, if Connie's question—the query about the newcomer at the Merchants'—had gone unanswered, that had been hours ago. Now she knew to her satisfaction what sort of a fellow the fellow was who wore the first pair of spats in Rodeo.

The music paused abruptly. It was a fox trot—something new to the foothills—the piano, the fiddle and the cornet had been playing, and as the air ended with a final crash of jazz Connie gave a gasp. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks aglow, and she was breathing swiftly. A lock of her wavy hair too had strayed out of place, and as she brushed it back from her brow she glanced up with a flashing smile.

"My, but you can dance!" she exclaimed.

Her partner gave her elbow a confidential squeeze.

"Got nothing on you, kiddo," he returned.

He was still wearing the spats. The spats were pearl gray in tone, and though throughout the evening both they and their wearer had held the center of attention he seemed to take it blandly. It was, in fact, rather as if he was accustomed to that. Aside from the spats, however, he was otherwise noticeable. The suit he wore, a smart pin-check plaid with both the trousers and the coat sleeves creased flatly, fitted like a glove, and on the little finger of his right hand was a thick gold band in which was embedded a diamond. Then, too, his hands were manicured, and as he had a trick at odd times of first glancing at his nails, then polishing them briskly on his coat sleeve, there had been ample opportunity for Connie to see the nails, the diamond ring as well.

Tucked in her pocket was a neat square of pasteboard. Engraved on the pasteboard was the legend: "J. Edward Beals, Investment Securities." This was but a part, though. In the lower left-hand corner "Chicago" appeared. In the corner opposite appeared "New York." Connie's breath came swifter.

It was the first time she had ever met anyone who knew New York and Chicago indiscriminately; and, thrilling at the thought that she had been singled out by him, she felt Mr. Beals give her elbow another gentle squeeze.

"Say, girlie, what d'you say if you and me slips outside for a little air?"

Connie nodded, and Mr. Beals led the way to the door.

The dance hall was the loft over Solly Blumberg's Racquet Store. It was crowded, and as her partner, guiding her by the elbow, steered her skillfully through the crush she was conscious all at once of a face staring at her through the haze of dust kicked up by the dancers' feet. The face was Jud Evans' face. Three of the five dances she had danced with Mr. Beals Connie had promised to Jud, and, conscience stricken, she instinctively halted. Mr. Beals, however, gave no time for pause. The pressure of his hand on Connie's elbow had become persuasive.

"Out here, girlie," he urged.

Connie wondered whether all New York men were so masterful. They went down the stairs and out into the starlit night. Down the way a light shone in the window of the What Cheer Restaraw, and hitched to the rail in front stood a row of drowsing ponies, but otherwise the street was deserted and dark. Even Solly Blumberg, usually the latest of late birds in Rodeo, had locked up and gone to bed, and as the piano, the fiddle and the cornet overhead burst anew into jazz, Mr. Beals drew Connie into Solly's darkened doorway. He spoke swiftly, his breath fanning her cheek.

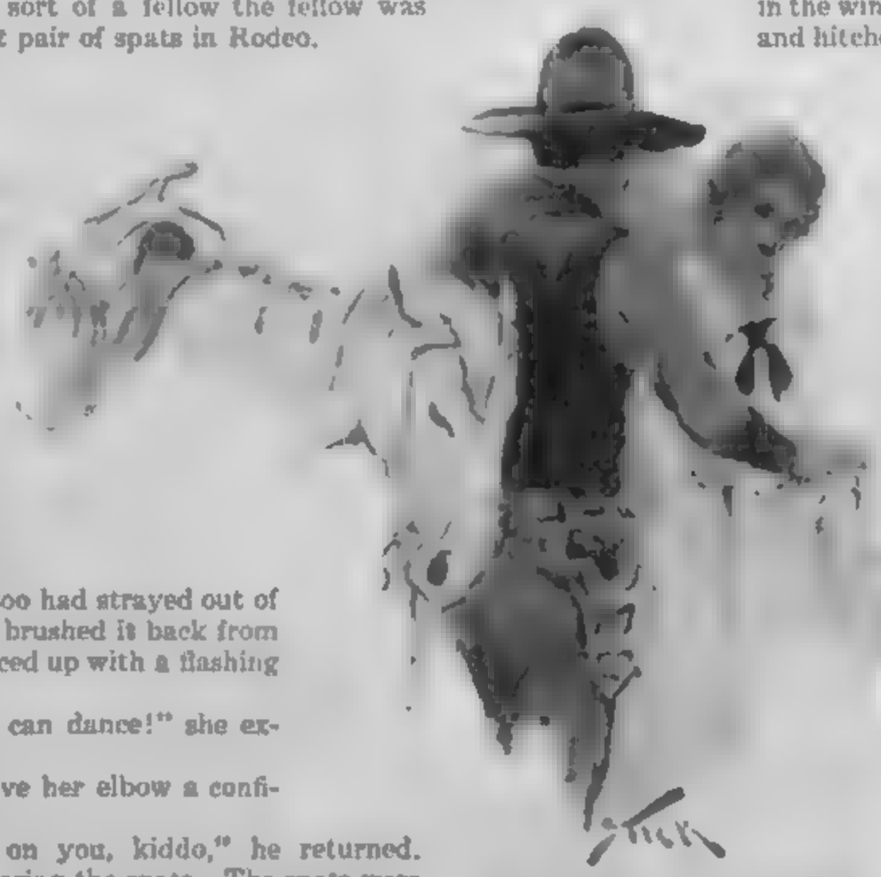
"Gee, girlie! Think of finding a swell kid like you out in this hick burg!"

"Why, Mr. Beals!" she murmured.

"Call me Eddy," invited Mr. Beals.

Then in the dark she felt his arm slip round her and his lips press themselves on hers.

"Please—no!" she begged. "You mustn't! Won't you be nice and just tell me something about New York?"



At the Gate a Horseman Had Dismounted, and at the Other Side of the Gate Stood a Slender Figure in White

Again his lips pressed themselves to hers.

"Anything you say, girlie. New York's sure the place for a swell kid like you!"

A swift worker Mr. Beals would have been termed in his own vernacular. He was too. In justice to him, though, it must be said that his swiftness as a worker was not confined entirely to the social. "Investment Securities" read the card he had given Connie, and that he was equally swift in his business was made clear the days following in Rodeo.

These hick burgs are queer, however. Sleepy and slow as they look, they may sometimes harbor a citizen who is a swift worker himself.

II

ON SATURDAY morning of the week following the dance at Rodeo Solly Blumberg stood at the door of the New York Racquet Store, his air idle and his eyes lazily wandering over the adjacent landscape. It was a favorite habit of his to enjoy the scenery when the store was empty of customers.

To speak of the lure of the city is to speak platitudes. To say that every rural community has its quota of beings longing for life in the metropolis is to utter a commonplace. Rodeo in that respect is much like other such places. In Rodeo, however, cow town as it might be, there were at least a few individuals who appeared quite content with their environment. One was Mrs. Durkin. Another was Jud Evans. That there was still another the evidence makes clear. Those shoes, the pair of kid-topped Bals the St. Paul salesman sold the New York Racquet Store the week of the oil strike at Lavendar, were after all not just a mark of misguided business judgment. Ingenuous as it may seem, they were instead a tribute to the town of a loyal and grateful heart.

Jud Evans, for one, knew that about them. Riding homeward late one night, now five years before, Jud had been astonished to see a gleam of light twinkling among the cottonwoods down beside the creek. Rustlers being not unknown to the neighborhood, Jud had dismounted and crept in closer for a look. The one look left him breathless. On the ground the stump of a candle was burning, and in the light of this Jud beheld a small, fat solemn individual in an undershirt and a derby hat several sizes too large for him earnestly removing his trousers. Draped carefully over a near-by bush were the person's coat, waistcoat and shirt, and as Jud watched, spellbound, the small fat man methodically folded his trousers and as methodically hung them over a convenient limb. The clew to all this was an armful of hay spread out in the lee of a cottonwood, and that the unknown meant to pass the night on this was evident when he crawled into the hay.

At the head of the bed was a shoulder pack as large as the little man himself and, intent on his sleeping arrangements, he was adjusting this as a pillow when Jud stepped into the light.

"Pleasant evening, stranger," said Jud.

The small fat man sucked his teeth a moment judicially.

"Sure—if it don't rain," he replied.

It was Solly Blumberg. It was thus, too, Solly had made his appearance in Rodeo. Having been robbed on a train of every cent he had in the world, his railroad ticket included, he had been thrown off the train in turn. However, he hadn't spent the night among the cottonwoods.

"Was you aiming to shake down here till morning?" inquired Jud, once he had caught his breath, and when Solly said he was Jud reached over and plucked him from the hay much as one might pick up a kitten. "You get your pants on," said Jud, "and you get the H out of here!"

Solly's voluble protests that he was hurting neither anything nor anyone made little difference to Jud. "You fat ornery little galoot, you! What sort of a low-down do you reckon we-alls are—letting a man freeze hisself to death in a creek bottom! Ain't a bed in that bunk house up there good enough for you, or don't you know how to ask for it?"

It had made Solly gape. That roughness could hide kindness was something new. The roughness was familiar enough, but he hadn't encountered much of the other.

That first night at the ranch was not his last. For many nights the penniless stray filled a bed in the bunk house. About the small grotesque figure was something as appealing as it was absurd and though Jud laughed often, shaken with merriment, there were moments when he sat speechless, silenced by a deeper feeling. Solly was no fool. He knew how to talk, he had traveled far and, at nights, cocked up on a chair in the bunk house, the little peddler, like a pudgy Ulysses, held Jud by the hour thralled, relating the Odyssey of his wanderings.

A fortnight later Rodeo heard that an emporium to be known as the New York Racquet Store would shortly be opened in the town. Gents' Furnishings a Specialty. Cigars, Cigarettes & Tobacco. Candy & Stationery. A Full Line of Novelties. If We Ain't Got What You Want We'll Get It. Y'rs Respectfully, S. Blumberg. Prop'r. Your Money Back if Not Satisfied.

"Out of the Way!" He Cried, Leveling at Solly and the Others

Solly had set himself up in Rodeo.

More accurately, it was Jud who'd done it. Jud, at any rate, had lent Solly the capital, though never mind about that. If Lavendar, having struck oil, could lay in a line of fancy goods, kid-topped Bals included, Rodeo, take it from Solly, could lay in a line as good or better. What was a pair of shoes, in fact, compared to Solly's loyalty. Had the St. Paul salesman known his business he could have billed Solly for a case of the Bals, not just a single pair!

At the moment, though, Solly was not thinking of that. As he stood in his doorway gazing out at the landscape one would have seen, had he looked closely, that Solly's air was not so idle and easy as it seemed.

Across the flat lay the fields and buildings of the Durkin ranch. At the gate a horseman had dismounted, and at the other side of the gate stood a slender figure in white The horseman was Jud Evans, and the slender figure was Connie's. Presently Connie turned away from the gate, and Solly, watching, saw Jud turn and gaze after her till she disappeared indoors. Then Jud mounted and, the reins loose on the pony's neck, pony and rider came plodding slowly toward Rodeo.

With a grunt Solly was stepping inside the store when he paused. Mr. Beals, the New York-Chicago gentleman, had just emerged from the Merchants' across the way.

The spats, for the time being, Mr. Beals had discarded. The pin-check plaid suit he had laid off, too, and his costume was now strictly Western—or, that is, "Western" as translated by a New York-Chicago eye. The laced high boots, the baggy cord trousers, the blue flannel shirt and tall-peaked sombrero Solly stared at with a derisive eye. Then, his look changing, he stepped down from the doorway and sauntered across the way.

Mr. Beals was just mounting a pony he'd engaged by the week. During the week Rodeo had seen a great deal of both the pony and Mr. Beals. Both the town and the country round it were prosperous and well settled, and day after day the visitor had ridden round among the ranches, viewing the country and getting acquainted with its people. It was understood the firm he represented was one of the largest in Wall Street, New York. It was also understood that Mr. Beals' presence in Rodeo would result ultimately in no little benefit to the town. If such were the case, however, Solly's air as he sauntered toward the pony and its rider was somewhat curious for one so professedly loyal to Rodeo and Rodeo's best interests.

He had ceased to grin. His brows were knitted in a scowl of mingled suspicion and perplexity.

"Say, feller," said Solly, "vere have I saw you before?"

Mr. Beals hadn't the slightest recollection. "Search me," he replied, and he was touching his heel to the pony's flank when Solly laid a hand on its bridle.

"Vait!" directed Solly. And he inquired: "Vas it New York or vasn't it?"

Mr. Beals scowled impatiently. "How do I know? I can't be expected to remember every kike I run across!" Then he snatched at the bridle annoyedly. "You let go those reins!" he ordered.

Solly let go and, thumping the pony with his heel, Mr. Beals cantered away along the road that led over the flat to the creek bend.

"The lowlife!" uttered Solly, staring after him.

His air of suspicion and perplexity had not changed, and as he wandered back to the Racquet Store he was thoughtfully scratching his chin. A few minutes later, when Jud rode up to the door, Solly's finger was still digging away. The instant he saw Jud, however, his face lighted eagerly.

Throwing the reins over his pony's head, Jud dismounted and trudged inside.

"Vell?" Solly demanded with an air of anxiety.

Jud's face was heavy and drawn.

"It's no use, Solly. She's getting fixed for a trip to Chicago and New York, and she's lost all interest in me. I can't stack up against that Wall Street bird with all his money!"

Solly gave a startled exclamation.

"Vat!" he exclaimed. "She throws you over for that lowlife?"

Jud shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"You haven't heard what's happened, Solly. Beals has offered to take Durkin's money for him and make Durkin as rich as himself!"

Solly gave another cry.

"You say Durkin he draws his money out of the bank and hands it over to him? His savings he takes and makes a present of it like that?"

It was so. There was no doubt of it. Beals had said he would make Connie and her father wealthy; and another, a louder cry, came from Solly.

"Vealthy nothing! The loafer he is a get-rich-quick! All the veek he goes up and down the place trying to make people buy them bum svindles, the rotten stock he sells! Don't I know? Didn't he try to make me bite, myself?"

If it were true and if indeed Mr. Beals again had proved himself a rapid worker, had one looked a few minutes later along the road that led across the creek flat he would have stood assured that there was at least one other person in Rodeo who at a pinch could show a little speed himself.

(Continued on Page 98)

Adventures in Automobumming

The Great American Frying Pan—By Sinclair Lewis

THIS is a howl, a protest, a kick and a letter to the papers. This is, as the thesaurus so daintily puts it, a suspiration, a flood of tears, a lachrymation, a coronach, a nenia, a jeremiad and an ullalulla. Particularly it's an ullalulla—a good strong ullalulla.

The author speaks as an authority on merchandising, being a member of that most important class of commercial authorities—the people who pay the bills. He has been elected to honorary membership in the Affiliated Sodality of Henry Dubbs. And he wished to record experiences with dealers on real Main Streets during several years of autohoboing.

His battle cry and the subject of his splendid and pervading grouch is the need of courtesy to customers and of artistic kicking by customers. It is a matter of importance. It makes much of the difference between a life that is interesting and a life that is a merely irritable scrabbling for bread. The reason why stories of gentlemen crooks are so popular is that unconsciously most people would rather be held up by a charming yegg than be given a job by a crank.

It would seem that after some millions of articles on the beauties of courtesy everybody must have been converted. But standing here before you and fearlessly facing this issue, my fellow citizens, we assert—and even ullalullate—that a large percentage of dealers haven't to this day heard of the bulletin that molasses is catching more flies than vinegar. At their present speed they will not hear of it till 2500 A. D.

Most of the celebrated reading public, when they skim over a persuasive sermon on courtesy, reflect, "That's an awfully good pointer for Bill Jones in the next block," and happily closing the magazine they glare at the low intruder who wants to interrupt their meditations by giving them money. No bad-tempered man over forty can without a private miracle see himself as bad tempered. If he understood that he—not his clerks or his bosses or his brother-in-law—wasn't invariably amiable the bank would in the next year see a doubling of his account.

A Tennessee Ferry

A Subsolar Novelty—Courtesy

EVERY person in business has agreed to an unwritten contract not merely to perform his services honestly but also agreeably. The man who sells soap is not efficient if he so infuriates customers that they give up bathing.

The man who snarls "I'm running this business to suit myself" isn't, as he thinks, either a hero, an independent thinker or an original wit. He is a criminal. When he hangs out his sign and thus invites the public in he is—whether he knows it or not—implying that he will give to everyone who enters as complete service as he can. And when he fails to do it he is not merely ill-advised; he is as disloyal, as dishonorable, as a soldier who deserts.

It would seem that all this must be common knowledge and practice; that any disquisition on courtesy to-day must be not only banal and humorless, but also ludicrously out of date.

But the author wishes by a few examples from some thousands of encounters with business men in thirty-three states during the past four years to indicate that far from being platitudinous to many merchants the idea of courtesy is only too startlingly new. And he suggests for this spiritual illness a spiritual remedy—the art of the efficient kick.

Most people spend most of their time in one place. They become used to Old Hank and dear, bluff, blustering old Doc Jim and the fresh Greek fruit dealer and the cranky conductor. They realize that Old Hank has a good heart and doesn't mean anything by vigorously and ingeniously insulting every third person who enters the store. They even tell how charitable Hank is—though they are vague about the people to whom he has been charitable. Hank becomes a tradition; his customers are a little proud of his cleverness in imitating a snarling dog.

But when you travel, particularly when you autohobo into new country, when you first behold Old Hank and do not know that he has a good heart but only that he has a bad face and a dirty store, you realize that his neighbors are too forgiving; that if they joined in one cyclonic howl they would have more fun and much cleaner groceries—or else Old Hank would retire to his proper place beside the sawdust box at the county poor farm.

Haberdasher Rampant

IT IS the faith of many writers on merchandising that if you just leave them alone discourteous merchants will ruin themselves. But the fact is that if a man happens to have a store well located, without too much competition near by, and if no one takes the trouble to start a crusade against him, he can get away with almost anything for years. One of the dirtiest and worst-arranged drug stores—with one of the laziest proprietors—in all the Union has for years kept alive because the store is a few blocks nearer to several large apartment houses than any other. As a bonus on his really remarkable sloppiness and pokiness the proprietor charges more for everything than the clean, efficient stores in the business center. The blame isn't really his—it belongs to the people who endure him.

Most of my examples I found along the road in motoring. But the best one I found in New York. He was the prize example of reducing disturbances by customers during business hours to a minimum.

He was a haberdasher with sandy whiskers and gravelly eyes. He had—he has—been a merchant for more than forty years; he is still in business; he is the proprietor and boss; and he knows less about the elements of salesmanship than a boy could learn in one hour. He has a one-man shop, which has never grown. I know why.

Seven years ago I went into his shop with the vague but hopeful intention of buying a tie. Anyone not actually a paranoiac knows that in this peculiar state of mind the victim hasn't any clear idea of what he wants. He'd like—oh, maybe something in blue; but—well, let's see. If he does find something which pleases him in color, design, fabric, size and price he will buy it with joy. That is the obvious reason why ties are displayed in large numbers on convenient racks. He must be caught.

Across the Berkshires. The Motorist's Favorite Pastime—Examining the Map

The Front Door of the Garage Seems to be in Town, But Here at the Back Door You're Right in the Country

This time I was not caught. I feebly spun the tie racks and paused over various spotty and wriggly and barred atrocities. All this while the proprietor—who was also day-clerk, bookkeeper and, I suspect, the porter and delivery man—regarded me with that cold sandy eye and that hot sandy outbreak of whiskers. He let me know how acidly he despised my fumbling indecision.

I hinted diffidently: "Sorry. Doesn't seem to be anything I want."

He spoke—he spoke as a dyspeptic office manager would speak to an ink-spilling office boy.

"Well, exactly what kind of a tie do you want?"

"I don't know—something a little different from anything I have now."

His voice rose till it resembled the sound of a circular saw starting to cut into a log of pine.

"If you will tell me what kind of a tie you want I'll send and get it for you. You can't expect me to be a mind reader."

I went away from that store and for six years I never reëntered it, though for two of those years I lived four blocks nearer to his shop than to any other in New York. It was a pleasure to walk the extra four blocks, even through February slush, in order not to patronize him. I had discovered why his shop had never grown; why when other haberdashers expanded from one shack to three or four palaces he remained dry and sandy, unhappy and unprosperous in a hole in the wall, pathetically trying to dress his inadequate windows with his insufficient stock, toiling to attract customers—and then to drive them out.

Conceive what he demanded when he asked me to describe exactly the kind of tie I wanted. I am not a fabric expert; like most males I know two kinds of tie materials: "I guess this is silk" and "I don't hardly believe this is silk." All I should have had to do in order to satisfy his request would have been to take ten years off and master the details of pattern designing, silk weaving, the chemistry of color and neckwear manufacture. Then it wouldn't have required more than a month to sit down and invent a tie and sketch it for him. Of course I should have had to give the exact color and the size to a hair's breadth of every stripe, because the difference of a tenth of an inch in breadth, the difference of five per cent in the amount of red in a brown dye, would have changed the entire effect. It would be easier to describe the Grand Lama's palace without having visited Tibet.

He Kept His Shirt On—the Shelves

AND if I had done all this the haberdasher would have been willing—oh, not to produce the tie from his stock, of course, but to send for it.

The larger number of haberdashers know all this. They take it for granted that if their stock does not attract the customer they lose the sale. But here was a man gray in business who did not know it—and who ragingly resented my being so peculiar as to resemble ninety-nine per cent of his trade. With a chilly indifference he watched years of perfectly good purchasing walk out of the shop.

If he were unique he would be merely a curiosity. But I have met his brothers.

Six years after this I was in the neighborhood again. I needed a couple of shirts. I hadn't time to go elsewhere

A New Farm on the Transcontinental Trail Through the West

and I was interested to discover whether he had learned anything. I hastened into his shop—and I had exactly the same experience. I did get a dress shirt, though it wasn't what I wanted. He let me have it with only slight grudging. But when it came to choosing a negligee shirt, when after looking over his rather scant stock I could find nothing that suited me, he turned on me contemptuously and croaked: "Well, if I can't suit you I better go out of the shirt business entirely!"

I hinted that this was a thing that might happen with advantage. I tried an experiment. The time before I had gone out silent, but now I wanted to see whether a man who had been in business for forty years—in New York—really could be as much of a fool as he seemed. I explained to him why it was impossible to choose out of a stock all of which displeased me any one item that would very hugely please me.

I suggested that even if I was as unreasonable as he thought it was not his business to tell me so; it was his business to welcome me.

I managed—this once at least—not to be angry.

But he turned his back on me with a bored "I guess I can run my business without your help."

That was a good, clever, satisfying and not too shockingly original thing for him to say, and despite all my efforts during this past year I don't really suppose it has cost him more than thirty or forty customers.

I asked other people in that part of town—each section of New York is a village to itself—what their experiences with this man had been. They were like my own. My friends promised to walk the four blocks farther to the better-natured and, of course, more completely stocked dealer.

I wonder how many merchants long to have such active enemies—how many of them have unconsciously created them.

This man would have succeeded in his ambition of going bankrupt but for one thing. There are many hotels, many transients, near his shop. They go to him—once. They keep him alive—barely alive. He remains there, a spider in a poor little web, a sour stomach of business, ignorant of the pleasure of doing business with friends, regarding himself as a bluff hero but to others seeming a pitiful suicide.

It is in the matter of food more than in rudeness or dishonesty that the autohobo sees commercial inefficiency. The motorist's feeling is that he who steals my pliers steals a chunk of rust, but he who feeds me vitriol for coffee takes from me all the alimentary canal that I have.

The astonishing thing is what communities permit in the way of bad publicity. A town will spend hundreds in entertaining important visitors, thousands in getting conventions, tens of thousands in coaxing factories, all for good publicity, in the hope of enlarging the town. Yet these visitors come more or less unwillingly. In the crowding and hustle of a convention the delegates cannot see much of Bingburg—and they want to advertise their own towns.

Meanwhile Bingburg is not only neglecting but actually antagonizing a class of visitors who do want to see the town, who are not crowded and hustled—the motor tourists. And they are in fair proportion people of commercial importance. There are few financiers, executives, planners of large activities, who have not taken many motor tours and been irritated by the very towns which at a convention time would have killed them with excessive flattery.

They drive into Bingburg uninvited, requiring no coaxing, no agitated and crafty letters from the secretary of the chamber of commerce. They get out of their cars desiring to love the town. And half an hour later they go away knocking! They are not asking for gifts, for large banquets and three-color souvenirs suitable to chucking in the waste basket; they ask merely for the chance to buy decent coffee and a steak; and a bored hotel clerk yawns at them, a weary cook reaches for the frying pan—and one more important executive is ready to join in the howl of fury when Bingburg is mentioned up in the city.

I drove at nightfall into an Ohio city of twenty or thirty thousand, with a number of factories, excellent railroad connections and a violent ambition to grow. Above a store on the central square was a large electric sign, "Welcome to Anonym."

Think of that! The chamber of commerce had lavished that attention on me. I could stand on Main Street and look right up at the sign any time and realize what a homy, hospitable town this was.

Not Welcome to a Square Meal

AT THE hotel the clerk said sourly: "Nope, not serving any meals. Can't get the help."

"Where can I get dinner then?"

"Oh, I dunno—suppose you might try Bumbler's."

"That the best place in town?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

Bumbler's would have been a credit to any town of two hundred—if it had had better cooking and service. It was a patent-sugar-bowl and not-responsible-for-hats restaurant.

It had a long, pink, printed, fly-specked menu of things that were always "just out," and pinned to it a hand-written menu of things that—most unfortunately—were not out. My waitress was a thick, cheerful person with a gratuitously transparent near-silk waist. She leaned on the back of my chair and chewed gum so happily, so whole-heartedly that I could scarcely hear the electric fans or even the flies.

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The Morning's Start From the Garage

The Main Street of a Minnesota Town

A Dakota Wheat Field

THE TROGLODYTE

By Alfred Noyes

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WE ARE told by dwellers in our swollen cities that these islands are overpopulated. Yet only a few score miles from London you may walk for half a day over unfenced hills and never see a human being between yourself and the sky line. There is a stretch of coast in the northwest of England where you might camp for a year with no more conversation than the crying of the sea gulls or the washing of water among the rocks.

Yet a singular drama was once enacted on that lonely coast, a drama so strange that even when I look back upon my own part in it I feel as if I were trying to recollect a dream. Then I take a certain old diary from a locked drawer and reread it till London fades away. The roar of the traffic becomes once more the voice of the sea, the only voice that can deliver the same message over and over again without wearying the hearer; and the tale I am about to try and relate becomes more vivid than anything in the life round me.

My own share in the story was only that of accidental audience during the crisis in the summer of 1919, when I was paying a visit to my old college friend, John Ashton. He had recently abandoned his political career with the complete disgust of an honest man who was his own worst enemy, and he had gone to live in his lonely old house on the northwest coast. The place cannot be indicated more clearly for reasons that will be understood later.

He had left no pillar of salt behind him, gazing at London. His wife, ever since the marriage of their only daughter, had pined for her gray-walled garden. Ashton himself was busy with a new book on the Republic of Plato. He was writing it for his own enlightenment apparently. At any rate, he had a characteristic scorn for the idea of publication.

An Emerald Star With Somewhat Exaggerated Rays Burned Like a Mermaid's Jewel in the Dark Wave Above Her Ear

"I've had more than enough of what the Muses of the hour call publicity," he growled, "and when I begin to mistake it for the real thing I hope you'll put a bullet through my head. Politics destroyed my last illusions about the intellectual honesty of this age. Even now I feel as if I had been bludgeoned internally by a gang of hooligans—I beg your pardon, I should have said 'run over by a merry party of bureaucrats in a sixty-horsepower limousine.' I've come to live here in order to get my body as far away from them as possible; and I've been tackling Plato to get my mind away from them too."

"Surely it isn't as bad as all that," I said. "You're not going to renounce the world permanently."

"Not this part of it," he said with a laugh, waving his hand at the gray walls of the garden where the fruit was forming. "Besides, if solitude is relative I'm not quite such a hermit as you imagine. There's a recluse in our neighborhood whose remoteness is to mine as that of a star beyond the Milky Way to the comparatively genial moon."

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Ashton, who wandered in and out of our conversation. "Jack means the Troglodyte. You really ought to meet the Troglodyte."

"He is a very extraordinary creature," Ashton continued. "He lives in a cave—Wreckers' Cave it's called—about three miles along the coast to the south. It's the most solitary place in the world and he has lived there for twenty-five years, all alone, except for the sea gulls, with whom incidentally he seems to be on the friendliest terms. I saw him fishing from the reef in front of his cave one day, with pigeon gulls perched all over him."

"I wonder why birds and beasts always prefer cranks to ——"

"Sublimely sane people, like the average Londoner?" he interrupted. "Ah, do you really wonder? Saint Francis of Assisi would look eccentric enough in a London drawing-room and his talk would be thought hopelessly insane by every ass that could cock a monocle at him. But who would look the eccentric by all the normal standards of Nature herself in the fields or among the mountains? Who would look the more unnatural on this unspoiled seacoast, a Saint Catherine with bare head and feet or a London woman who rigs herself out in a hat that would frighten a Zulu, wears shoes that distort her whole body and jabbers like a cageful of cockatoos? It all depends on your standards of sanity. In London, of course, the motives and desires of an ape might give a man a place in the cabinet; and with equal probability the motives and desires of an angel would ruin him."

"I've always admired your devotion to lost causes, Jack, but your enthusiasm for the Troglodyte seems to me just a little fantastic. Why on earth should an educated man cut himself off from all the amenities like that?"

"Too like John the Baptist," said Ashton a little grimly. "Ah, you've just come from London, where politicians talk of sacrifice to the widow and the orphan and the paralyzed soldier, and then sneak thousands of pounds of the public money to pay for their own luxuries and to maintain their standard of life! They've said it—openly—in the House—before the bones of our million dead are rotten. I myself should find it difficult in those circumstances to distinguish between a hypocrite in a white top hat and a perfectly sane and very central human being. We lose our souls in the cities. It's in loneliness that men and women loom against the sky. That's why people are afraid of martyrs, I suppose, even when the martyr is hopelessly in the wrong. Hence, also," he added with a chuckle, "the impressive spectacle of John Ashton, who suffered very comfortably for his opinions in the first quarter of the twentieth century by being condemned to read Plato and cultivate his own garden."

"But seriously," interposed Mrs. Ashton, who thought it was bad for her husband to brood over things, "what Jack says is quite true of the Troglodyte. There's a real cause. It's a most tragic affair."

She spoke with a firm superiority of knowledge that quite crushed the embryonic jests in my mind. Ashton, too, ceased to chuckle, and looked at me with an unusual depth and glow in his eyes.

"The Troglodyte's not a crank or a martyr or anything of that kind," he said. "He's one of the very best men alive to-day. I give you my word that before you go back to London you will be more ready to doubt the sanity of the whole House of Commons than that of my cave dweller."

"My dear Jack, do forget the House of Commons!" protested Mrs. Ashton from behind a rosebush.

"Well, this is a case where a perfectly sound reason exists for the man's unusual way of life, though few men would be really sound enough at heart to act upon it. Doesn't any possible reason occur to you?"

I shook my head.

"Tell him the whole story," said Mrs. Ashton. And after dinner that night in his library by the blazing wood fire he obeyed her.

"Thirty years ago," he began, "this house belonged to a gentleman farmer named Foley. He had some hundreds of acres—mostly unproductive now. The children of those who used to produce are now city parasites, consuming imports and making the nation borrow money abroad to pay them high wages in order that ——"

"My dear Jack, how very complicated!" Mrs. Ashton protested again. "Do, please, stick to your muttons!"

"Well, Mr. and Mrs. Foley had a son at Oxford. They're all in New Zealand now, I believe, sheep farming—how will that do for your muttons, Joan? They also had a niece—Marjorie Foley—a very pretty girl. I've seen her picture."

"Oh, but she was unusually lovely!" said Mrs. Ashton. "She had the most exquisite Greek profile—a Psyche."

"No, a Proserpine, I'm afraid," said Ashton. "And these were her fields of Enna. She was the daughter of a London doctor, a widower, who spoiled her, thank God! And she used to come down here with a girl friend for a few weeks in the summer. The Troglodyte—his name is Gregory, by the by, Duncan Gregory—was a college friend of young Jim Foley, and he used to come down here for part of the long vacation too.

"Of course young Gregory fell in love with Marjorie Foley. The four young people were somewhat in advance of their time—more like the young rebels of the present day in their freedom—but content, one imagines, with simpler pleasures. They used to swim in the little sandy bay off Wreckers' Cave. It was a sort of desert-island life, with home comforts just round the corner. They called themselves the castaways, and the cave, of course, was their headquarters.

"They used to spend the whole day down there, wandering about the shore in their swimming suits, dashing into the sea and drying themselves in the sun; catching prawns

in the rock pools, fishing for sea perch off the edge of the reef and then swimming again.

"Gregory and Marjorie ran the housekeeping, which meant feeding the driftwood fire in the cave, frying the fish, boiling the prawns, making the coffee and spreading the feast on the nice flat-rock table that Gregory uses to-day. They had new-laid eggs and fruit from the farm, of course; occasionally a cold roast chicken; and always lashings of raspberries and cream for Marjorie, because it was her favorite dish. Very jolly times they must have had too. Here's a picture, by the by, taken by the other girl with a pinhole camera and colored by her own hand somewhat lavishly. It gives you an idea of the summer life they led. At other times, I gather, they were perfectly respectable nineteenth-century children."

Ashton took a picture, lightly framed in black, from the table near him. It was a rather cleverly colored photograph of the interior of the cave taken by a light that streamed through some large aperture outside the picture. It showed the castaways trying to look as brown and Samoan as possible round a somewhat lurid fire. The painting had obviously been done in a humorous vein, but even so one caught a hint of what would have been real beauty to an outside observer in the billows of dusky hair through which Marjorie's profile and one brown arm were allowed to take the firelight. An emerald star with somewhat exaggerated rays burned like a mermaid's jewel in the dark wave above her ear.

"That's a little fanciful," said Ashton. "It's intended to represent a certain heirloom—a very costly one too—that had been left to Marjorie by her great-grandmother. She brought it down to the Foleys to show to them in the first pride of possession, and I believe they were all rather alarmed that she hadn't lodged it in the Bank of England. But I don't suppose she wore it down at the cave. The slender youth there is Gregory, and the crimson mess that he is offering to her on a platter is, of course, raspberries. The white club in his left hand is a bottle of cream. The two others are somewhat shadowy figures, for one gathers that they both helped to adjust the camera for a time exposure, then dashed to their places for the picture. But you can just see that they are sitting cross-legged on either side of Gregory's devotional act and that they are gnawing something which they hold with both hands—chicken bones probably.

"The picture was left here with a lot of other rubbish and oddly enough it served as my letter of introduction to the Troglodyte, about three years ago. I used to see him occasionally when I happened to walk along the coast and one day in connection with some remark that he made about the fire in the cave I mentioned it. He said he would like to see it. In fact, he made rather a point of it and reminded me of it several times, so I took it down to his cave one afternoon. I wasn't at all prepared for the effect that this childish daub had upon him. It was really a most painful quarter of an hour. He seized the thing out of my hands and stared at it with his eyes growing big. Then I'm damned if it isn't wicked to talk about it—he gave an awful cry, 'Marjorie!' and broke down into incoherent weeping.

"I did my best, of course, to cheer him up and tried to make him come back with me to the house, but he refused. After dinner I went down to see him again and spent a long evening with him in his cave, which he has made quite habitable. He tried to explain himself and his behavior—for the first time in his life—and the result was that the ice was broken pretty completely. He told me far more about himself than any ordinary man would have done. Nobody, of course, is ever quite so confidential as a recluse. But there was a kind of practical reason, too, for his telling me as the present owner of Foley's house; and, indeed, even for my warning you about it, if you're going to be here as often as I hope. Ignorance might defeat his purpose in certain circumstances.

"He remembered the painting of the picture. It was done after their last day at the cave. On that last afternoon, though the others didn't know it, Marjorie had promised to marry him.

"'It was here,' he said, 'by the driftwood fire that she gave me her promise.'

"That very night a telegram came to the house saying that her father was seriously ill and asking her to take the first train back to London. She did so—and she has never been heard of again."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, at the abrupt simplicity of Ashton's last sentence.

"Why, perhaps one has to be a recluse in order to appreciate the importance of the individual case. In the London newspapers, of course, one reads of thousands of people who disappear and cannot be traced. She was merely one of them.

"The telegram was a fraud. Her father was perfectly well. He had gone away for a fortnight's holiday at Eastbourne about the hour when the telegram was dispatched. Only an elderly caretaker had been left at the house. Marjorie was seen on the arrival platform at Euston by the wife of the vicar of this parish, who happened to have gone to London by the same train and had talked to her during the journey. The vicar's wife was a dear, fussy old lady and she said—afterward—that she had felt vaguely uneasy about the 'child' as she called her. But she was reassured when Marjorie told her that Masters—the doctor's coachman—was waiting for her with the brougham. She actually saw Marjorie and her parcels helped into the brougham by a woman dressed as a hospital nurse, and thought that the doctor must be more seriously ill than she had supposed.

"Now, Masters had been discharged two days previously for drunkenness, but it came out at the inquiry that it would have been only too easy for him to get possession of the brougham on that day without anyone ever knowing about it. The caretaker's evidence was perfectly straightforward and proved that Marjorie had never arrived at the house. It also came out that Masters knew about the emerald star. From her conversation with her father at leave-taking Masters knew that when he drove her to the station for her northward journey she was carrying it in a little bag inside her blouse. But they couldn't find him. There was practically no clew to his whereabouts, and it was more than a fortnight before Marjorie was missed, for the family were all bad correspondents."

"Had the police any theory?"

"Yes—robbery and murder, complicated by revenge. But Masters had an unpleasant record and they soon dropped the murder theory for something worse. They thought they knew the hospital nurse. The emerald star was actually traced to Brussels and, though there was no absolute proof of it, the police believed that they had traced both the hospital nurse and Marjorie from Brussels to Lisbon and eventually to Rio de Janeiro. There they lost them.

"In the meantime her father did really fall ill and the awful suspense killed him. It was only through Gregory's almost superhuman efforts that the police picked up the trail at all. He hadn't much money—only about three hundred pounds a year—but he worked his way out to South America and visited all the hell's kitchens that he could find. It was fruitless, and at the end of two years he came back with gray hair. He's a very strong man physically or I think it would have broken him altogether.

"He seemed to shrink from all human intercourse and I think one can understand it. Soon after his return he came up here on a sort of walking tour simply to see the only place that he associated with Marjorie. It was his only link with her. He found the house empty. The Foleys had gone abroad and the farm had been sold to a stranger.

"He wandered along the coast to the cave and spent the night there in his sleeping sack. He slept soundly for the first time in two years—and he stayed on.

"This was nearly a quarter of a century ago. He has been there ever since. All that he needs in the way of supplies he gets from the farm. He gets newspapers and a

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"If You'd Tried to Get Here Ten Minutes Later You Couldn't Have Done It. The Tide Will be All Round the Promontory by That Time"

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Case No. Ten: Hocus-Pocus

"The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it."

Love à la Mode, Act II, Sc. 1.

"We have strict statutes, and most biting laws."

Measure for Measure, Act I, Sc. 4.

"Of these rulings all that can be said is that they belong rather to some system which decides controversies by mumbling magic formulas before a fetish."

Wigmore on Evidence, Vol. III, Sec. 1933, p. 2574.

"Don't Think Anything More About It! You Didn't Try to Lose the Old Will. And Very Likely It Will Turn Up Again Anyway"

"WILLIE!" called Mr. Tutt in stifled tones from the top of the stepladder inside the closet that served as a safe-deposit vault for the firm's papers. "Mrs. Grover's will has got to be found! Understand? It's here somewhere! Our reputation depends upon it. I remember putting it away perfectly. If necessary, I want you to go over every paper in the office!"

Willie, sitting upon the lower step of the ladder, fumbled vaguely in the tin box of papers in front of him.

"Sure, we'll find it!" he coughed through the dust. "Say, Mr. Tutt, do you mind if I soak off some of these old internal-revenue stamps? I bet these papers aren't any good to anybody!"

"Don't you dare lay your hand on one of 'em!" thundered Mr. Tutt from the clouds above. "But if you can find Mrs. Grover's will I'll give you twenty-five dollars!"

"Gee!" exclaimed Willie, burrowing frenziedly into the mountain of documents heaped upon the floor. "Where there's a will there's a way!" he added with a giggle to himself.

The trouble was—as may have been already gathered—that Mrs. Caroline Grover, a wealthy client of Tutt & Tutt, had suddenly died, and her last will and testament, but recently drawn by the senior partner, could not be found. Never had such a thing occurred in the entire history of the firm. Not once in the half century that Mr. Tutt had been connected with the law had he lost a paper, either through his own fault or that of another. For, whatever their failings as a class may be, and however likely to lose their immortal souls, lawyers do not generally lose papers. And now, at this late date, Mr. Tutt had been guilty of that greatest of all the offenses—and they are legion—that a lawyer can commit: he had mislaid a will! Worst of all, by reason of its disappearance there was a possibility that one of the most charming young women in New York might suffer irreparable financial loss. Yet he distinctly recalled having placed it in the will box—a large tin receptacle painted brown—only ten days before. Every other will was there except hers, and hers had been the last one to be put in! As he took each one out and laid it aside Mr. Tutt's apprehension and excitement rapidly grew. No, the confounded thing wasn't there! Again he went all over them and checked each one off against the list pasted upon the inside of the cover until there was a mark against each name except that of Caroline Grover, and the box was empty. Incredible! He threw the wills back helter-skelter and pawed them through again feverishly—frantically. No, there was no use trying to deceive himself; it wasn't there!

He rang for Scraggs, Miss Wiggin and Miss Sondheim and explained what had occurred, vainly seeking from them some clew to the missing document. None of them had seen it since its execution. Neither had Tutt—who shortly after arrived, and likewise ferreted through the will box without any result. Then both of them ransacked Mr. Tutt's old mahogany desk from top to bottom, rummaged through Tutt's desk, and finally emptied out all the drawers in the office—until the floors looked as if there had been a moderate-sized blizzard. No will! They moved the furniture, lifted the carpets, probed baskets full of papers which had stood undisturbed for years and which were covered with a pall of dust—all without avail. Agonizedly they looked at one another. Alack! Tutt & Tutt were ruined men!

The Grover files—among the first to be overhauled—yielded nothing. The one marked "Caroline Grover—Private" contained a file of the letters that had passed between her and Mr. Tutt relating to her affairs and the circumstances leading up to the making of the will, but the will itself was not there—nothing but the memorandum in Miss Caroline's handwriting of her desires, indorsed, "Memo of my will, June 10, 1919," which she had given to Mr. Tutt in order that he could draft the instrument in accordance with its terms.

"That's something anyway!" ejaculated Tutt as his partner handed it to him. "If we can't find the will we may be able to prove by this what it contained."

Mr. Tutt shook his head dubiously.

"I don't believe the court would admit it in evidence. Don't you remember, I had to argue a case in the Appellate Division the day Mrs. Grover signed her will, so that I did not act as an attesting witness? Very likely the surrogate would hold that even if the will were lost I could not testify to what Mrs. Grover had asked me to put in it or produce her memorandum, on the ground that they were all confidential communications between attorney and client and so 'privileged.'"

"But that would be rot!" protested Tutt. "Certainly, if she asked you to draw a will for her she'd want you to testify to its contents if it were lost. It's no 'privilege' to have your wishes defeated!"

"Well, look up the law for yourself," rejoined Mr. Tutt dryly. "I may be wrong. But even if I'm not it won't be the first time in my experience that a law passed for the protection of a man has been invoked to ruin him; or, to use a celebrated simile, that what was intended to be a shield has been converted into a sword."

Meantime, in the house on Fifty-fourth Street, Lucy Aymar, the adopted daughter of Caroline Grover, sat stunned at the loss of her protector, friend and benefactor. Mrs. Grover had died suddenly, and yet, as the girl knew, she must have had a premonition that her end was not far off, for only the week before she had called her into the library and had said with a smile, trying to give a matter-of-fact air to the announcement: "I have just made my will, dear, and I have left everything to you. I tell you this so that you need not worry about the future. My brothers and their families are quite well enough off already."

Lucy was perfectly familiar with the miserable story of how Mrs. Grover's two brothers, both of whom had married rich women, had, during the period of her poverty, given her the cold shoulder. Then, as is quite usual, the totally unexpected had happened. Her husband's inconspicuous invention, on which he had worked for years, suddenly became, through the development of the gas engine, of immense value. From living in a suburb and doing her own work Mrs. Grover found herself the mistress of a luxurious ménage, of motors and yachts, and free to go and do as she chose. As the couple had no children they had adopted—though not with the formality of legal process—the little daughter of an old friend, Jaspar Aymar—and brought her up as their own.

Then, too late, the two brothers and their wives had sought to reconcile their differences with the erstwhile shabby inventor, who, generous to all the rest of the world, found it impossible to forgive the neglect with which the would-be sycophants had treated him and his wife. Coldly he declined their hospitality and bade them seek other friends. Mrs. Grover never saw her brothers again during her life, yet now they were both downstairs asking to see Lucy Aymar. Why? She did not need to be told. They were not there moved by any desire to look for the last time upon the features of her whom they had once disregarded. They had not come to extend their condolences—save perhaps perfunctorily—or to offer their services. They were there to ascertain what disposition Mrs. Grover had made of the property inherited from her husband.

"I won't see them!" declared the girl, feeling their intrusion upon her grief a personal affront.

The maid retired, but presently returned.

"They say, miss, it is absolutely necessary to know whether Mrs. Grover left a will, and if so, in whose possession it is."

Miss Aymar bit her lips.

"Tell them that Mrs. Grover made a will and that it is in the custody of her lawyer, Mr. Ephraim Tutt."

Great as was her own distress of mind over her loss, it was no greater than that of Mr. Tutt over the disappearance of Mrs. Grover's will. He was, in fact, going through the severest mental torture of his legal life, and no lawyer will be surprised at this when it is stated that, apart from the memo in Mrs. Grover's handwriting, there was no copy of the lost document, and that if the document could not be found its existence would necessarily have to be proved under the extremely technical requirements of the New York statutes. Like many another well-intentioned person, Mrs. Grover had postponed making her will until almost too late. It is a common failing of human nature to believe that though others may be taken suddenly away we personally shall have ample warning, with plenty of time to arrange our various earthly affairs. So good Mrs. Grover, whose single ambition was that Lucy should inherit her estate, had calmly neglected what was undoubtedly the most important act of her life until a stabbing pain in her side had warned her that unless she took steps to prevent it her undeserving brothers would fall heirs by devolution of law to that which she desired her adopted child to have.

Accordingly, she had sent for Mr. Tutt and, having discussed her affairs with him, mailed him the afterward famous memo in which, having provided for a few comparatively trifling legacies, she gave all her residuary estate to Lucy, making her executrix.

It was the simplest possible testamentary declaration conceivable, and Mr. Tutt having in Scraggs an experienced scrivener had handed him the memo and instructed him to engross a will for Mrs. Grover following the usual office form.

Unfortunately, upon the day selected for the signing of the instrument in Mrs. Grover's library Mr. Tutt had been obliged to appear in court, and the will was actually executed under the direction of the junior partner, the witnesses being three friends whom Mrs. Grover had invited to act for her in that capacity, and to one of whom she had read the will aloud the preceding evening.

Mr. Tutt had climbed down from the ladder in the vault and was standing in his office, waist high in a lake of papers, when Willie announced that Mr. Updycke was waiting outside. Assuming that the caller was an old college chum named Updycke, the lawyer bade Willie bring

him in, and thereupon found himself unexpectedly confronted by an utter stranger, garbed in black, who it immediately developed was one of Mrs. Grover's brothers and hence one of her two heirs-at-law and next of kin.

"I am a brother of the late Caroline Grover," he said rather sharply. "I understand that my sister made a will and that it was left in your custody. Am I correctly informed?"

"Yes—I—that is to say ——" stammered Mr. Tutt, his ordinary quickness of wit deserting him. "But ——"

The heir-at-law fixed him with a penetrating eye.

"Ah!" he remarked. "But ——"

"Yes," answered the lawyer, recovering himself, "I drew Mrs. Grover's will and she left it in my custody."

The visitor glanced significantly about the disordered office and gave a short laugh.

"And you've lost it, eh?"

Mr. Tutt glared at him, speechless.

"Well!" said Mr. Updycke after a moment. "I've found out what I wanted to know. Good day!"

The morning after Mrs. Grover's funeral Miss Aymar, sitting in the big leather chair beside the desk in Mr. Tutt's office, learned for the first time of her unfortunate predicament. The old lawyer had made an abject and what was in truth a most piteous confession, and now he waited humbly for the storm of censure which he expected to fall upon him. But the storm did not break. Miss Aymar, whether from kindness, ignorance or stupidity, did not seem to be greatly disturbed. She looked so adorable in her black gown that he felt more wretched than ever.

"It's too bad that you have been put to so much trouble!" she said, smiling at him. "I do hope that you haven't worried over it. No doubt we shall get along perfectly well without it."

"I only wish I felt a like confidence!" he replied a little relieved. She was a charming child! He would have given all he possessed for a daughter like her.

"But why not?" she answered. "I don't see how there can possibly be any trouble about it. Mother Grover consulted you about her will and not only told you exactly what to put in it but gave you a memorandum in her own handwriting. Then your clerk drew it up and sent it to her, she read it aloud to Miss Block, and finally signed it under your partner's direction and in the presence of three witnesses. Besides, she told me all about it. What more could the law require?"

"You'll have to ask the law!" answered Mr. Tutt desperately. "Nobody knows what the law is, or is going to require, until he has to find out. There isn't any proposition too ridiculous to be amply supported by authority—somewhere."

"But where can any doubt arise? The mere loss of the paper when you have what is practically a copy of it, and when there are people who know exactly what it contained, certainly can't deprive me of my rights!"

She gazed at him so incredulously, so pathetically, that Mr. Tutt took a high resolve that only over his dead body should she be deprived of them.

"'We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,'" he quoted. "It's a pretty serious matter to lose a will. The whole situation is covered by special and very stringent provisions as to the proof required to establish the contents."

"But we have a copy or at least a memorandum!"

"True, but there are difficulties connected with putting it in evidence." He rubbed his chin meditatively. "It all depends on the judge—and on the lawyers on the other side."

"What other side?" she demanded quickly with a flash of suspicion.

"The Updycke side—the side of the heirs-at-law and next of kin, who will get all Mrs. Grover's property if she is declared intestate."

"You don't mean that they would try to get the property when they knew that she didn't want them to have it!"

Mr. Tutt laughed grimly.

"They've started in already!" he informed her. "They commenced a proceeding this morning to have Mrs. Grover declared intestate and to have themselves appointed the temporary administrators of her property."

"But I told them she had made a will!" she exclaimed. "How despicable! No wonder she didn't have anything to do with them!"

To Mr. Tutt's intense relief her indignation was vented upon the unscrupulous Updykes instead of turning against him. Yet after all he felt that he was the more guilty party. He was responsible for the whole wretched business, for the possible loss of Miss Aymar's fortune. All he could do was to tell her the exact truth.

"It isn't always fair," he said gently, "to judge people harshly because they let the law decide what must be done in certain cases. They quite naturally take the position that the mere fact that you, an interested party, and I, your attorney, say that Mrs. Grover made a will in your favor isn't conclusive. It's up to us to prove it. We can hardly expect them to take our word for it."

Miss Lucy wrinkled her low brows.

"No, but the judge can!" she retorted.

"Provided he admits our testimony," qualified Mr. Tutt.

"Well, why shouldn't he?"

The lawyer took a sheet of typewritten paper from his pocket and handed it to her.

"Under Section 1865 of our Code of Civil Procedure, in an action to establish a lost will," said he, "you are not entitled to judgment unless first, the will was in existence at the time of the testator's death; and second, to quote the words of the statute, 'its provisions are clearly and distinctly proved by at least two credible witnesses, a correct copy or draft being equivalent to one witness.'"

Miss Lucy's face brightened.

"Why, then," she declared, "everything is all right! We have a draft—that's the same as one witness—and we've got Miss Block—that's the other."

Mr. Tutt shook his head in deprecation of her enthusiasm.

"Unfortunately," he declared, "we have another statute, which the courts interpret very strictly. It is the one relating to confidential communications between an attorney and client, and reads: 'An attorney or counselor at law shall not be allowed to disclose a communication made by his client to him, or his advice given thereon, in the course of his professional employment; nor shall any clerk, stenographer or other person employed by such attorney or counselor be allowed to disclose any such communication or advice given thereon.' The statute then goes on to say that this applies 'to any examination of a person as a witness unless the provisions thereof are expressly waived upon the trial or examination by the . . . client.' This, as you see, is a very sweeping law. The only exception made to it is in the case of an attorney who has acted as a subscribing witness to a will. There the law presumes that by making him a witness, who must perforce testify to be of any use as such, the client intended to unseal his lips."

"But no honest person would invoke any such law to defeat the perfectly obvious intention of one of his relatives!" she protested.

Mr. Tutt pursed his lips.

"The obvious intention of the testator, as you call it, is the very point in issue. Who is to say what it was? You? Your opponent? The law provides that the question shall be determined by certain general rules and that a duly appointed judge shall act as umpire. Have we really any right to complain because our adversaries insist that the game be played to a finish according to the legal code?"

"Well," answered Miss Lucy earnestly, "whatever the law may be, it seems to me that no honest person should invoke it to accomplish what he personally thinks to be a wrong or a suppression of the truth."

Mr. Tutt smiled approvingly at her.

"Quite so," he agreed heartily. "But you are talking now about honor, not about law—an entirely different thing."

"But what shall we do?" she asked. "Surely I don't have to sit supinely and let the Updykes turn me out into the street!"

"Do!" he answered. "Do? What can we do but hope for the best? I have already drawn the petition in a proceeding to probate the lost will of Mrs. Grover and have it here for you to sign. Your application asks for your appointment as executrix, and the Updykes' for the appointment of an administrator—will be heard together."

"I can't believe the law is as silly as you say," she said cheerfully, "but even if it is I don't worry the least little bit with you for my attorney. Why, I'm sure you can make it so plain to the judge that he will do anything you ask! I would!"

She got up and held out her hand trustfully.

"Don't think anything more about it! You didn't try to lose the old will

(Continued on Page 173

Mr. Tutt and Tutt Ostentatiously Rose and Peered Through the Window With Their Backs to Willie

THE GORGEOUS GIRL

IV

By Nalbro Bartley

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

DURING the summer the O'Valley Leather Company discovered that Mary Faithful made quite as efficient a manager as Steve O'Valley himself. Nor did she neglect any of a multitude of petty details—such as the amount of ice needed for the water cooler, the judicious issue of office supplies; the innovation of a rest room for girls, metamorphosed out of a hitherto dingy storeroom; the eradication of friction between two ancient bookkeepers who had come to regard the universe as against them. Even the janitor's feelings were mollified by a few kind words and a crossing of his palm with silver when Mary decided to houseclean before Steve's return.

It is impossible for a business woman not to have feminine notions. They stray into her routine existence like blades of pale grass persistently shooting up between the cracks of paving blocks. Quite frilly curtains adorned Mary's office windows, fresh flowers were kept in a fragile vase, a marble bust of Dante guarded the filing cabinet, and despite the general cleaning she used a special little silk duster for her own knickknacks. On a table was a very simple tea service with a brass samovar for days when the luncheon hour proved too stormy for an outside excursion.

Sharing Steve with the Gorgeous Girl, Mary had decided to clean his business home just as the Gorgeous Girl would have the apartment set in spick-and-span order. It was during the general upsetting with brooms, mops, paint pots and what not, while Mary good-naturedly tried to work at a standing desk, that Mark Constantine dropped in unexpectedly.

"Gad!" he began characteristically. "Thought I'd find you in your cool and hospitable office inviting me to have a siesta." He mopped his face with a huge silk handkerchief.

"Try it in a few days and we will be quite shipshape." Mary wheeled up a chair for him. "Anything I can do for you?"

He sank down with relief; his fast-accumulating flesh made him awkward and fond of lopping down at unexpected intervals. He glanced up at this amazing young woman, crisp and cool in her blue-muslin dress, the tiny gold watch in a black-silk guard being her only ornament. His brows drew into what appeared to be a forbidding frown; he really liked Mary, with her steady eyes somehow suggesting eternity and her funny freckled nose destroying any such notion.

"How are you getting on?" was all he said.

"Splendidly. We expect Mr. O'Valley a week from Monday—but of course you know that yourself."

"Gad," Constantine repeated.

"And how is Mr. Constantine?" Mary asked almost graciously.

"In the hands of my enemy," he protested. "Bea left a hundred and one things to be seen to. My sister has sprained her ankle and is out of the running. It's the apartment that causes the trouble—Bea has sent letter after letter telling what she wants us to do. I thought everything was all set before she went away but—here!" He drew out a violet notepaper and handed it over. "Sorry to bother you, but when that girl gets home and settled I hope she'll be able to tend to her own affairs and leave us in peace. I guess you understand how women are—about settling a new house."

Reluctantly Mary deciphered the slanting, curlicue handwriting, which said in part:

Now, papa dear, I'm terribly worried about the painted Chinese wall panels for the little salon. They are likely to be the wrong design. Jill has written that hers were. So please get the man to give you a guarantee that he will correct any mistakes. I want you to go to Brayton's and get white-and-gold jars that will look well in the dining room—Brayton knows my tastes. Besides this, he is to have two rose pots of old Wheldon ware for me—they will contain electrically lighted flowers—like old-fashioned bouquets. I wish you and Aunty would drive out to the arts-and-crafts shop and bid on the red-lacquer cabinet and the French clock that is in stock; I am sure no one has bought them. I could not decide whether I wanted them or not until now, and I must have them. They will tone in beautifully with the rugs.

Trudy Spent Half the Night Taking Inventory of Her Wardrobe, Her Debts and Her Personal Charms

Mary turned the page:

Also, Aunt Belle has not answered my letter asking her to order the monogrammed stationery—four sizes, please, ashes of roses shade and lined with gold tissue. I also told Aunt Belle to see about relining my mink cape and muff. I shall wish to wear it very early in the season, and I want something in a smart striped effect with a pleated frill for the muff.

And the little house for Monster completely slipped my mind—Aunt Belle knows about it—with a wind-harp sort of thing at one side and funny pictures painted on the outside. I have changed my mind about the color scheme for the breakfast nook—I am going to have light gray, almost a silver, and I would like some good pewter things.

It seems to me I shall never be rested. Steve wants to see every sunrise and explore every trail. We have met quite nice people and the dancing at the hotels is lovely. Oh, yes, if you need any help I know Miss Faithful will be glad to help, and Gaylord has ripping ideas.

Loads of love to you, dear papa. Your own

BEA.

Mary returned the letter without comment.

"Will you help me?" Constantine demanded almost piteously. "Belle's out of the running, you know."

"I'm cleaning my own house"—Mary began looking at the surrounding disorder—"but I can run up to the apartment with you and see what must be done; though it seems to me ——"

"Seems to you what, young woman?"

"That your daughter would prefer to do these things at her leisure—they are so personal."

Constantine moved uneasily in his chair. "I guess women don't like to do things these days"—rather disgruntled in general—"but she might as well have asked an African medicine man as to ask me. What do I know about red-lacquered cabinets and relining fur capes? I just pay for them."

Mary smiled. Something about his gruff merciless personality had always attracted her. She had sometimes suspected the day would come when she would be sorry for him—just why she did not know. She had watched him from afar during the period of being his assistant bookkeeper, and now, having risen with the fortunes of Steve O'Valley, she faced him on an almost equal footing—another queer quirk of American commerce.

She realized that his tense race after wealth had been in a sense his strange manner of grieving for his wife. But his absolute concentration along one line resulted in a lack of wisdom concerning all other lines. Though he could figure to the fraction of a dollar how to beat the game, play big-fish-swallow-little-fish and get away with it, he had no more judgment as to his daughter's absurd self than Monster, who had gone on the honeymoon wrapped in a new silken blanket. You cannot have your cake and eat it too, as Mary had decided during her early days of running errands for nervous modistes who boxed her ears one moment and gave her a silk remnant the next. Neither can a man put all his powers of action into one channel, blinding himself to all else in the world, and expect to emerge well balanced and normal in his judgments.

As Mary agreed to help Constantine out of his débris of French clocks and pewter for the breakfast room, she began to feel sorry for him even if he was a business pirate—for he had paid an extremely high price for the privilege of being made a fool of by his own child.

He escorted her to the limousine and they whirled up to the apartment house, where in all the gray-stone, iron grille-work, hall-boy elegance there now resided three couples of the gorgeous-girl type, and where Bea's apartment awaited her coming, the former tenants having been forced to vacate in time to have the place completely redone.

"I wouldn't ask Gaylord if I had to do it myself," Constantine said, brushing by the maid who opened the door. "There is a young man we could easily spare. If he ever gets as good a job as painting spots on rocking-horses I'll eat my hat."

Mary was surveying the room. "Where—where do we go to from here?" she faltered.

Constantine sank into a large chair, shaking his head. "Damned if I know," he panted. "Look at that truck!" pointing to piles of wedding gifts.

Mary walked the length of the drawing-room. It had black-velvet panels and a tan carpet with angora rugs spread at perilous intervals; there was a flowered-silk chaise longue, bright-yellow damask furniture and an Italian-Renaissance screen before the marble fireplace.

Opening out of this was a salon—this was where the Chinese panels were to find a haven—and already cream-and-gold furniture had been placed at artistic angles with blue-velvet hangings for an abrupt contrast. There was a multitude of books bound in dove-colored ooze; cut glass, crystal, silver candelabra sprinkled throughout. Men were working on fluted white-satin window drapes, and Mary glanced toward the dining room to view the antique mahogany and sparkle of plate. Someone was fitting more hangings in the den, and a woman was disputing with her co-worker as to the best place for the goldfish globe and the co-worker was telling her that Monster's house was to occupy the room—yes, Monster, the O'Valley dog; a pound and a half he weighed, and was subject to pneumonia. Here they began to laugh, and someone else, knowing of Constantine's presence, closed the door.

Flushing, Mary returned to the drawing-room; and standing before Constantine's chair she said swiftly, "I'm afraid I cannot help you, sir. I'm not that sort. I shouldn't be able to please. Besides, it is robbing your daughter of a great joy—and a wonderful duty, if you don't mind my saying it—this arranging of her own home. We have no right to do it for her."

"She's asked us to do it," spluttered the big man.

"Then you will have to ask her to excuse me."

Mary was almost stern. It seemed quite enough to have to stay at her post all summer, run the business and houseclean the office for his return, without being expected to come into the Gorgeous Girl's realm and do likewise. In this new atmosphere she began to feel old and plain, quite impossible! The yellow-damask furniture, the rugs, the silver and gold and lovely extravagances—seemed laughing at her and suggesting: "Go back to your filing cabinet and your old-maid silk dusting cloths, to your rest-rooms for girls and to your arguments with city salesmen. You have no more right here than she will ever have in your office."

When Constantine would have argued further she threw back her head defiantly, saying, "Someone explains the

difference between men and women by the fact that men swear and women scream, which is true as far as it goes. But in these days you often find a screaming gentleman and a profane lady—and there's a howdy-do! You can't ask the profane lady—no matter if she is a right-hand business man—to come fix pretties. You better write your daughter what I've said and if you don't mind I'd like to get back to the office."

Constantine rose, frowning down at her with an expression that would have frightened a good many women stancher than Mary Faithful. For she had mentioned to him what no one, not even his sluggish conscience, had ever hinted at—his daughter's duty.

But all he said was: "Profane ladies and screaming gentlemen. Well, I've put a screaming-gentleman tag on Gaylord Vondeplosshe—but what about yourself? Where are you attempting to classify?"

"Me? I'll be damned if I help you out," she laughed up at him as she moved toward the door.

Chuckling, yet defeated, Constantine admitted her triumph and sent her back to the office in the limousine.

At that identical moment Gaylord, alias the screaming gentleman, had been summoned to Aunt Belle's bedside. For Beatrice believed in having two strings to her bow and she had written her aunt a second deluge of complaints and requests.

Bemoaning the sprained ankle—and the probable regaining of three pounds which had been laboriously massaged away—Aunt Belle had called for Gaylord's sympathy and support.

While Mary, rather perturbed yet unshaken in her convictions, returned to the office and Constantine had decided his blood pressure could not stand any traipsing round after folderols, Gaylord was eagerly taking notes and saying pretty nothings to the doleful Mrs. Todd, who relied utterly on his artistic judgment and promptness of action.

Whereupon Gaylord proudly rolled out of the Constantine gates in a motor car bearing Constantine's monogram, and by late afternoon he had come to a most satisfactory understanding with decorators and antique dealers—an understanding which led to an increase in the prices Beatrice was to pay and the splitting of the profits between one Gaylord Vondeplosshe and the tradesmen.

"A supper!" Mark Constantine demanded crisply that same evening, merely groaning when his sister told him that Gaylord had undertaken all the errands and was such a dear boy. "And send it up to my room—ham, biscuits, pie and iced coffee, and I'm not at home if the mayor calls."

He departed to the plainest room in the mansion and turned on an electric fan to keep him company. He sat watching the lawn men at their work, wondering what he was to do with this barn of a place. Beatrice had told him forcibly that she was not going to live in it. Wherein was the object of keeping it open for Belle Todd and himself when more and more he wished for semisolitude? Noise and crowds and luxuries irritated him. He liked meals such as the one he had ordered, the plebeian joy of taking off tight shoes and putting on disreputable slippers, sitting in an easy-chair with his feet on another while he read detective stores or adventurous romances with neither sense nor moral. He liked to relive in dream fashion the years of early endeavor, of his married life with Hannah. After he finished the reverie he would tell himself with a flash of honesty, "Gad, it might as well have happened to some other fellow—for all the good it does you." Nothing seemed real to Constantine except his check book and his wife's monument.

It was still to dawn upon him that his daughter partly despised him. He had always said that no one loved him but his child, and that no one but his child mattered so far as he was concerned. Since Beatrice's marriage he had become restless, wretched, desperately lonesome; he found himself missing Steve quite as much as he missed Beatrice. Their letters were unsatisfactory since they were chiefly concerned with things—endless things that they coveted or had bought or wanted in readiness for their return. As he sat watching the lawn men gossip he knitted his black brows and wondered if he ought to sell the mansion and be done with it. Then it occurred to him that grandchildren playing on the velvety lawn would make it quite worth while. With a thrill of anticipation he began to plan for his grandchildren and to wonder if they too would be eternally concerned with things.

As he recalled Mary's defiance he chuckled. "A ten-dollar-a-week raise was cheap for such a woman," he thought.

Meantime Trudy informed the Faithful family at supper: "Gay has telephoned he is coming to-night. Were you going to use the parlor, Mary?" A mere formality always observed for no reason at all.

"No, I'm going to water the garden. It's as dry as Sahara."

Luke groaned.

"Don't make Luke help you. He's stoop-shouldered enough from study without making him carry sprinkling cans," Mrs. Faithful objected.

"Nonsense! It's good for him, and he will be through in an hour."

"Too late for the first movie show," expostulated Luke.

"A world tragedy," his sister answered.

"I wanted to go to-night," her mother insisted. "It's a lovely story. Mrs. Bowen was in to tell me about it—all about a Russian war bride. They built a whole town and burnt it up at the end of the story. I guess it cost half a million—and there's fighting in it too."

"All right, go and take Luke. But I don't think the movies are as good for him as working in a garden."

"You never want me to have pleasure. Home all day with only memories of the dead for company, and then you come in as cross as a witch, ready to stick your nose in a book or go dig in the mud! Excuse me, Trudy, but a body has to speak out sometimes. Your father to the life—reading and grubbing with plants. Oh, mother's proud of you, Mary, but if you would only get yourself up a little smarter and go out with young people you'd soon enough want Luke to go out too! I don't pretend to know what your judgment toward your poor old mother would be!"

Mary's day had included a dispute with the firm's London representative, the Constantine incident, a session at the dentist's as a noon-recess attraction, housecleaning the office and two mutually contradictory wires from Steve. She laid her knife and fork down with a defiant little clatter.

"I can't burn the candle at both ends. I work all day and I have to relax when I leave the office. If my form of a good time is to read or set out primroses it is nothing to cry thief for, is it? I want you to go out, mother, as you very well know. And you are welcome to fill the house with company. Only if I'm to do a man's work and earn his wage I must claim my spare time for myself."

"Now listen here, dear," interposed Trudy, who took Mary's part when it came to a real argument, "don't get peeved. Let me buy your next dress and show you how to dance. You'll be surprised what a difference it will make. You'll get so you just hate to ever think of work."

"Splendid! Who will pay the butcher, baker and candlestick maker?" Mary thought of the wedding presents carelessly stacked about Beatrice's apartment. One pile of them, as she measured expenses, would have paid the butcher for a year or more.

"Now you've got her going," Luke objected. "Say, Trudy, you don't kill yourself tearing off any work at the shop!"

"Luke," began his mother, "be a gentleman. Dear me, I wish I hadn't said a word. To think of my children in business! Why, Luke ought to be attending a private school and going to little cotillon parties like my brothers did; and Mary in her own home." She pressed her napkin to her eyes.

"I admit Mary carries me along on the pay roll—I'm Mary's foolishness," Trudy said easily. "Mary's a good scout even if she does keep us stepping. She has to fall down once in a while, and she fell hard when she hired me and took me in as a boarder."

Mary flushed. "I try to make you do your share," she began, "and——"

"I ought to pay more board," Trudy giggled at her own audacity. "But I won't. You're too decent to make me. You know I'm such a funny fool I'd go jump in the river if I got blue or things went wrong, and you like me well enough to not want that. Don't worry about our Mary, Mrs. Faithful. Just let her manage Luke and he won't wander from her apron strings like he will if you and I keep him in tow."

Luke made a low bow, scraping his chair back from the table. "I'll go ahead and get reserved seats and mother can come when she's ready," he proposed.

Mrs. Faithful beamed with triumph. "That's my son! Get them far enough back; the pictures blur if I'm too close."

(Continued on Page 122)

Beatrice Did Not Relinquish in Letting Her Husband See That She Was Too Much in Love With Him

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No Political Profiteers

THE law's delays are proverbial, actual and often intolerable. If they insured exact justice they could be borne, but everyone who has had much experience with lawyers knows that as often as not these delays are due to very human qualities of slackness and procrastination. Errors in drawing up important papers are amazingly frequent in this most precise of the professions. Attempts to compromise cases out of court are much too infrequent, though the efforts of those enlightened judges who insist that litigants exhaust every possible means to adjust their differences by arbitration have met with marked success.

The new, the efficient, the time and labor saving are the lifeblood of business. The old, the slow, the reactionary are the heart's blood of the law. Perhaps this is necessary, though outside the court room a layman may venture to doubt and to criticize. Emphatically it is not necessary in government, whose business it is to look ahead at the future.

Even more intolerable than the delays of the law are the delays of the lawmakers. If they insured perfect laws or even fairly workable ones they might be borne, but on the face of the record our lawyer lawmakers do not know their own business. Almost every important piece of legislation is threshed over for weeks and months after it is drawn up by eminent legal talent. Then if it treads hard enough on toes enough it is attacked under the Marquess of Queensberry rules that govern this most sporting of the professions—and with surprising frequency it is knocked out. In business a man who blundered as often as the average lawmaker would not even get a chance to explain to the boss. One error that nullified the work of the whole plant for weeks, that resulted in prolonged and expensive litigation, and he would be fired.

The Senate, because of our peculiar obsession that only men who lean back toward the past can successfully legislate for the future, is dominated by lawyers. For months they argued and wrangled over the peace treaty. Careful, extended and judicial consideration of it was proper. Partisan, political and personal consideration of it was highly improper. Sixty years ago the greatest of Americans approached on his knees a question as vital to the country as the league. To-day our politicians pray with one eye peeking sideways at the next election.

For some weeks before the close of the last session of Congress it had been apparent that the country had made up its mind that the league should be accepted with such interpretative resolutions as served to clarify every reasonable doubt, without actually nullifying the whole treaty. The bitter-enders on both sides were then in the position of two lawyers who, disregarding their clients' wishes for a quick and amicable settlement, were determined to fight the case to a finish. If the wishes of the country had been paramount in the minds of these bitter-enders they would have forgotten personal animosities in this most impersonal of all issues; have risen above partisan considerations in this most nonpartisan of all questions; have waived dignity and precedence and have got together in a broad, tolerant spirit.

No matter who was right or who was wrong; no matter whether the league is finally a success or a failure—and in the present state of the world mind one is justified in holding grave doubts—Americans feel that the deliberations should have been conducted in a different spirit from that in which the treaty was finally considered.

America has no further use for bitter-enders. Bitter-enders brought on the war that wrecked Europe, and bitter-enders have been keeping alive strife. Better a forward policy, even if it involves making mistakes, than a stand-still policy that events are proving to be the one colossal and irretrievable blunder. It would be clubbier to go to hell along with the rest of the world than to hang back a little and then, as would be inevitable, slide down into the pit by our lonesome. Men who are courageous enough to help others are strong enough to save themselves.

No event in our history has so emphasized the need for more truly representative government as the deadlock over the league in the last Congress. We must return fewer of the looking-backward and more of the looking-forward type of men. The best legal brains are needed, no doubt, but the best business brains and more of them are also vital to the progress of the country. Given a league, no matter how carefully formulated, it will be a bad league for America, unless the best brains and experience in the country, regardless of party and presidential predilections, represent us on it. Where there is doubt about the meaning of a document, and there almost always is, the best man gets the benefit of the doubt.

Even more disheartening than the conduct of the league fight in the last Congress was the tentative proposal that the treaty on which the whole world has been waiting for more than a year be made the political issue in the next presidential campaign.

The United States is confronted by many questions that must have immediate attention, but they are economic questions, business questions that cannot be solved by oratory or smothered in flowers of speech. Many of them are things that the politicians have instinctively shied away from in the past, or have attempted to put off with palliatives—business administration of government, taxation, immigration, control of capital and labor. They call for drastic action and constructive basic legislation. There is dynamite in these questions for the politician whose appeal is to class and race, whose district is his country. Then these questions call for expert knowledge and concrete business experience, and your lawyer is at best a secondhand business man, more expert at finding for his client the holes in the wall that fellow lawyers have left than in planning a constructive climb up to success.

Some men grasped at the idea of the league as an issue, thinking perhaps that it would act as a stay in the bankruptcy proceedings that the country has already started against the old parties. It would have been a political life-saver if it could have been put over, but it is not to be. The country turned a cold and fishy eye on the proponents of the scheme. It was fed up on league oratory, league politics and league delays. It had had a sufficiency. It was in no humor for any political profiteering with the league. It will not be the paramount issue in the next campaign, though dead or alive it will send a good many bitter-enders in both parties back to private life.

Lawyers have always made the rules under which not only the business of the world has been conducted but their own game has been played. It is time that laymen made a few rules for lawyers, revised some of the old laws under which business is conducted and formulated some new ones in the light of their practical knowledge. Sooner or later lawyers must content themselves with being a third or a quarter of the works, instead of the whole show.

Europe Wants Billions

EUROPE has been sitting in the anteroom of the Senate, waiting for the Big Speech to be finished. She wants money—a lot of it—and our bankers have been milling round trying to find a way to give it to her. This money, whether it is loaned by the bankers or the Government, will be the average investor's and taxpayer's money, and any plan that is put forward must enlist their cooperation.

Some scheme of financial help for Europe should have been evolved long ago, but it, like so many other parts of the reconstruction program, has been waiting on the uncertainties of the Senate. We must undoubtedly lend money to Europe, not in response to hurry touches, but in the spirit of a man trying to help a temporarily embarrassed business friend to his feet. Sympathy must be tempered with common sense.

Powerful international bankers tell us that credits running into billions will be needed in order to make Europe a going concern. That is probably true. We are also told that if these billions are to be raised Americans must produce and save, stop their waste and their prodigal enjoyment of luxuries. Self-denial must replace self-indulgence. That is undoubtedly true, for the curve of increased consumption has already crossed that of decreased production. Unless the process is reversed we shall soon have eaten deep into our available surplus, large as it is. That will mean lack at home and none to lend.

Because this matter of foreign credits involves personal self-denial and a certain element of risk—for it is folly to maintain that under present conditions money can be loaned in Europe without some risk—we must have open covenants, openly arrived at.

Character is the factor of prime importance in credit. Though the peasant and laboring classes abroad are rather generally suffering from hunger and privation there is in almost every country that is asking for a loan a fairly large class that is spending its surplus riotously and wastefully. Stories of unprecedented luxury and self-indulgence by this class are appearing almost daily in the press. The same tale is coming from every European capital.

Side by side with the campaign of American bankers asking us to deny ourselves to help Europeans, foreign bankers might well carry on a campaign demanding that these wasters deny themselves to help their impoverished countrymen.

Relatively this reckless spending may be a small factor in the amount needed to help, but it is a large factor in morale. When an individual tries to borrow a thousand on the plea of dire necessity, and we hear that he is dining the chorus on a roof and opening wine, it tends to constrict the purse strings. When a man asks us to indorse his note on the plea that he will fail in business if we do not, and we find that he is keeping a racing stable, his paper begins to look like paper and nothing more.

This orgy of foreign spending is being excused on the ground of "reaction from the war," but on general principles it begins to look as if the profligates and profiteers, both at home and abroad, had been allowed to react almost far enough. For it is not the fighters, but the men who stayed at home and made money out of the fight, who are doing the high rolling and the low-down wasting.

There should of course be full, exact and easily understandable information for the public as to the character of the security behind every loan, whether private or governmental. Bankers and big investors know just about what chances they are taking, and they need no special protection, but the proceeds of self-denial by the general public—or of taxation—must be carefully safeguarded. There should, too, be publicity as to the commissions and profits accruing to bankers from all loans in which the public is asked to participate, and detailed information as to all credits in which it is forced by taxation to participate. These loans are being urged as necessary in order to put Europe back on her feet. Under the circumstances big

banking commissions and profits cannot be justified or tolerated. In themselves, and quite apart from any ethical consideration, they would mean that there was a large element of risk in the undertaking, and a consequent jeopardizing of the people's savings.

Mr. Marcosson and other observers tell us that for the safety of Europe help must be extended to the Central Powers as well as to the Allies. Incidentally we learn that this must be a "moral risk," as, among other reasons, Germans have thoughtfully sent all collateral of value out of the country. Americans must face this question with an open mind, but we may well be pardoned a moment's hesitation. Certainly loans to Germany should be in a special class and we should not call it a first or a second one, even. The moral factor sounds like pretty vague collateral in Germany's case.

Most important of all in our opinion is our attitude toward nations that are manufacturing munitions, expending money for war purposes, either in experimentation, in naval construction or in maintaining larger armies and keeping more men-of-war in commission than are absolutely necessary for police purposes. It is folly to try to help any nation that is thinking and spending in terms of war. It would be an absurdity for us to extend credits to arm a possible enemy or to help any nation maintain a large army and navy from the proceeds of her home taxation while America financed her useful industries. Aside from all other considerations such expenditures mean that the nation making them is headed for bankruptcy.

To-day Europe is only partially pacified. We can hasten the process by refusing to dig up a dollar for any nation that is not trying to get on an exceedingly peaceful basis just as fast as possible. Governmental credits or bankers' loans that are not made on this understanding may simply serve to finance present wars or preparations for future wars.

Refusal to finance any militarism is a form of preparedness that works both ways for us, because it will lessen the possibilities of offensive armaments in Europe and minimize the necessity for defensive armaments at home. We have a feeling, however, that militant advocates of preparedness will not care particularly for this solution of some of their worries.

Finally, we must lend in terms of commodities, make sure that our loans are used only for food and the machinery and materials necessary to useful production. We have already had examples enough of European nations that do their borrowing here and their spending elsewhere. American loans to buy American goods. There will be some necessary exceptions to this rule as a matter of course, but it should be the rule.

Doubtless in doing all this we shall be building up competitors for ourselves, but done in the right way and under proper conditions this is better for us from a purely selfish point of view than seeing our competitors go to smash. The main thing is not to let ourselves be befuddled by the bigness of the thing, to insist on consideration and a square deal in return for consideration and a square deal, and above all to keep in mind that the rules and factors that guide us in lending to individuals are no less important and binding when we are dealing with nations. A nation is only the sum total of its individuals. Whether governmental or bankers' loans are made—or private loans guaranteed by government—the money must come from taxation of the individual or from saving by the individual.

Europeans are clever business men and close traders. When a man is broke almost down to the family plate and the ancestral castle he may be excused for playing them fairly close to the abdomen. In staking our friends we can be good sports without being good things.

Just what hole we could slip through without a league in order to do a sane job of foreign financing must be left to our lawyer friends to determine. With a league the machinery at least would be at hand. Individual bankers cannot settle such necessary preliminaries to making loans sensibly as questions of expenditures for armaments. Only governments can determine these things.

Muffing Their Mission

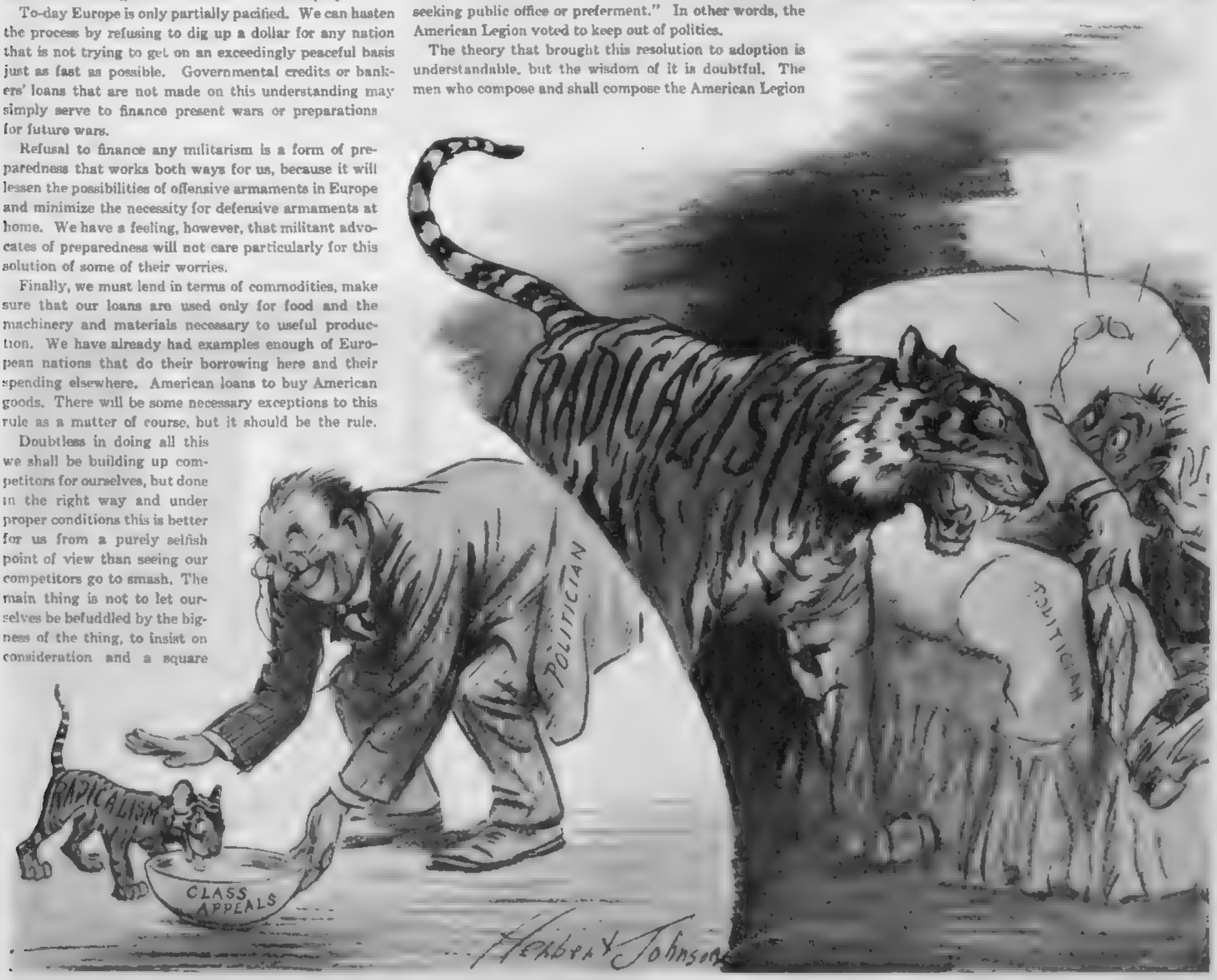
THE American Legion at its recent convention in Minneapolis adopted a resolution of which this is the gist: "This organization shall be absolutely nonpolitical and shall not be used for the dissemination of partisan principles or for the promotion of the candidacy of any person seeking public office or preferment." In other words, the American Legion voted to keep out of politics.

The theory that brought this resolution to adoption is understandable, but the wisdom of it is doubtful. The men who compose and shall compose the American Legion are the men who fought the war for freedom of the world and won it in its first stages. They fought for and made possible new conditions, new alignments and new liberties.

These new conditions, these new alignments and these new liberties thus born will not live unless the men who fought for their birth fight for their growth and continuance. Our Government is a party Government, and on the quality and character of that Government all these outcomes of the war must depend, in this country as well as in the world, largely, for success.

As our Government is a party Government it is therefore a political Government, and as we rely on the Government for our progress, of which it is the dictator and measurer, so must the Government depend on our politics for its strength or weakness.

What higher or more important mission can these returned and victorious soldiers have than to take part, as a body as well as individuals, in the work of making our politics what our politics should be? How can the lessons they learned in the war be brought to the aid of the whole people in a more effective manner? What were they fighting for if not for a better America, which means a better Government and a better politics to make that Government? Because former organizations may have been partisanly political is no reason why this organization should not be righteously political. It seems apparent that the young men who adopted this resolution considered only the obverse of the situation. The country needs them as much as the country needed them in 1917, if not more.



GROWN UP

YOUR BUDGET—By WILL PAYNE

THE House of Representatives, by a huge majority, has passed the Good Bill for a national-budget system. No doubt the Senate will amend the bill more or less and pass it also by a big majority. It is quite certain that this Congress will give the nation a budget system—on paper.

Any budget scheme is good or bad according to the spirit, not according to the letter. You may recall that Mexico under Diaz had a constitution almost identical with that of the United States, but the actual government of Mexico was considerably different from that of the United States.

So a budget scheme handed down from on high in immaculate perfection would not be worth two raps unless the men who operated it—in Congress, in the White House and at the heads of the various executive departments—were zealously interested all the while in economy and efficiency.

For a hundred years, until recently—and with some rare exceptions—the men in Congress, the White House and the departments have by no means been zealously interested in that subject. Their present interest simply reflects an aroused public interest. An all but unanimous vote in the House for a budget bill means simply that the House has been hearing from the country. The members of this House are the same men or the same kind of men who a few years back gave no attention to the subject. In short, if there is a real budget it has got to be your budget. It will be good, bad or indifferent finally just in proportion to your interest in it and your expression of that interest at the polls and elsewhere.

The House has taken an important step, but the real job is still up to you. If there is a good budget system—not on paper, but in actual practice—you've got to make it. If, when a budget bill is finally enacted—no matter how good it may be theoretically—you say, "Well, that job is done," and dismiss it from your mind there will be no lasting gain. It cannot be too much emphasized that any budget scheme will be good or bad according to the spirit in which it is operated rather than according to the letter of the law. It is absolutely impossible to set up any scheme that will work automatically; quite out of the question to put the powers of government into the hands of a set of men and then so tie those men with printed rules and regulations as to make them economical when they don't want to be economical.

Take a simple illustration: The pork-barrel rivers and harbors and public building appropriations have been more extensively criticized than has any other single phase of Congressional extravagance. Yet the system under which those appropriations are made is quite ideal—on paper. It was fully described in the recent hearings before the House's select committee on the budget.

An Excellent System—on Paper

SOME member of Congress requests that a preliminary examination or survey of a certain proposed waterway improvement be made. Congress authorizes the chief of engineers of the War Department to make such a preliminary examination. The staff of the chief, as Congressman Hawley observed, is supposed to be composed of very capable engineers, and no doubt it is so composed.

They direct a preliminary examination to be made by the officer for that district. The district officer makes an investigation and reports whether or not in his opinion the project is feasible and would benefit navigation and commerce. If his report is favorable a regular survey is authorized, and a plan for the work, with an estimate of cost, is drawn up. That goes to the division officer for his approval, and if he approves it goes to the War Department, where it is handed on to the board of engineers for rivers and harbors, composed of experienced and capable men, as Mr. Hawley says, who have had years of practical experience in the field, presumably—and then holds hearings at which, according to Congressman Garner, "all interests are represented." The board of engineers then draws up a report, which is transmitted to Congress and referred to the Committee on Rivers and Harbors; and in due time that committee holds hearings of its own at which the engineering corps, commercial interests and the public are represented. Moreover—as Chairman Good, of the select committee, pointed out—the appropriation for that project is included in the estimates of the War Department "and those estimates are in every case, or they have been recently, O. K'd by the President of the United States" and come to Congress just as the other estimates of the executive departments do.

How, demanded Mr. Hawley and other members of the committee, could you get a better system—on paper? A member of Congress merely asks that a preliminary investigation of a proposed waterway improvement be made by a War Department engineer, to see whether it is feasible and would probably be beneficial to commerce and navigation. If that report is favorable it goes on to the able staff of the chief of engineers and at length to the able board of engineers on rivers and harbors. They must approve it. the War Department must approve it, theoretically at least the President must approve it. Only upon all those expert approvals does Congress appropriate a dollar.

Said Mr. Hawley at the budget hearings mentioned above: "Not a dollar in a river and harbor bill has gone through since I have been here without the approval of the board of engineers."

And Chairman Good interposed: "I have made inquiry and with few exceptions the appropriations for rivers and harbors have been recommended and approved by the War Department and the chief of engineers. The entire amount appropriated for river and harbor improvements is something over nine hundred million dollars. A few items have gone in on the floor of the House, but they have been comparatively few and negligible. Practically all the items had the approval of the chief of engineers and the board of engineers on rivers and harbors as being meritorious and in aid of navigation."

Fine—on paper. Yet everybody knows that waterway improvement by the Federal Government has been a riot

(Continued on Page 32)

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Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

of waste, and that a very considerable part of the money spent on such improvement has been simply thrown away.

Congress to blame? Not at all. Practically every item has been approved by able, experienced engineers and recommended by the executive branch of the Government. On the face of the returns Congress has been simply giving the executive branch what it asked for. Or rather Congress has been far more virtuous than that. It developed in the hearings that some five or six hundred projects for waterway improvements, each and all duly approved and recommended by the expert engineers, have been held up at the Capitol.

"How does it come," asked Mr. Temple, "that there is an accumulation of five or six hundred projects for which no appropriations have been made?"

Congressman Frear, of Wisconsin, who was then on the stand, replied: "That is because so many surveys have been made in the past and the engineers have approved of so many projects; whether it was for rivers that had commerce or any hope of commerce was immaterial. . . . They were held up by the committee because they did not dare bring all the projects into Congress at one time."

So year by year there was an accumulation of projects, all duly approved and recommended by experts, that Congress simply hadn't the nerve to put across.

Later on Mr. Frear mentioned a certain project, before the Senate, which involved appropriating a million dollars "for a river not far from Florida in which very influential members were very strongly interested." But when a senator who happened to be more strongly interested in the public threatened a fight, the item was reduced to a hundred thousand dollars.

Projects That are Pigeonholed

"BUT had not that project been passed on by the board of engineers?" asked the chairman.

"Surely it had," Mr. Frear replied; "and one of the most hopeless cases in the world."

As to why the War Department engineers approve and recommend all these wasteful projects, the answer lies on the surface for anybody who knows anything about Washington. They do it because they know perfectly well that Congress expects them to and will warm their jackets if they don't.

Henry L. Stimson, formerly Secretary of War, was reminded that all these projects were duly approved by the engineers of the department over which he once presided. "I will tell you why," he replied. "I know why. That was one of my troubles." And he related that when he came to the War Department he proposed that the engineers should report on waterway projects with reference to the amount of money available in a particular year and with reference to waterway improvements as a whole, or from a national point of view. But his chief of engineers shied away from that proposal like a startled gazelle, insisting that that was not what Congress wanted, or required, or would have. His report, Mr. Stimson said, must be from the point of view of "whether in the millennium it would be a good thing for the country to have that waterway improved."

And Mr. Frear told how, after the Armistice was signed, it was proposed to swell up the Rivers and Harbors Bill a bit from its meager wartime proportions. As noted above, some five or six hundred deferred—and duly approved—projects were in the committee's pigeonholes. A representative of the War Department engineers was before the committee and Mr. Frear repeatedly sought to get his expert opinion as to which ones among those projects were the most meritorious and should take precedence as being most important. But no opinion on that dangerous subject could be extracted from the wary engineer. Like almost any other human being in similar circumstances he didn't propose to take the chance, gratuitously, of antagonizing members whose projects he discredited and who had ample means of getting back at him. The pressure upon engineers to approve all manner of projects has been "tremendous," as one candid congressman put it.

Here is a set of men running the executive departments. They are dependent on Congress for every typewriter and chair in their establishments. They are not going to antagonize members of Congress gratuitously. And unless there is a live, vigilant public interest in this subject of governmental economy, antagonizing members for the sake of economy amounts just to inviting trouble. A former cabinet minister remarked that when he took his portfolio certain of his subordinates were recommended to him as exceedingly useful men—"strong with Congress, generally getting what they ask for from the committees." Nobody gets strong with Congress by balking the wishes of its members.

Members of Congress complain bitterly that most of the odium for government extravagance is laid at their door, while in fact—at least in the great majority of cases—all that they do is simply to appropriate the money which the executive departments have asked for and declared to be necessary for the proper operation of the Government. Those departments make up detailed estimates of their needs for the ensuing year. The estimates are sent to Congress and referred to various committees. The committees examine them, call in representatives of the departments to explain and defend them, and then generally cut them down somewhat. That process accounts for nearly all the money that Congress appropriates. "So," says Congress, "if there is extravagance, why blame us for it? The blame rests with the executive branch of the Government, which asks for the money."

The truth is of course that both sides are equally to blame; that neither side has had any genuine abiding interest in economy, and that no budget system is going to be worth much unless public opinion requires a genuine abiding interest on both sides. Without that lively interest in economy each side will continue to waste money and pass the buck to the other side as in the past. All the same, press and public are right in putting the blame first on Congress, because Congress is guardian of the public purse. The executive departments cannot spend a dollar without its sanction. It has the power and must take the responsibility. But the executive departments do by far the greater part of the actual wasting, and a very heavy share of blame belongs to them therefor.

To illustrate that, consider this bit of testimony by General Lord, director of finance of the War Department: "The War Department entered this war without any fixed or carefully digested and prepared financial system. There were at the beginning of the war five statutory bureaus each independent of the others, each making its own contracts, doing its own purchasing, doing its own accounting, with as many different methods as there were bureaus. As a result they were competing with each other in a market where the supplies in many cases for which they were competing were restricted in amount. . . . This competition between bureaus was later corrected under the Overman Act; but not until 1918 was any attempt made to centralize and coördinate the finances, and there was no central authority to prune, revise or compare estimates submitted and to coördinate expenditures, and that naturally resulted in overlappings and duplications, and some of them of a large amount."

The financial consolidation, in fact, was accomplished in October, 1918, when the fighting was practically over. Meanwhile the department had spent billions. The amount appropriated for it from the declaration of war to the time of General Lord's testimony was more than twenty-four billions. The waste that went on under the conditions which he describes may be imagined.

Pay Rolls Burdened With Needless Clerks

SOMEONE may object that it isn't fair to drag in the extraordinary experience of the war. But a war department at least might be presumed to have the contingency of a war in mind and keep itself in fit condition to deal with one. When these budget hearings were held fighting had been over practically for a year. Yet the following colloquy took place:

CONGRESSMAN TAYLOR: How can we make these executive departments pay any attention to economy and cut out duplication and discharge a large number of unnecessary war clerks and readjust their machinery in the interests of efficiency and economy? I believe the public is right in thinking that many thousands of government employees should be let out.

MR. BURKS (the witness): I think your estimate is rather low.

CONGRESSMAN TAYLOR: The people of the country think that after the war is over we ought to eliminate some of the urgency temporary employees. There is not one of those department heads that will ever cut out any appreciable number, generally speaking. . . . Congress would be economical if the departments would do their share.

MR. BURKS: I am glad to hear you say that. For the last six months I was connected with the General Staff. I will not mention the particular office because I do not think that is necessary.

CONGRESSMAN TAYLOR: No.

MR. BURKS: I saw with my own eyes, day after day, hundreds of clerks who were doing nothing.

CONGRESSMAN TAYLOR: Everybody sees that. There is one building covering some fifteen acres and three stories high and with forty-five acres of clerks in that building, and probably most of them ought to be sent home. . . . Why can we not make them do some detail economy work? We now have some twenty thousand bills before us. We have a world of things to do in Congress besides raising money and appropriating it. We ought to have some help from those outside rather than be blamed for their utter lack of system.

That colloquy, you notice, vigorously passes the buck to the executive branch of the Government. Now take another view of it. Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of War, is on the witness stand. He has been describing how, when he took office, he found our small regular Army scattered in forty-eight separate army posts all over the country. That was a monstrously wasteful and inefficient way of disposing the Army; but those posts were so much pork. Individual congressmen—and senators—were mightily interested in having an army post in their district, just as they are interested in worthless river improvements and unnecessary public buildings. Says Mr. Stimson:

"In my annual report I called attention to the fact that our Army was scattered in posts at a great cost to its efficiency and to economy, and that it was a false and vicious system. The House of Representatives passed a resolution quoting my language and asking me to specify which posts had been located in an unduly extravagant way and in an unnecessary place; and then having done that in a fit of virtue a large number of individual congressmen came running round to me and said, 'Of course, Mister Secretary, you are not going to answer that? They are just trying to play politics with you.' But I said, 'I am.' And I made a report which is on the files of Congress, pointing out which posts, in my opinion, and in the opinion of the General Staff, were unnecessary at that time, and what they cost—and that hit a great many gentlemen in my own party, who did not have much use for that particular secretary for some time; but it did not produce any change in the policy of Congress. I succeeded by executive action in abolishing, I think, four or five posts before I went out; but I could only abolish posts when Congress would give me the power to put troops somewhere else, and that was not forthcoming."

Not Organisms, But Patchworks

FURTHER examination brought out this condition: Every year the War Department in its estimates asked for appropriations to maintain those forty-eight posts, so in making the appropriations Congress was merely giving the executive branch of the Government the money it asked for. Moreover, the President as commander in chief could abandon a useless army post any time he pleased and transfer the troops and supplies somewhere else. So Congress could say: "The executive side of the Government is to blame for those useless army posts; it asks for the money to maintain them; it can abandon them any time it likes." But the executive side couldn't take the troops and supplies out of one post unless a place was provided for them somewhere else—at least on any extensive scale. To consolidate twenty posts into one would require a great enlargement of the one, which Congress would not authorize. The waste went on and each side had an alibi.

There is nothing for the public in this hoary game of passing the buck. Both sides are heavily to blame. The final fact is that both sides acted in the belief that there was more political advantage to be gained by squandering money than by saving it. They must act in the belief that political advantage is to be gained by saving money or no budget system will be worth much. That means roused and militant public opinion.

In a hundred words or so, quoted above, General Lord gave an impressionistic picture of every department at Washington. They are not organisms, but patchworks. A bureau or division has been tacked onto them from time to time—fifteen in the Treasury Department, for example. To an amazing extent these bureaus and divisions in the same department are independent of one another, and even independent for all practical purposes of the chief of the department. It came out in the testimony that different bureaus of the War Department were sending in estimates for the same supplies, intended for the same use.

"The Committee on Military Affairs," said Congressman Temple, "picked out duplications for more millions of dollars than I care to mention even two years afterward. If the thing had been known at the time it would have affected the morale of the American people. . . . It was simply suppressed."

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Roosevelt, testified that the only way the Secretary of the Navy or the Assistant Secretary of the Navy could find out anything about the workings of the department was to go to a particular bureau and make an inquiry. He thought the work of the department ought to be coördinated. Whereupon a congressman promptly interjected: "That is not the fault of Congress."

And Mr. Roosevelt answered: "It is the fault of the bureau system that has existed in the Navy Department since the year one." He went on to explain that Congress in appropriating money for the Navy made its appropriations to each of the separate bureaus, and the chief of the bureau was responsible to Congress for the expenditure of the money.

Congressman Madden remarked that the Secretary of the Navy had jurisdiction over the bureau chief.

"He has a certain amount of jurisdiction over him," the witness replied, "but through the force of custom the bureau chiefs in the Navy Department and the other departments resent, and always have resented, any curtailment of their powers, given them by Congress, to spend this money."

Congressman Garner remarked that if the chief of a bureau was not conducting that bureau to the satisfaction

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Wood is the Answer

IN STARTING this article let me propose the following conundrum: "What material is it that is most used in manufactured products, most common throughout the world, and yet is the one intimate substance least understood by mankind?" In order that there will be no undue suspense or loss of time in guessing I'll write the answer at once; here it is in one word—"wood."

Most people are quite sure they know a whole lot about lumber. Even in the big cities there are folks who can tell a peach tree from a cherry in December when the trees are without fruit or leaves. However, such individuals with this marvelous development of perception in forestry matters may safely dismiss the thought that ability to spot trees of the different species entitles them to a graduate's diploma in the science of woodcraft. I am not risking contradiction when I state that wood is purchased and used with less knowledge of its composition and strength than any other material common to our everyday life.

Handling the Big Logs in the Fir Forests on the Pacific Coast

It is difficult to tell just why the lumber business has been looked upon by the majority of people as an industry that holds no promise for the engineer and the student of research. Perhaps the wide distribution of timberlands, the low cost of entering the business, and the fact that timber can't be mixed or grown according to a chemist's formula are chiefly responsible for the idea that the lumber industry is a pursuit that is based only on principles of the most elementary character.

But the era of darkness is past. The business of producing wood is on the eve of a great technical development. The high-powered microscope is showing us the differences in the arrangement and structure of cells of the various woods. It has proved to us plainly that when a tree has been shaped into maturity largely by the sunshine and storms of a hundred years the growth of each year is quite different from that which precedes or follows. It has also taught us that the wood cells are largest in the spring growth and become smaller as the season advances. The annual rings thus formed render it easy to determine the age of most trees. Of course in the tropics, where there are no winters and the growth is constant, the annual rings do not develop.

In most trees of even youthful age there is an outer belt known as the sapwood, in which the vital fluid of the tree circulates. Within the sapwood is a cylinder of older cells known as the heartwood, which section of the tree affords strength to the growing trunk. The heartwood is usually the heaviest part, and is most resistant to decay. On the other hand, the sapwood, being more porous, will absorb preservatives better than the heartwood.

As to the strength of woods of similar construction, the common determining factor is density. The wood that weighs the most will usually sustain the largest load. The beam that is heavy and contains a large proportion of summer wood will usually prove to be stronger than the lighter timber, made up largely of spring wood. Trees are no more alike than human beings; two of the same species may show material variations in their qualities.

In no other field is there such great opportunity to select just the right grade of material to suit the purpose as there is in the purchase of wood. However, it should be borne in mind that a knowledge of wood can be acquired only by study. Most people divide all woods into two classes—hardwood and softwood. Even here at the start we find need for care, because there are certain so-called softwoods that are harder than some of the hardwoods. The hardest softwoods—longleaf pine, Douglas fir and black hemlock—are harder than basswood, buckeye willow, butternut and red cherry, all of which are classed in the hardwood group. But Douglas fir is only one-quarter as hard as honey locust; and Osage orange, the hardest of all hardwoods, is four times as hard as longleaf pine, the hardest of all softwoods.

It is easy to understand that when wood for any purpose is to be subjected to much wear, as when used in a floor, the quality of hardness is quite important. On the other hand, the hardwoods are difficult to work, and are not adapted for many purposes where the wood must be modeled into difficult shapes. If the manufacturer wants to make spokes for an automobile the chief quality he seeks is toughness, or the ability to bend without breaking. The hardwoods are usually the toughest, and Osage orange and hickory lead the list. In the matter of stiffness the softwoods make a good showing, and compared, weight for weight, they show a higher modulus of elasticity than the hardwoods. Black locust is the stiffest of all our domestic woods; it also is possessed of the greatest crushing and bending strength. Redwood is the strongest softwood in proportion to its weight; in fact, on the basis of comparative weight it is stronger than any wood of any class except black locust.

Seasoned wood of course is harder, stronger and stiffer than green wood. In small timbers the strength of the beam may be doubled by careful seasoning. In the process of drying, softwoods shrink less than the hardwoods. It is furthermore true that shrinkage is mostly across the grain, and as a consequence, in seasoning, a board loses breadth and thickness but practically nothing in length. The seasoning of hardwoods requires more care than the drying of softwoods. The former are more likely to warp and check. Almost every day in our houses and offices we are confronted by examples of the gross carelessness frequently exercised in seasoning wood before using the material in the construction of houses, furniture and office fixtures.

So much for a brief reference to the varying qualities of woods. Let me now touch on our broad sources of supply. The history of the lumber industry here in America is the story of a rapid shifting of the center of the business, first from Maine to Michigan, then to our Southern and Gulf States, and finally to the Pacific Northwest. Back in the fifteenth century, when Columbus first said "How" to the American Indians, the quantity of timber in the country amounted to something like fifty-five hundred billion feet. This original supply has been reduced to twenty-eight hundred billion feet, or approximately one-half of what we started with. The present annual natural growth of timber in this country is estimated to be about thirty billion feet. Our annual lumber cut is about thirty-five billion, and at least an equal amount goes into other timber products each year. It is plain, therefore, that we are now using about forty billion more feet of timber annually in the United States than is being grown. In other words, at the present rate of production and consumption the twenty-eight hundred billion feet of reserve timber will last us for seventy years.

Approximately one-half of all our remaining timber stand is located on the Pacific Coast, and of this supply one-half is Douglas fir, which particular wood will soon be our chief source of supply for structural material. The National Conservation Commission has estimated that we still have five hundred and fifty million acres of standing forest. Of this timbered area the Pacific Coast States possess only eighty million acres, or less than fifteen per cent of the total area; however, in this small area is thirteen hundred billion feet of standing timber, or nearly one-half of the nation's remaining supply. Nowhere on earth are there trees equal in size to the giant firs, redwoods and pines of our western coast. In all the United States there are only six hundred billion feet of hardwoods, while on the Pacific Coast alone there are six hundred and fifty billion feet of Douglas fir.

The ownership of our five hundred and fifty million acres of forest land is divided as follows: The national forests aggregate one hundred and sixty million acres; small farm woodlots, one hundred and ninety millions; and large private holdings, two hundred millions. It is stated, however, that seventy-five per cent of the merchantable standing timber of the country is in the hands of the large private holders. The present outlook seems to indicate that the timber supply of the future will be owned and controlled by the states and the Government. Practically all our present production is coming from the acres that are privately owned, and very little of this worked-over land is being reforested as cutting progresses. Few individuals or companies can afford to engage in timber growing on a large scale, due to the low interest rate and many hazards involved in such a long-time investment.

As to the size of the lumber industry, it is estimated that more than one million workers are engaged in the business of producing lumber or manufacturing wood products. There are forty-eight thousand sawmills in the United States, which produce forty-five billion board feet of lumber. Virginia leads in the number of mills, having more

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Each suit and overcoat is guaranteed and sold at a standard *known* price printed on the sleeve ticket.

Save where the saving's real. Buy Styleplus.

Sold by one leading clothing merchant in most cities and towns. Write for name of local dealer.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

The big name in clothes

Styleplus Clothes

Trade Mark Reg.

$40-$45-$50-$55

And a limited assortment at $35

(Continued from Page 34)

than thirty-five hundred, but Washington with less than twelve hundred sawmills produces nearly twice the board feet that are cut in Virginia. As to the enormous extent of wood consumption in other lines than lumber and firewood, only a few figures are necessary to convey the true situation. We use annually more than ten billion shingles, four hundred million barrel hoops, one hundred and forty million crossties, one hundred and sixty-five million cubic feet of mine timbers, three million cords of pulpwood, and one and a quarter million cords of wood for distillation. Wood alcohol is made from birch, beech and maple; turpentine comes from tapping the longleaf-pine trees; and tannin is obtained from hemlock, oak and chestnut.

The lumber industry, being so broad in scope, has been one business that has proved difficult to organize into any kind of combination having unity of thought and purpose. Many smaller industries promoting the use of wood substitutes have been able to launch attacks that have cast doubt on the wisdom of using wood for many purposes. Only of late years have the lumber people commenced a counter offensive. As a result of this awakening by the lumber people to the necessity of protecting their markets, it is certain that wood will come into use for those purposes to which it is best adapted, and will be eliminated from manufacture into many articles for which other materials are better suited.

We have also reached a stage in technical development where the scientific treatment of many materials wholly changes the nature of the original substance. No longer do we construct wooden sidewalks; but on the other hand we can produce specially treated blocks that make a splendid street-paving material. In many localities the building restrictions prohibit shingle roofs, and this has proved to be a hard blow to the lumber people. But investigation proved to the latter that the fault was largely their own, for through careless methods shingles had been so cut that many of them curled up, and this increased the fire hazard of the shingle roof threefold. Present shingles produced in many plants are guaranteed to lie flat. In addition, many grades of shingles are now treated to make them fire-resistant.

Let us not be too quick to belittle or cast aside our good friend from the mighty forest. I don't want to ride all night in a wooden sleeping car on the railroad if I can get a berth in a steel one. Neither do I want to use a wooden box for shipping goods if I can get a lighter one of fiber that will do as well. There are a lot of uses where I object to wood. But I am not forgetting some of my friend's virtues. For its weight wood is one of the strongest materials we can get. A rod of hickory surpasses in strength a bar of steel of the same weight and length. I like permanency, but I am not blind to the fact that wooden buildings can be altered or moved more easily and cheaply than structures built of any other material. Maybe I'm prejudiced, but I'm not yet prepared to concede that any other material can equal wood for decorative purposes or make the house look as homy. Also wood is a nonconductor of heat and electricity, and when I'm walking in the park I pass the stone and iron bench every time for the wooden seat.

In the matter of easy inflammability, the lumber people who earnestly advocate the use of wood in building construction have many unhappy moments in their controversies with the brick, tile and steel interests. But let no one think that those who champion the use of timber are without arguments to support their case.

I asked C. J. Hogue, one of the leading authorities on timber, for his opinion, and received this reply: "Wood burns, but much less easily and with much less damage than is commonly thought. Wood in small sections or on sharp edges is easily inflammable; that is why edges of beams or columns should be chamfered. Wood in masses and large areas is, on the other hand, very resistant to combustion. Steel and concrete are incombustible, but they certainly are not fireproof; at best they are only fire-resistant, and to prevent fire damage they should both be insulated. Unprotected steel becomes plastic at a temperature about two-thirds that of the average fire; cast iron is more resistant, but becomes plastic at about the usual conflagration temperature. Cement begins to dehydrate at not more than one-half the temperature of the average fire, while concrete dehydrates about as fast as wood chars, and at practically the same temperature."

Mr. Hogue told me of the work that is being done to make wood more fire-resistive, but it is his belief that fire prevention and fire control are more important than fire resistance. There can be no effect if there is no cause. Realizing the futility, however, of trying to prevent fires entirely, the lumber people are working on new plans, which include several schemes for reënforcing and rendering the vulnerable parts of buildings more fire-resistant. Cement on metal lath is helping to solve the fire problem in wood houses by insulating the more inflammable wood.

All of which cultivates the belief that the great lumber industry of the United States is at least striving intelligently for that degree of general recognition to which such an immense business is properly entitled. The splendid research work of the Forest Products Laboratory of the United States Forest Service has done much to place the entire industry on a sound scientific basis. This means that more and better preventive treatment will be given to the woods we use.

Practice has shown that full-pressure treatment with creosote doubles the cost but trebles the life of timber. The resistance of creosote to decay is toxic; to insects it is due to the taste.

No one can deny that in the matter of a correct forestry policy this nation is sadly negligent. As in most conservation matters of this kind, the countries of Europe are far ahead of us. Norway, Denmark and Sweden have more timber than they had a hundred years ago. There is no reason why an equally efficient practice of reforesting should not now prevail here. If something is not done before long to replenish our forest reserves the recent rise of about sixty-seven per cent in lumber prices will have a sequel even more painful.

If the Federal Government does not awaken to action it certainly behooves the big lumber states themselves to look more wisely to their own future. A hundred years is but a short span as time now travels. Out in Washington and Oregon the lumber and woodworking industries give employment to sixty per cent of the population. In 1918 these two states produced more than seven billion feet of timber; and of course there's a bottom to the deepest bag when all comes out and nothing goes in. What is to be the heritage of the grandchildren of the present American citizens on our northern Pacific Coast?

It has been pointed out to me that the grand old trees of Washington and Oregon, if cut into lumber and loaded thirty thousand board feet to a car, would require two hundred and fifty million cars to haul the lumber away. I concede that such a fact gives me a feeling of puffed-up pride in this evidence of our nation's amazing timber resources. However, I am forced to curb my enthusiasm when I reflect that seventy-five years are required to grow a fir tree sixteen inches in diameter under the most favorable conditions that prevail on our Pacific Coast. Some of the big firs we are now cutting are two hundred and fifty feet in height, nine feet in diameter, and twelve to fifteen hundred years old.

Many of these mature trees will alone produce five to ten thousand feet of lumber. What a hopeless job it is going to be to replace them.

Perhaps science will find a way to speed the growth of our forests. But whether so or not, it looks as though we have reached a point in our lumber spree when it's time to sign a pledge and seek forgiveness at the altar of national conservation.

Sight Saving in Business Hours

NEARLY every manager at the present time is confronted by never-ceasing demands for increased wages. The common procedure has been for the manager first to object, then to concede the advance, and immediately to add the increase in cost to the price of his product, thus requiring the public to pay the additional manufacturing charges. Somehow or other few companies appear to recognize that wage increases can be offset by reduced operating charges due to improved methods as well as by boosting the prices on finished articles. This neglect to make science and skill pay the freight is one reason why we have been traveling in a circle in our business life this last year.

I have already called attention to the possibilities of increasing output through better lighting, but new facts that have come to hand cause me to try to add additional force to my previous arguments advocating a closer investigation of the lighting problem. One company in Massachusetts reports an increase of eleven per cent in production due to the installation of a new and modern system of illumination in all its mills. It is also difficult to dispute the figures which show that industrial accidents largely increase in number during December and January, the months of minimum daylight. In many plants the illumination is so arranged that strong light is directed to the cutting points of tools and to the tops of workbenches while all round the operative a semidarkness prevails. Such illumination blinds the workman because of the sudden transitions of vision, and causes him much physical discomfort. Excessive light on spots causes eye strain and poor vision of surrounding areas, with resultant accident.

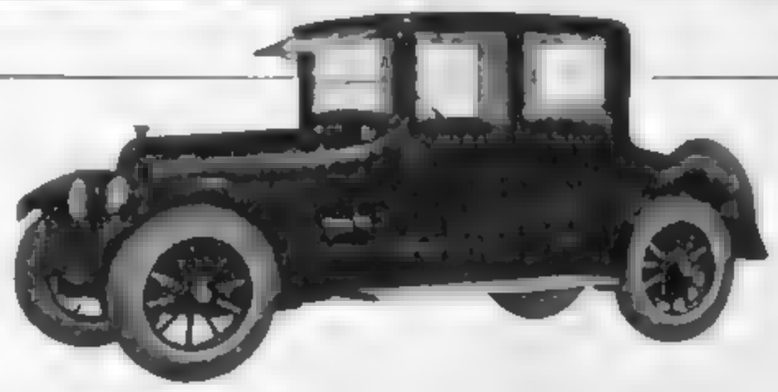
Proper Illumination Can be Made to Produce a Daylight Effect for Night Work in Industrial Plants

Most people fail to realize that it is just about as bad to half lose both eyes as to lose one eye outright. Authorities tell us that in the majority of cases the need of glasses is caused by the kind of light we use to work under. There is no better light tester than the human eye, and when we get a signal in the form of pain it is safe to assume that the artificial light surrounding us is deficient in quality or volume. As to the cost of proper lighting, it is easy to figure out just how much time a workman will have to lose to equal the cost of all the light he could possibly use all day. Such an investigation will bring out the surprising fact that a loss of about three minutes on the part of an individual worker will more than cover any additional cost that a company would be likely to spend for perfect illumination.

Daylight, even when more intense than artificial illumination, is the easiest of all lights on the eyes. The reason for this is that daylight reaches us in a high state of

(Concluded on Page 69)

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD



Isn't it perfectly natural for American women who are Cadillac owners to speak of the car with a satisfaction they do not even seek to conceal?

Which one of us does not prefer the possession of things which are *known* to be superlatively good?

The social desirability of the Cadillac has always been recognized by thoughtful American women.

But that desirability was made keener than ever by the laurels it won in army service in France.

For that, we have to thank the ardent and enthusiastic officers and men who are still telling eloquent tales of the pride they felt in Cadillac performance in the eyes of all Europe.

It is the standard seven passenger car of the American Army—and that mark of distinguished endorsement gives it added value in the eyes of American women.

It is good to know that you own the most perfect piece of motor mechanism your country produces.

But it is better still to know that its fame is as great in the old world as in the new.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH

CADILLAC

"STANDARD OF THE WORLD"

C A D I L L A C

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Work

WORK is an acquired habit. It isn't natural. When men say they enjoy work they mean to confess that they are creatures of habit, and having of necessity acquired the habit of working find a sort of pleasure in following a rut.

If we could, all of us would play through half a lifetime and sit round and grow fat in the other half.

A merciful God did much for man, but conferred no greater blessing than the hard necessity that makes man sweat. Work doeth good like a medicine. It opens the pores of the skin, develops muscle and keeps the stomach in working order. Moreover, it prolongs life by giving us less time to interfere in the affairs of our neighbors.

The best work is done by the man who must choose between doing good work and going hungry and the man who has everything except fame and values fame more than everything.

There is no record of a folly done by Adam after he learned to plow.

Frogs

YOU can't estimate the number of frogs in a pond by the noise they make in the gloaming. In the evening the world pauses in its labors to sigh and draw a deep breath. The very winds are still. And in the prevailing quiet the clamor of the frogs attracts an attention it does not deserve. One listens and wonders if the world is peopled with frogs. The frogs have no doubt in the matter. Because the world is quiet and their noise is without competition they have a conviction that they are the controlling influence in the world's affairs.

Our misguided friends, the radicals, are making a deal of noise. They hold the center of the stage. Their activities inspire headlines because they conflict with the peace and order of the land—and conflict is news. There is more news value in one bomb than in a thousand factories roaring about their peaceful business.

Let us not overestimate the radical. He is noisy, spectacular and troublesome, but he is not a majority.

Servants

SINCE the beginning of liberty among men there has been a servant problem. The problem is to find people with little enough pride to be content in a lower social caste and yet possessed of sufficient intelligence to do homely tasks well.

All intelligent men who work, whether with their hands or their heads, find a source of pride in the fact that they are servants of humanity. To be a servant of humanity spells dignity. This is the true nobility.

But between the servant of humanity and the servant of a household is a great gulf. The one is counted superior because of his task. The other is counted inferior because of a task no less necessary. Very few people are entitled to servants.

The inventor, the physician, the statesman, the builder, the director of great enterprises—these are of value to humanity. It is an economic crime to waste their precious hours in tasks that may be handled as well by a lower order of skill and a lower degree of intelligence. No doubt a president could chop his own kindling, but his energy is needed for more important things. The importance of a man in the scheme of the universe is measured by the number of men who could fill his shoes. If any other man could do what he is doing he is of little significance. Let him mow his own lawn and clean his own car. But if no other man has the strength and skill to render equal service in his stead, then let the world wait upon him while he labors.

As a president is conscious of greatness because he serves a great people, so does the household servant get dignity from the standing of the personage he serves. Those who are worth serving have little difficulty in finding servants.

The servant problem is the problem of those who have no greater right to service than the fact that they have the money to pay for it. Male and female, they are often useless members of society—polite leeches, scented, petted, ornamental. They produce nothing except arguments for Bolshevism.

What right have they to buy the time of one who might be employed at the business of useful production? If they have the right to remain useless, surely they have not the further right to bribe others to share the vice.

Let the manicured loafer do his own household chores. He will find it better exercise than golf and more respectable than afternoon teas. Let the woman wash her own dishes, sweep her own floors, polish her own shoes. She will have less need of nerve specialists.

There are good servants enough and to spare for those who are of greater worth than servants. Those who are of less worth deserve no consideration. Let them discuss the servant problem. They need something to occupy their idle minds anyway.

Love

LOVE is the instinct of mating idealized by poetry. It softens the scream of the jungle cat, justifies the elk's pride in his antlers and adds a thrill to the commonplace existence of the garden toad.

Men fight and die for love of women, but nobler animals had followed a similar practice centuries before man learned to express his love without a club. As fear is a passion for self-preservation, so love is a blind passion for the preservation of a species.

The youth finds a maiden worthy of his approval. Approval inspires the desire to possess. The desire is wholly selfish, else it would not be love. He does not ask himself whether the maiden's life will be happier in his care or that of another. What matter? She is his selected prize. Let worlds crash and matter be destroyed—he will have her.

Love ranges far afield. We cannot see the wonders at our doorstep. We go away from home to be impressed. The sky above our back yard is commonplace; an ocean voyage brings us under a sky as like it as one dewdrop to another and we drip inadequate adjectives in its praise.

Thus have we alliances, explorers, knights gone adventuring and a world of polyglot races. The wallflower in one town becomes the belle in another and the visiting maiden has a wealth of escorts. Love is most ardent when it knows least. Mystery is love's handmaiden. Knowledge breeds friendship.

A young lady of my acquaintance once asked me if she should marry a youth of whom her parents did not approve.

"My dear child," I replied, "if you cannot tell chickens from ducks, throw them into the water. The ducks will swim. If you do not love him enough to marry him without the approval of anybody you do not love him well enough to marry him in any case."

Love laughs at locksmiths. It also laughs at landlords, economists, arithmetic, eugenics and common sense. If it stops to count the cost it isn't love.

Success

THE most successful man I ever knew died without enough money to pay his funeral expenses. The newspapers mentioned the fact of his death, but omitted adjectives. This man had lived without acquaintance with vice. He had worked hard, paid his debts, taught his family to enjoy living and taught his children to work. His burdens were pleasures. He did not know how to complain. He had the respect of everybody in his community—including a few enemies.

Doubtless many men have played the game as well.

Why do we call men of this type failures? In what particular have they failed? We do not say that a physician has failed because he has written no poetry or that a banker has failed because he cannot shoe a horse. We cannot measure the degree of a man's success until we learn where his goal lies.

The popular understanding of success is the getting of money or fame. It might almost be said that the popular understanding of success is the getting of money, for there is little respect for a fame that cannot be used as a means of acquiring money. Fame is advertising, and advertising may be cashed at the paying teller's window.

The man who acquires great wealth is successful in that particular. If wealth was his goal he deserves credit. But if he had no other goal and accomplished nothing more he did not make successful use of his brains.

If mere getting is success, why deny honor to the safe cracker?

Is a man a success if he gets money by methods that lose him the respect of his fellows and give him no pleasure in his own society? Is he a success if he gets money and raises daughters to be fools and sons to be loafers?

The test of life is living. The test of worth is service. He who serves himself and no other is a failure, though death release his grasp on the ransom of an empire. He who finds life bitter is a failure, though multitudes cheer him on the street. The king who rules an unhappy and maltreated people is a failure. The carpenter who hangs a door well is a success. There is more honor in using one talent well than in abusing the possession of ten.

To keep clean, to do good work, to earn friends, to be happy and bestow happiness, to develop opportunity, to serve where possible and learn not to whine—this is success. There is no greater. There is no other.

Superiority

SELF-RESPECT is always relative. Conceit is not occasioned by contemplation of one's own virtues and accomplishments, but by comparison with one's fellows who have less virtue and have accomplished less. Princes strut before the proletariat, but bow and scrape before the king.

Among primitive peoples physical prowess is the measure of worth. Where brains are few, all honor is given the biceps. He who can strike the heaviest blow or wield the most dangerous spear earns the right to draw away from his fellows and hedge himself about with an aura of dignity. By the only standards known and accepted among his fellows he is a superior being. The fact that he is primitive does not prevent his making the most of the situation.

A little higher in the scale of civilization are peoples who provide a second standard by which to measure superiority. The biceps is not without honor among them, but first place is given to possessions. A string of sharks' teeth establishes the height of social caste and a milch goat and a brass nose ring create a nobility.

The reigning dame of the social elect would suffer a stroke if her female brat should marry beneath the level of three strings of glass beads. I do not know, but I can well believe that those among them who can afford particularly hideous tattoo decoration find their keenest pleasure in chatter concerning the common people and the lower classes.

This worship of possessions has followed us to our higher level of civilization. Our aristocracy is what it has. Possession is nine points of nobility.

When on parade we assert that wealth is vulgar. This is but an unwillingness to confess the true basis of our superiority. We enjoy the make-belief that God formed us of his choicest material and that our wealth is either an incident or a reasonable tribute to our excellence.

Society's doors do not open to the generation that acquires wealth. The coating of aristocracy is too fresh. Calloused hands point too plainly to the skeletons in fashionable closets. The generation of getters must be conveniently dead before doors open to the generation of spenders.

There is a superiority of intellect and a kindred superiority based on the acquisition of miscellaneous knowledge and these have their season of strutting when there are fools and the unlettered for an audience. Yet in their hearts they envy the vulgarity of the millionaire and glow with pride at the casual nod of a princeling. Genius would ever exchange its birthright for a robe of nobility or the gold to buy the robe.

If there are superior beings I think they must be those who are without moral blemish. Yet if such exist they are not conscious of superiority, for consciousness of superiority must be by comparison with an inferior who is the sport of chance and misfortune, and is in itself immoral.

Another explanation is that people who kick the most about the high cost of living are wearing better clothes than they ever wore before.

A reversible propeller for aëroplanes has been manufactured. Our air service goes backward without it.

The public isn't entirely helpless. It can go on a hunger strike.

We know what labor desires and we know what capital desires, but unfortunately an apple has only two halves.

Give us men—men of short vision who can recognize a crisis somewhere within a three-thousand-mile radius.

Spare the rod and spoil the Red.

Those who fear we are in danger of developing the mind of the race at the expense of its body may calm their troubled spirits by comparing the earnings of a longshoreman and a college professor.

The theory is that mild reservations will cause only mild wars.

The Washington conference has taught us one thing. It has taught us what to expect in the League assembly.

Labor has always had the right to select its own representatives in Congress.

Ethics: The restraining force that persuades us not to pull anything unless there is a reasonable chance to get away with it.

When charity begins at home it usually stays there.

The government of Lloyd George just totters from one victory to another.

And then the shortage of sugar may be due to universal experimentation in home fermenting.

l'opéra

PATHÉ Opera Records include the choicest numbers from a hundred of the great operas.

The artists who sing these are artists famous in two hemispheres.

The genius and prestige of Pathé have attracted artists of note from every opera house in Europe and the Americas.

The result is an operatic repertoire of wonderful completeness and supreme musical worth: Lucien Muratore, Claudia Muzio, Tito Schipa, Yvonne Gall—these are artists on whom New York has set the unqualified seal of high approval. Paris, London and the famous La Scala—the cradle of Italian opera—all have contributed.

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EUGENE A. WIDMANN, *President*
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All of the distinguishing characteristics of the original are retained in the Liberty which will be displayed to you at the Automobile Shows.

The car is best described, perhaps, as a development and an unfolding of the basic beauty which is inherent in Liberty design.

You are given a freshened appreciation of the grace and symmetry of Liberty lines, and of the harmony which characterizes the car in its entirety.

In the same way, and to the same degree, the Liberty has improved upon itself in details of comfort and convenience.

That the engineering practice and the performance qualities have been refined and smoothed, goes without saying. You will instantly recognize that the well known difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives is more delightfully marked than ever.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

TODD'S PLUNGE

By CHARLES MAGEE ADAMS

Against All This Todd Had Only a Pitifully Insignificant Three Thousand Dollars a Year to Offer Her

ALLEN TODD looked again. This time he scrutinized the big pink check spread on the plate-glass top of his desk line by line with slow incredulous care. But the amazement which had already widened his direct gray eyes became only the more overwhelming.

"Why—why this can't be mine, Mr. Winston!" he exclaimed blankly.

Winston, seated opposite, nodded with exact precision. Joseph T. Winston did everything with exact precision.

"Yes, Mr. Todd, it can," he replied, a smile flickering in light-blue eyes that appraised what they came upon with such canny accuracy.

Todd looked again dazedly at the crisp pink rectangle.

"No, there must be some mistake," he said, and pushed the check back across the glass with awed care. "Why, it's for a million dollars!"

Winston looked at him through shell-rimmed glasses.

"Don't you prefer to have your million now?" he inquired.

"My million?"

Winston nodded precisely.

"You will earn a minimum total of one million nine hundred thirty-five thousand during the remainder of your useful life," he stated as if announcing the reading of a slide rule. "But do you prefer to have a million of that now or wait to accumulate it?"

Todd simply stared. Not only had Joseph T. Winston, the dismayingly unpretentious man who manipulated interlocking directorates and intangible assets with such cool accuracy, come into his neat little office at ten o'clock of that clear June morning and calmly produced a check for a million dollars drawn to his order, but followed that with this astounding question. Yet even as Todd stared into the appraising blue eyes across the desk a light began to dawn faintly in his own.

Winston smiled.

"You are doubtless surprised, Mr. Todd, and justly so," he said kindly. "For you are being offered perhaps the first proposal of what may be called income insurance."

Still Todd stared.

"Perhaps I can better call it an installment competence," Winston went on in slow, exact tones. "Greer, the man who drives my car, wanted a mechanical piano. The price was six hundred dollars. Three years would be required for him to save that amount. Yet he bought the instrument last week by simply paying one hundred and twenty dollars and promising to pay twenty dollars a month for the next two years." He leaned forward. "You want a competence."

Again Todd's eyes lighted faintly.

"You want to have sufficient money to make you independent, regardless of what happens," Winston went on. "Everyone wants the same thing. It is a desire as universal as self-preservation itself. By the time you are fifty-one you should have a million. But if you sign this you can have your million now."

He produced a folded sheet of paper from his pocket and spread it on the desk. Todd reached for it jerkily.

"You will buy this million much as Greer bought his piano," Winston proceeded. "It will be yours without restriction, to spend and invest as you choose. The installments you will pay in exchange for it will be the remainder of your life earnings."

Todd looked up confusedly from the paper.

"But I thought you said I would earn almost two million," he protested.

Winston nodded.

"One million nine hundred thirty-five thousand. The remaining nine hundred thirty-five thousand is what makes it possible for us to make you this unusual offer. We are not sentimental philanthropists. Neither are we merely betting you a million dollars that you will earn a million nine hundred thirty-five thousand before you die. We have studied the heredity, environment and performance of thousands of men simply for the purpose of accurately forecasting future performance from known facts."

He drew a thin packet of filing cards from his inside pocket.

"For example, of you we know that your paternal great-grandfather landed at Philadelphia from Scotland in 1801 with $242.66; that your maternal grandmother won ten consecutive prizes for cake baking at an Indiana county fair; that your father cleared $1628.78 in a transaction in Michigan timberland eleven days before his marriage; that your average grade at your university was 87.93 per cent; and that you saved $1147.20 last year. By giving all these facts their proper significance we can accurately forecast that you will earn one million nine hundred thirty-five thousand dollars during the remainder of your useful life. It is simply the latest development in the scientific study of men."

He stacked the cards and returned them to his pocket.

"Of course this will prove a profitable investment to us. That is why we can offer you such an unusual proposal. But"—he leaned forward with increasing emphasis—"what should prove attractive to you is the fact that we will be making your income secure." He accented his words with quick taps of plump finger tips on the glass. "The hard thing about life is its uncertainty. We work faithfully year after year, making our plans for the future, only to have everything swept away by some reverse for which we may not be responsible. You want a competence. But at your present rate of saving you will not reach your goal until you are fifty-one. It would have taken Greer three years to save the price of his mechanical piano, but he is enjoying it now just as you can be enjoying your competence."

Before the calm precision of the banker's explanation Todd's amazement was gradually passing. Not only had his manner lost its blankness but the light beginning to appear faintly in his eyes had brightened into a steady glow.

"This is an unusual contract, to say the least, Mr. Winston," he remarked as the banker finished his proposal's outline.

Winston nodded.

"Yes," he agreed. "And that is the reason we do not want you to make a rush decision on it. In fact we have stipulated that we will not consider a reply until after August first, for the express purpose of giving you two full months in which to view the matter in every possible light. It is a contract which will result in tremendous advantages for you, we believe. But it is no contract to be rushed into lightly, for it is for life and carries with it profound effects on you and your family."

Todd flushed.

"Then you know that I am engaged?"

"Yes, to Miss Elsie Glendon, on April twenty-seventh. You met her at Camp Lee two years ago on January eighth."

Todd frowned and then smiled.

"You seem to know everything about me," he replied. "But I suppose you need to."

Winston nodded.

"Naturally."

"But suppose," Todd suggested, "I don't earn what you expect?"

"We take that chance," Winston answered. "But we have reduced it to the least possible trace of failure." He tapped the plate glass emphatically. "Remember we are not making this offer to every young man. Everyone is not a fit subject, so we ask you not to mention the matter to anyone." He picked up the pink check, folded it, and slid it into a black-leather wallet. "I will leave this copy of the contract for you to read over while you are considering it."

He rose and buttoned his loose coat preparatory to leaving.

"I don't know how to thank you for this offer, Mr. Winston," Todd said as he too rose. "It's been such a big surprise I still can't realize what it means. You'll hear from me after the first of August." And he crossed the room to the ground-glass door.

"I'm glad to make you the offer," Winston smiled as he shook hands. "But think it over carefully," he admonished before he disappeared down the corridor.

Todd did not turn back to the desk with its neatly arranged piles of papers. Instead, though every corner of the orderly little room was bright with June sunshine, he crossed to the wide window looking out on the busy street fourteen floors below and read over the contract three times in the full glare from without. Once he read it slowly, brows furrowed in painstaking concentration. Then twice more slowly but with features relaxed in glad satisfaction as if he were rolling every morsel of its meaning under his tongue. And he had full cause, for the lines on

this sheet of heavy white paper offered him release from fear—not the fear of poverty, not even the fear of fear itself, but the fear of risk.

Always this had lurked just behind him, restraining and warping his every act with its threat. As an eager brown-skinned boy he could never stand poised on an outjutting tree and dive headlong into a quiet pool of strange water. It was not that he lacked courage or strength. Once he plunged unhesitatingly into water which swirled about huge bruising bowlders, and brought out a helpless companion. In races and diving contests he was the equal of his fellows. It was simply that he could not take a chance.

During one dive into unknown water the most daring swimmer would encounter a treacherous bottom, he knew. A hundred—two hundred times the reckless plunge might be made in safety. But the next time the swimmer might come up with a bleeding head or a broken arm, and it was the fear that in this time he would not be able to avoid the jagged rock or the tearing snag that held him on shore.

For this reason he came to shun responsibility. Responsibility meant taking chances. It meant decisions to be made, directions to be issued—all plunges into unknown water. True, the men who bore its burdens received greater reward—if they made the right decisions. But if not—and always the fear just behind him enlarged this possibility to insurmountable proportions.

At his university he could have been quarterback on the varsity, but he remained at half on the scrubs. In the Army he could have been commissioned a captain, but he remained a first-class private—simply because he doubted his own ability to choose the right play or give the right order when a game or a position was at stake.

So the morning of June first found him at twenty-seven occupying an altogether respectable position as designer on the electrical engineering staff of the Glendon Construction Company, but one quite without final responsibility. He had ability. The deft movements of his tall lean body, the clear directness of his gray eyes, the clean strength of his chin and the warm grip of his big hands gave a vivid impression of latent power. But he was not sure of himself. Somehow his body did not possess buoyancy. His eyes were not quite unflinching. His chin lacked purposeful compactness, his grip tenacity. He seemed always waiting uncertainly for someone else to approve his every move, as if he were not quite willing to trust his own judgment unless buttressed by that of another to whom he could turn for support.

He did his work faithfully and on his return from overseas he was offered a position as engineer in the field forces of the company. But fear held him back. Time after time he had seen engineers go out of the home office, keen-eyed, alert, fairly tingling with their challenge to the risks which faced them, only to come back haggard, wan and beaten. And seeing them lose with all their strength and confidence, he clung to his desk where the chances were fewest.

Meanwhile he had met Elsie Glendon and come to know the great gladness of love. But he resented the intimation that Glendon showed him any preference because of Elsie. There was a sturdy, primitive independence in him which made him take instant offense at even a jest in this direction, for he knew what he had had been earned honestly without the assistance of favoritism. So since his engagement to Elsie the brightness of this happiness had been dimmed more and more by a new shadow.

His parents had died without leaving him anything worth the name of estate in the sense of Henry C. Glendon's. The Glendon Construction Company with its far-spread organization represented only the most important of his investments, and as the only child Elsie would fall heir to the whole. Against all this Todd had only his earnings, a pitifully insignificant three thousand dollars a year, to offer her. Elsie ignored the matter and her father was equally kind. But since his marriage had become a certainty Todd had become more and more humiliated at the prospect of being a financial satellite to his father-in-law. He might have increased his earnings. Positions with far larger incomes were open. But they carried a bulking load of responsibility and before this he shrank. And so he had become more uneasy and more unhappy until this morning.

But now this sheet of paper he held in his hands freed him from all his fears and difficulties. The big pink check with its six fat ciphers headed by a prim one would be his, and with it he could face Glendon as man to man. He could laugh at responsibility. Chance would mean nothing. If he lost there would always be this to turn to. He read the contract again, eyes softened and features relaxed in a great peace. Would he sign? The only mistake Winston had made was in thinking that two months would be required for him to make up his mind. His telephone buzzed. Still holding the contract in his hand, he crossed the room to the desk and picked up the receiver.

"Todd speaking," he called into the transmitter.

"Hello there, Allen!" It was Glendon's voice, genial and hearty in the receiver. "Can you run over to my office for a few minutes? I want to talk to you."

Todd was surprised. Glendon had never before called him during business hours. But Glendon was the owner, and also Elsie's father.

"Certainly, sir," he replied, and slipping the contract into his pocket he went immediately.

Henry C. Glendon was a man whom the passing years had merely vitalized with an increasing forcefulness. His thick hair had turned iron gray. But his keen blue eyes sparkled, and every movement of his tall, erect figure carried a snap which few young men could match. Yet as Todd swung back the door and stepped inside his big bright office he had apparently relaxed, leaning back comfortably in his big swivel chair, a box of cigars open on the desk before him.

"Your punctuality is rewarded, Allen, my boy," he cried gayly as Todd entered, and he held out a box of cigars.

Todd was somewhat nonplused. In the big comfortable house where Elsie lived with her father he was accustomed to this geniality, but only on the rarest occasions did the chief smoke save at home. However, he accepted one of the cigars, lighted it and seated himself with a sincere "Thank you, sir."

Glendon continued to regard him with unabating good humor.

"How are you anyhow this morning, my boy?" he demanded cheerfully.

"Fine, sir."

Todd was not yet quite accustomed to this departure from their strictly business-office relationship, but Glendon's mood was contagious.

"Tired? Want a change of air and scenery?" he suggested.

Todd matched his smile.

"Want to fire me?"

Glendon chuckled.

"No," he replied; "just want to send you out on the two-forty-five train to Seaton and let you take charge there."

Todd's eyebrows went up.

"Seaton?"

Glendon nodded.

"Seaton," he affirmed. "Just got a wire this morning from Taylor. He's sick. We've got to send somebody to finish in his place. There's only about two more months. The job's to be done by July twenty-fifth, you know, and I thought it would just be a nice little thing for you—change from the grind here, interesting country and all that. You're familiar with the lay of the work."

Todd was. Like every other available man in the home office he had worked nights and Saturday afternoons to rush through their share of this job, for it was a characteristically Glendon project, a contract to erect an electric-power plant complete with all its auxiliary system in record time. He laughed a little uncertainly.

"Yes, but you'd be recalling me in about a week. I've never had a day's experience in charge of construction."

Glendon dismissed the objection with a wave of his cigar.

"What's the difference?" he retorted, smiling. "All that's left is the finishing up. You can do that without turning a hair. It'll do you good to get away from things round here for a while."

Todd gazed at him in momentary indecision. Two days before, even two hours before, he would have been terrified at what lay behind this proposal—risk, responsibility, everything he had been avoiding so fearfully. But now with the crisp folded contract nestling in his pocket he experienced only surprise at the suddenness of the offer.

"If you really want me to go out and try it I'll see what I can do," he ventured.

Glendon beamed.

"Fine!" He pulled out his watch. "Whew!" he ejaculated as he caught sight of the dial. "It's ten minutes after eleven. If you're going to catch that two-forty-five you'll have to be hurrying. I'd like to talk to you longer, but you'd better go over and see Mac. He can give you the details about this Seaton job as far as we're concerned with them here. For the most part, though, you'll have complete charge right on the ground."

He rose and held out his hand and Todd followed his example.

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," the younger man said as the long firm fingers of the other closed on his.

"Sh-sh-h-h!" Glendon silenced him. "Forget about that. You deserve it. Good luck and a good time, Allen, my boy, and let me hear from you often—and not through Elsie either," he added roguishly.

Todd flushed.

"I will, sir," he promised. "Thank you again." And he went out, leaving Glendon still smiling in his pleasantly personal way.

Officially John I. MacDermit was superintendent of the Glendon Construction Company. Actually he occupied one of those peculiarly vital but unclassified positions as part watchman, part organizer and complete master of ten thousand tangled details. If another lineman was needed on a job across the continent Mac knew where one was to be had. If a shipment of insulators was lost in transit Mac could locate it. If anyone in the entire organization made a mistake, even Henry C. Glendon himself, Mac could be depended upon to detect it—and, further, to point it out in a fashion which would be remembered.

Todd found him as usual, his short spare figure stiffly erect at his huge desk, an unlighted stogy clamped between his teeth, coatless and with shirt sleeves drawn tightly back from big bony hands by means of bright pink elastics. As the younger man entered he looked up with piercing black eyes, critically sharp and never overawed.

"Good morning, Mr. MacDermit," Todd smiled.

"Good morning," the superintendent returned briefly, and continued the searching look which might presage anything from a sarcastic comment regarding a necktie to a curt exposure of an error in his work, but always something biting and something adverse. Normally Todd never encountered this look without an uneasy feeling. But this morning, clothed in the quiet security of the contract in his pocket, he returned it calmly.

"Mr. Glendon sent me in to see you about the details of the work at Seaton," he said with respectful directness. "He's sending me out to take charge."

MacDermit continued to eye him disapprovingly.

"Yes," he retorted, "he told me." Then with a wry quirk of his thin lips: "Nice to have a prospective father-in-law for a boss, isn't it?"

Todd flushed.

"I'm sure I don't ——"

"Oh, of course you don't," the superintendent snapped. "But anybody with half an eye can see why Glendon's sending you out on a job that was too much for a man like Taylor." He swung round and jerked out a folder bulging with papers. "What do you want to know?"

Todd was crimson with resentment kindled instantly by the intimation of Glendon's partiality. He was on the point of uttering a heated retort when the steadying thought of the contract in his pocket checked him. Let MacDermit think what he pleased. Let everyone think what he pleased. With this million he would be absolutely independent of Glendon.

"Anything you think is important, Mr. MacDermit," he replied with dignity.

But the sarcastic query of the unconstrained little superintendent stuck with vaguely annoying persistence.

Seaton was one of those smaller Middle Western cities whose normal industrial development was being resumed rapidly following the war. Its various manufacturing establishments, together with those at Darby, its neighboring city thirty miles away, were requiring a steadily increasing quantity of electric power, and to meet this new demand the Seaton Electric Company, which also owned the plant supplying Darby, had arranged for the construction of a large new plant at Seaton which would be capable of supplying both cities.

Todd knew all this. But during his twenty-hour train ride the thing to which his thoughts turned constantly was the contract Winston had given him. In the hurry of departure he had taken time to buy a stiff leather case into which it could be put without wrinkling. During the day he carried this in his pocket, and at night in the privacy of his berth he took out the sheet of stiff white paper and read over the typewritten lines with slow, deliberate satisfaction. It gave him a soothing sense of security, an assurance from whose shelter he could look out calmly into what lay before him. Risks he could disregard. What difference if he did make a mistake? His income would be unaffected and this income would be ample. He would cheerfully turn over all his earnings to Winston, whatever they might be, in return for this new-found peace.

So it was with a quiet calmness that he alighted from his train at Seaton shortly before noon the next day and walked down the platform in search of a small touring car marked "The Glendon Construction Company," which was to meet him. The car was there with a man waiting beside it—a big, bulky-shouldered, light-haired man in dusty nondescript trousers, flannel shirt and slouch hat, who looked expectantly at the stream of arriving passengers flowing past him. As Todd turned aside he stepped forward, a relieved smile dispelling sagging lines about his eyes and mouth.

"Mr. Todd?" he inquired hopefully.

Todd nodded. The other's smile widened and he thrust out a stubby, big-fingered hand.

"Levitt's my name—Dan Levitt. I'm mighty glad to see you, Mr. Todd."

This was the local superintendent, the man who was to be his active lieutenant. Todd had heard much of him about the home office, and seated beside him in the little touring car he felt a quick sincere liking for him, a liking which seemed to be mutual. For the first few minutes, while they drove out through the bustling little city, they talked with agreeable generality.

Then Todd turned with "Well, how's the work going?"

At once the sagging lines reappeared about Levitt's eyes and mouth.

"Not very well, not very well," he replied, shaking his head slowly, and during the afternoon of inspection that followed Todd understood what he meant.

Even when viewed from without and by a mere layman the big power plant on the outskirts of the city was plainly far from completion. Everywhere was an unfinished air

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of raw edges and loose ends—concrete forms, bits of timber, scraps of wire, empty crates, humps of sand, half-used reels of cable, mounds of raw earth, collapsed piles of lumber, all the litter of work still in the heat of execution.

Inside on the floor of the main room the compact bulks of the two big turbogenerators stood in position and in the room beyond the long row of tall boilers was set up. But the auxiliary equipment, all the diversified scores of instruments and machines that correlated these into a smoothly harmonious whole, was lacking. Instead was only a confusion of dangling leads, unjoined pipes and empty switchboard panels.

Todd made a careful survey of everything and afterward in the stuffy little cubby-hole partitioned off for him in the temporary office shack he set about methodically tabulating the necessary supplies and equipment not yet on the ground as the first logical step toward a solution of the situation.

"Is this all we need?" he asked, passing the completed list over to Levitt.

The big superintendent scanned the sheet and nodded.

"That's about all, I think," he replied. The sagging lines came out about his eyes and mouth once more. "I wish that bunch back in the home office would remember we're still alive out here and ship us something once in a while. They won't forget to remind us that we're supposed to begin service on the twenty-fifth of July like their contract reads."

Todd nodded.

"That's all right. I'm going to write to them this afternoon."

He wrote immediately, thumping out two letters respectively to MacDermit and Glendon on the rickety typewriter he found in his office. The first was brief but courteous. It ran:

Dear Mr. MacDermit: A preliminary inspection following my arrival here shows that work has been delayed by the failure of material to arrive on schedule. Will you please let me know when we may expect the supplies and equipment listed herewith? We need them.

Yours truly,
ALLEN TODD.

The second was somewhat longer and in a different vein:

My dear Mr. Glendon: I am keeping my promise to you by writing almost on my arrival. I had a very pleasant trip on the way out and discovered Seaton to be quite a bustling little city. Levitt, the superintendent, is an agreeable and capable fellow and we have been spending the day looking over the work. It seems to be delayed by the failure of material shipments principally. But I am writing to Mr. MacDermit regarding this and expect that he will be able to take care of the matter. Altogether I am anticipating quite a pleasant time here.

I hope that you are in your usual good health. Please give my regards to Mrs. Glendon. I shall write again as soon as I have an opportunity. Yours sincerely,
ALLEN TODD.

Then he went smilingly about his new work.

There was responsibility. Before he had been in his office an hour the following morning he found himself confronting a half dozen problems each of which would have made him shrink fearfully in the home office. But the shaping of concrete, steel and copper in the fashion of man's will stirred in him something primitive, and now with Winston's contract he could disregard risk. Mistakes could make no difference. After the mere formality of signature that pink check would be his with its solid security to stand between him and misfortune. So those first few busy days were filled with a zest and an exhilaration he had not known in the home office.

Then MacDermit's answer came. It confronted him from the top of a pile of letters as he stepped into his little office on the morning of the sixth day in Seaton, and even before he slit open the envelope something about the sharp blackness of its typewritten address gave him a curiously vivid sense of the angular little superintendent's personality. MacDermit scorned the conventions, even in salutation.

"Todd," he began, "you may expect your material just as soon as the railroads can get it to you. If that isn't soon enough, see them. Don't bother me.

"I didn't put you in charge of that Seaton job. I've done everything on it that I'm supposed to do and if you can't get done tell Glendon. I don't draw pay for listening to the excuses of the boss' son-in-law."

Todd read it twice, the first time frowning in surprise but the second time with a face gone crimson. He had not had the remotest notion of offering an excuse. Simply in pursuance of his duty he had reported the lack of necessary material to the superintendent exactly as any other field man. So now at the sarcastically expressed interpretation of his report the old resentment flared up with sudden new heat. He would write to MacDermit. He would tell him point-blank in terms even more cutting than his own that he was not and never had been dependent on Glendon's influence because he was engaged to marry his daughter. The security born of Winston's contract spurred him to new aggressiveness. And then he came upon Glendon's reply.

The address was not typed. Instead, like the closely spaced lines on the inclosed sheet, it was penned in the smooth swift strokes of Glendon's own handwriting, and as Todd took note of this he had a warm sense of personal contact which grew steadily stronger as he read. Glendon began:

My dear Allen: I am more than glad to have you prove so pleasantly that you have not forgotten your promise to let me hear from you and that you are getting along so nicely. I thought you would find Seaton interesting. It is a little city with a future, and I was equally sure that you would find Levitt agreeable. Dan is one of the finest superintendents we have and should be able to help you much.

Naturally I am somewhat concerned at the failure of your material to arrive when expected. But as you know, shipping conditions are not at all normal and much leeway must be allowed. However, I have no doubt that Mac will be able to speed up shipments and since you have already written to him you should be able to see results by this time.

Let me hear from you again. Remember me to any of my friends you may chance to meet in Seaton and don't work yourself into a wreck. Yours sincerely,
HENRY C. GLENDON.

Todd read the letter with slow pleasure. It was good to know that Glendon had such a sincere personal regard for him, and further it was good to have him write thus just at this time. It quieted him and restored much of his former calm. He would not write to MacDermit, he decided now. It would be worse than useless to stoop to his tactics. He would simply go about his work as if he were quite impervious to his thrusts. But even as he did the sarcasm of MacDermit lingered and rankled within him like an uneasy irritation.

He accepted the superintendent's advice. Within an hour he had called local railway freight agents on the telephone and outlined his situation. As a result of their tracer telegrams reports on the tardy shipments were soon before him and at noon of the fifth day following, the first consignment arrived.

This was the material for the high-tension transmission line to Darby and two hours after the cars were backed in on the spur track a crew of linemen was running out three big copper wires along the tall steel poles which had been waiting empty so long. Other consignments followed. The exciters arrived, then the pumps, then the switching gear, until lot by lot the myriad pieces of machinery and equipment necessary to put the big plant in service came and were installed. But all this took not only time but Todd's strength. In the home office his work, though often tedious and always demanding close attention, had flowed along smoothly. But here each day became more and more a jumbled succession of overlapping interruptions.

He would begin to listen to the chief lineman's questions on insulator suspension only to have the steam-fitter foreman come in demanding an explanation of a pump supply line, and before he could bring his attention to bear on this a wireman would interrupt with a query concerning the connections of a wattmeter. At first this had been stimulating. But after three weeks he began to feel the strain, and one evening late in June at the close of an unusually trying day he dropped into his chair and sat there, held down by a sudden weight of fatigue.

Still he had Winston's contract to comfort him. He did not carry it on his person now. A coat had long since become superfluous and he had locked the leather case securely in a desk drawer. So now he took it out and spread it on the desk and at sight of the stiff white paper a soothing sense of security came over him.

"The party of the first part hereby agrees to pay to the party of the second part one million dollars ——"

He forgot the weariness of slack muscles and dulled senses. He saw only the big pink check with its row of six fat ciphers headed by a prim and stately one; and so absorbed was he that he had to thrust the contract hurriedly into a drawer as with a slow heavy tread Levitt came into the room.

The lines in the big superintendent's face were deeper as he dropped into the other chair.

"Tired?" Todd inquired. He felt refreshed.

Levitt nodded.

"But we're getting along pretty good."

Levitt slid deeper in his chair.

"Yes," he agreed, "we'd have an even chance to get through on time if those transformers were here."

Todd frowned.

"That's right. They haven't come." He drew forward a pad and jotted down a note. "I'll see about them the first thing in the morning."

The high-tension transmission line connecting Darby with Seaton had been designed to operate at thirty-three thousand volts. The turbogenerators delivered current at thirteen thousand two hundred volts and the supply lines in Darby distributed it also at thirteen thousand two hundred volts. So to step up the voltage at the one end of the line and step it down at the other transformers were to be installed at the Seaton plant and the Darby substation. According to the shipping schedule they were to have left a big Eastern transformer works no later than May fifteenth, but so far nothing had been heard from them.

On the following morning, after only four interruptions had interfered, Todd telephoned the local railroad freight agent and asked him to trace the shipment.

The agent, now an acquaintance, complied readily. But the next afternoon he reported that the shipment not only could not be located but that on wiring the transformer works their traffic department had denied that it had ever been made.

Todd should have been gravely concerned at once over this message, but at the moment he was deep in complications resulting from a recalcitrant exciter armature and hence gave it only mechanical attention. In fact, it was almost two weeks later, while being asked regarding the space to be allowed for transformer settings, that he appreciated its significance.

This time he immediately telegraphed the Eastern works asking the whereabouts of the transformers. Confusion and delays could well be expected in traffic, he understood, and perhaps the material had been rerouted or even reconsigned. So what was his amazement—not to say dismay on receiving the following reply that night as he worked overtime:

Transformers for Seaton and Darby never ordered.

Levitt, too, was working overtime in the adjoining cubby-hole.

"Oh, Dan," Todd called. "Come here and see what you make of this."

Levitt entered, read the single line and frowned, with a deepening of the sag about eyes and mouth.

"Looks like something's wrong somewhere," he said.

Todd was frowning too.

"It certainly does," he agreed. He laid out a sheet of paper on the desk. "This is the shipping schedule. You can see they were supposed to be shipped no later than the fifteenth of May."

"And to-day's the ninth of July," Levitt added.

Todd was burrowing into a mass of filed papers.

"I never thought to look over these bills of lading and invoices and things," he said. "Maybe they'll do something for us."

But they did not. Every bill of lading, every invoice, every paper connected in any way he and Levitt examined painstakingly without revealing a reference to the missing equipment.

"That's mighty strange," Todd declared as he returned the last sheet to its place.

"It's mighty bad," Levitt replied wearily.

Todd considered, frowning.

"It looks to me like it's a mistake in the home office," he decided. "Our specifications call for transformers all right and so does our shipping schedule. But there's nothing to show that we've ever been shipped any, so I'm going to wire that old crab, MacDermit, and see what he's got to say for himself."

Ten minutes later he telephoned the following message to the telegraph office:

Transformers for Seaton and Darby have not arrived. Manufacturers reported that none have been ordered and nothing has been received to show that they have been shipped. Can you explain? Work cannot be completed without transformers.

Todd took a peculiar satisfaction in sending this telegram. Among the field men it was proverbial that the superintendent made no mistakes. So with the irritation at his sarcastic letter still lingering within him Todd eagerly pointed out what was obviously a blunder on the part of the home office.

He expected a retort by wire that afternoon, but none came. He worked an hour beyond his now usual stint of overtime that night to be at the office to receive any message. But still none came, so he decided that MacDermit would write.

He had not written to MacDermit since their interchange of letters immediately following his arrival in Seaton. He was called upon to address many communications to the superintendent, for practically all matters from field men to the home office went through his hands, but these were strictly of an impersonal character.

A week passed, but there was no letter and Todd became triumphant.

"I believe we've caught the old boy in a real bonehead play," he announced one morning to Levitt. "Whenever he's caught he never admits it. I'll bet he's just rushing those transformers through to us without saying a word."

"Then you expect them?" Levitt inquired.

"Any day," Todd assured him. "We'll get everything else finished and take care of them when they get here."

They did manage to finish other parts of the work. Slowly during the next two weeks the exterior of the big concrete building took on a recognizable resemblance to a power plant and inside under the exertions of the sweating crew that swarmed about them day and night the big

turbogenerators and boilers were whipped into shape for service. But all this took its toll of effort.

During these two weeks Todd came to realize the full crushing meaning of utter weariness. His sleep was cut to fitful snatches on a cot set up in the office shack. His time was a muddled confusion of conflicting demands. Everywhere he went at any hour of the day or night he was hailed by his men looking to him for all the myriad things that sapped his energy. His movements became stiff and then heavy. His eyes grew ringed and bloodshot. He took to gulping down steaming tins of black coffee and smoking his cracked brier pipe constantly. Only the heartening letters from Elsie and Glendon and an instinctive stubbornness kept him on his feet.

Glendon's letters came regularly. Intimate, written in his own swift hand, they were from man to man rather than from employer to employee. "My Dear Allen," they began invariably, and continued in a chatty face-to-face fashion which made Todd look for them only less eagerly than for Elsie's.

The morning of the twentieth finally saw the turbogenerators given their limbering-up run. Mechanics were still adjusting the big machines when Dryden, the president of the Seaton Electric Company, the concern for which the plant was being built, came picking his way mincingly across the littered floor to where Todd was directing work. He was immaculate and cool in a summer suit and white straw hat.

"Mr. Todd," he began after a long disapproving glance about the room, "I understand that you are having serious difficulties here. Do you think you will be able to begin service on the twenty-fifth, according to your contract?"

Todd met his glance. His own trousers and shirt were sweat-stained and streaked with grease. His chin carried a three days' growth of reddish stubble.

"Life hasn't exactly been a bed of roses," he answered somewhat tartly, "but I think we'll be able to give you service."

Dryden frowned.

"Very well," he replied briefly. "We will expect you to or pay the forfeit." And he walked out after another glance of dubious disapproval.

That afternoon Todd began making preparations for the prompt handling of the transformers so that nothing avoidable should interfere with speedy installation, and the next day with this work completed preliminary connections were run in. But still the transformers had not appeared.

"Any word?" Levitt inquired casually on the morning of the twenty-second.

Todd shook his head.

"Mac's trying to catch us when we aren't prepared. They'll be coming in any time now. But we're ready for them."

The crew was put to work smoothing off raw edges, tightening down loose ends and otherwise giving the plant much-needed finishing touches.

"Any word from those transformers yet?" Levitt inquired the following morning in a tone which he tried to keep casual.

"No," Todd replied. "The old crab's trying to throw a scare into us."

That day the crew once more occupied the time with finishing touches.

"Any word from those transformers?" Levitt asked almost before he entered the office on the morning of the twenty-fourth.

Todd swung about defensively:

"No. They'll be here to-day, I expect. But I won't worry if they're not. It's not our fault. Better get everything ready to handle them, though, in case they do come in. It'll just be our luck to have them get here at the last minute."

Levitt frowned.

"I wish they'd come. We've gone this far and I'd like to see the thing through if we can."

All that day he held a big crew mobilized, complete with trucks, tackle and tools, ready to get into action at a minute's notice. But no transformers appeared. The hours passed. The crew waited, smoked, moved with the shade and yawned. In the stifling heat of his little sweat-box office Todd burrowed into a mass of long unfinished work. Noon came. Levitt, his long sunburned face lined more deeply than ever, came into the office.

"Any word yet?" he inquired.

Todd frowned at him.

"No, I haven't," he said. "What's the use of worrying? If they come we'll do our best to get them in. But if they don't we can't, and it's not our fault if they don't. I'm not worrying about it and I want you to stop."

Levitt sighed.

"I can't help it," he replied wearily. "I'd just like to see it done in time."

The afternoon sun caught the pine shack in a steady, pitiless glare that brought out the smell of hot resin. Outside the crew smoked and dozed and waited. But no telephone call interrupted Todd's work. He regretted that the transformers had not arrived. But the fault was not his own and he dismissed any further thought of the subject. Quitting time came.

"Any word yet?" Levitt asked hopelessly.

Todd looked at the gaunt face and the sagging figure.

"Now look here, Dan," he began with a stern note of command, "you've ——"

Levitt put up a hand.

"It's no use, Mr. Todd," he protested. "I know I'm a fool to worry, but I can't help it. Can I keep the crew here to-night so they can get right to work if the transformers come?"

Todd considered a moment, half tempted to refuse the request.

"Yes," he decided. "And I'll sleep here to-night, too, if that'll do you any good."

"Thanks," Levitt smiled wanly. "I—I hope they do come."

So Todd established himself on the cot. But sleep was impossible in the sweltering cubby-hole and he simply lay and waited for the ring of the telephone which did not sound. He would not wire MacDermit. He refused stubbornly to give the sardonic superintendent any opportunity for further sarcasm. He had told him in ample time of the situation here. The next move was MacDermit's.

Yet as the hours crawled past and no message came he became possessed of a bitter resentment against the tyrant of the home office. All this was so unnecessary. If the transformers had arrived five, four, or even three days ago they could have been installed and he safely in bed now with only the pleasant prospect of throwing a switch to begin service the following day. Instead he faced a grueling effort to begin service at all if the missing equipment arrived. Glendon should know of this.

Four o'clock brought in a listless dawn and five saw a rattling revival of street traffic. At six Todd drank more coffee. At seven Levitt came in, looked at him for a moment with a flicker of hope in dark-ringed eyes and went out without troubling to speak. Still no ring of the telephone had sounded and no messenger had dashed up with a yellow telegram.

Then at five minutes after eight Dryden came. The fat smooth face of the Seaton Electric Company's president was flushed and a plump forefinger pointed accusingly at Todd as he thrust himself into the little office.

Todd straightened and he regarded the immaculate figure of the other.

"Why, we expect them at any minute," he replied with what dignity he could muster. "We have everything ready for them and can ——"

"Expect be damned!" Dryden burst out, smiting one fist into the other palm. "Don't you know you've got to begin service in less than sixteen hours? Don't you know you haven't got a transformer hung or even on the ground? We want to know how you expect to give us service before midnight."

Todd met his eyes.

"There's a forfeit clause in your contract. If you don't get service you'll get money," he replied.

Dryden glared.

"But we don't want your money. We want your service. We ——"

He said more. Heedless of restraint he plunged on loudly, wrathfully, protestingly. But Todd did not hear.

In the midst of Dryden's outburst Levitt rushed in—Levitt strangely vitalized, eyes shining, body quivering, past the plump figure in summer suit and white straw, to Todd's desk.

"Here! Here!" he cried. "The mailman just brought it!" And he held out a letter.

Dryden was still talking. But Todd with a single glance at the envelope ignored him, jerked forward and seized the letter. In the upper left-hand corner of the envelope was printed "The Glendon Construction Company, Office of Superintendent, John I. MacDermit." He ripped open the flap, whipped out the single sheet inside, opened it and stopped. The inclosed communication read:

Todd: I simply want to inform you that even a prospective son-in-law of Glendon's cannot blame this office for a mistake that is his own. The transformers for the Seaton work were never ordered because you, while working here under the title of designer, failed to include them in the list of equipment to be ordered.

This will probably prevent the completion of the work on time. But, of course, little son-in-law can run and explain the whole thing to papa-in-law and papa-in-law will pay the forfeit money and everything will be lovely.

Only after this get it clear: Being the prospective son-in-law of the boss will not prevent you from getting your share of the blame from me. MACDERMIT.

Todd was thunderstruck. He had included those transformers in the final list of equipment. He was as certain of that as he was of his own name. Had not Holmes, another designer, verified the list as he always did? One hand went out to the telephone and then—on the receiver—halted.

"But, of course, little son-in-law can run and explain the whole thing to papa-in-law and papa-in-law will pay the forfeit money and everything will be lovely."

The words stared up at him insultingly from the paper in his hands and, as if they had been the spark preceding the burst of an explosion, all the old resentment against the accusation of favoritism blazed up in a scorching blast of fury that swept away everything save a passionate determination to give the lie to this sardonic charge.

If he had tried to hide behind Glendon it would have been different. But he had not. His cheeks under their bristling reddish stubble went scarlet and then white. His fingers closed on the paper in his hands until it creaked, his whole body taut with a great seething anger. He whirled on Dryden:

"You'll get your service all right."

Dryden was somewhat taken aback.

"But—but how can ——"

Todd snapped to his feet and jabbed a hand toward the door.

"Get out!" he ordered. "We're busy!"

Below in the soft radiance of flood lighting on the main floor of the power house the turbogenerators, spick-and-span in bright enamel and shining metal work, purred with a smooth confident hum. Everything and everyone about the big plant from the clanging mechanical stoker out in the boiler room to the overalled oiler ministering to an exciter bearing contributed to the general air of eager alert readiness. But up on the switchboard gallery along one end of the wide room Todd shivered with apprehension before Number Two Unit's main panel. All day during the confusion of the frenzied preparations he had no time to think. But during these last fifteen minutes he had had time and with thought had come doubt. He had known when he undertook it that his expedient was desperate. Connecting Number Two Unit directly to the Darby transmission line and connecting this line directly to the Darby distribution system eliminated transformers certainly enough. It meant sending the current straight through at 13,200 volts without stepping it up to 83,000 and down again. But would it work?

This mad makeshift could not succeed. Voltage drop, charging current—a dozen sound reasons, each sufficient in itself, doomed it hopelessly.

What right had he to stake not only his own reputation but the success of this enterprise—Glendon's enterprise—on a scheme so fantastic?

He looked up at the clock. It was seven minutes before midnight. His knees were unsteady. A strange weakness seized his abdomen. Perspiration not caused by the hot oil-smelling atmosphere trickled from his temples and palms.

He did not have to do this. Nothing in the line of his duty called upon him to take this responsibility on himself. Why had he not let well enough alone, ignored MacDermit's sarcasm and explained the situation to Glendon? Why had he not taken shelter in the calm security of Winston's waiting million?

The clock showed six minutes before twelve. Turning, he glanced down at the main floor. The oiler smiled up at him with friendly anticipation. Two engineers straightened from a last inspection of Unit Number Two and waved to him gayly. Everyone in the big room had finished his final task and was looking up at him expectantly, waiting for him to close the circuit. Did he dare? Did he dare to expose his foolish stupidity? With consciously willed movements he forced himself back to the switchboard panel and picked up an extension telephone rigged there.

"Dan!" His voice was hoarse and hollow in the transmitter.

"All set, Mr. Todd," Levitt answered thirty miles away in the Darby substation.

Todd wavered. The panel teetered before his eyes. He felt ready to sink to the floor. Why had he been such a fool? Steadying himself with a sudden dogged effort, he gathered his strength for the plunge.

"All right, here she comes!"

His right hand went out, found the smooth shining control button, hesitated, and then with cold moist fingers thrust it home.

The red signal lamp just above flashed up. The turbogenerator dipped a note in its hum and then purred smoothly on. Years whirled past while the signal lamp seemed to wink at him wickedly and the receiver at his ear roared with a blank silence.

Then staccato and shrill came Levitt's voice:

"It works! It works, Mr. Todd! Fine! Fine! It works fine, Mr. Todd!"

Todd's body stiffened.

"You win, Mr. Todd! You win!" Levitt's voice came again shrilly. "It's fine! You win!"

Todd gasped. For a bewildered moment he stared unseeingly at the signal lamp a foot from his eyes. Then like the dazzling beam of a focused searchlight the full significance of Levitt's cry flashed in upon him.

He had won! Instead of failure, instead of chagrin, of humiliation, service was started, the contract saved.

Dazedly he replaced the telephone receiver on the hook and turned toward the floor below. Every man, even the

(Concluded on Page 49)

Blending smartness with good taste

Way down underground Nature is busy with her magic, working on purple hyacinths, yellow jonquils and red, red tulips. She is preparing for her Spring Opening.

You cannot peep into the brown earth to watch Nature's preparations, but you can have a glimpse into the studios and workrooms where Printzess designers and tailors are fashioning lovely costumes for the Spring Opening of the Printzess dealer in your town.

With "magic" in their busy fingers, they are creating Angora Polo coats, soft as the fuzz on pussy willows; Woolspun suits in heather tones that call for the glad outdoors of Spring; suits of Poiret twill in Reindeer tan, and in tricotine, bluer than a violet's shadow.

Perhaps it's the roll of a collar, the notch of a rever, the buckle of a belt that gives distinction to a Printzess coat or suit—whatever it *is*, you are sure to find many clever touches merged into the accepted silhouette.

Printzess designers know the difference between a fleeting fad that passes quickly and a sustained style that insures correctness and charm *throughout the life of the garment.* Always they achieve that blending of smartness with good taste that has become nationally known as "Printzess Distinction in Dress."

When you see the Printzess label, you have found authentic style.

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN CO.
CLEVELAND
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Printzess
DISTINCTION IN DRESS

MADE IN U.S.A.
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FORMAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PRINTZESS STYLES FOR SPRING WILL APPEAR IN THE JANUARY 31st ISSUE OF THIS PUBLICATION

Fifteen Years—No Repairs —No Time Lost

Fifteen years ago, the Grimes Canning & Preserving Company, which operates one of the largest and most modern corn canning plants in the country, at Grimes, Ia., bought their first Rex Chain.

This chain—Rex Griplock No. 0319—was installed on a clean corn elevator.

This elevator is in continuous service thirteen hours a day during the corn canning season—when up to 4,800,000 cans of corn are packed.

In the pumpkin season, this elevator is used for conveying the cut pumpkin to the cookers.

During these fifteen years, this Rex Griplock Chain has never once required a repair or replacement, nor cost a minute's delay.

This is an unusual record for chain subjected to such severe usage for this length of time—but not an unusual record for Rex Chain.

As a result, the Grimes Company has installed Rex Chain on all elevators and conveyors, not only at its main plant but at its four other Iowa plants.

At every one of these plants, the results from Rex Chain are the same: no breakdowns—no repairs—no replacements—no time lost.

Rex Chains, engineered to specific installations, are saving labor, and speeding production in many industries.

They can do the same for you.

This Rex Griplock Chain, with its cantilever side-bar design, is giving exceptional service on the drives of pulp and paper mills, textile mills, coal mines and pockets, canning factories, packing plants, saw-mills, sand, gravel and cement plants, and many other industries. With attachments it is used in the same industries for conveyors and elevators.

You can secure standard Rex Sprocket Chain of any style or type, either from distributors or direct, for every transmission and conveyor need.

REX CHAIN

Rex Traveling Water Screens, Rex Concrete Mixers and Pavers, Rex Sprockets, Rex Elevators and Conveyors

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

Branch Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities in the United States and Abroad

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firemen clustered in the boiler room doorway, was beaming up at him. Every machine, every instrument, was functioning smoothly and steadily.

A great pulsing warmth swept through him. His shoulders squared. His back straightened. His head came up and as he ran swiftly down the steel stairway to the floor below his step was springy, every movement lithe and alert.

Eluding the handshaking of the waiting men, he slipped out into the night toward the office shack. His breath was coming in quick deep lungfuls. The blood was singing in his ears. Every muscle, every nerve, tingled with a vibrant exultation.

He had won! Over and over he repeated the phrase as he strode swiftly along the uneven path. He had taken risks and won. When he could have side-stepped behind ample excuses he had faced the chances of failure and success—and won. His eyes shone with an unflinching confidence. His jaw took on a calm compactness. At last he had dared to plunge into a pool of strange dark water and come up, not bruised and terrified but filled with quiet power.

The next time he might crash into a treacherous bottom. The next time he might drive his head against a jagged rock.

But never again would he stand shrinking on the bank, dreading to take the plunge. Once and for all he had flung his strength into a supreme test and it had not been found wanting.

He entered his office, switched on the lights and unlocking the lower desk drawer drew out Winston's contract, which he laid on the desk top. Then uncovering the rickety typewriter he inserted a sheet of paper and tapped out the following:

MR. JOSEPH T. WINSTON, New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Winston: I have decided that I will not accept the offer you made me on June first. I want to thank you most sincerely for giving me such an opportunity, but I prefer to take the chance of my earnings and keep what I earn rather than accept your proposition. I therefore inclose the contract, which I am returning to you unsigned.

Thanking you again for your kind consideration, I am

Yours sincerely, ALLEN TODD.

He had rolled the sheet from the machine and was scanning it preparatory to signature when a voice boomed, "Congratulations!"

Startled, Todd swung round to see Glendon advancing upon him from the doorway, face beaming, hands outstretched in greeting.

"Congratulations! Congratulations! Tons of them! Trainloads of them!" he repeated, thumping the younger man's shoulder with vigorous enthusiasm as he reached his side.

Todd got to his feet.

"Why—why, when did you get here?" he managed.

Glendon's eyes twinkled.

"I thought I'd surprise you. Got here just in time to see you start service. How under heaven did you ever ——"

He stopped, his attention caught by the letter, still spread face up on the desk. For a moment he scanned it swiftly and then looked up, his face radiant with delight.

"Do you mean it?" he demanded. "You aren't going to accept?"

Todd flushed.

"No, I've decided not to, sir," he answered steadily.

Glendon seized his hand in a grip that hurt.

"Allen, my boy, I'm proud of you!" he cried. "I'm proud of you! I knew you wouldn't! I knew all the time you wouldn't. But ——"

He paused. Todd was gazing at him with increasing perplexity.

"You're wondering what I know about this, aren't you?" he asked smiling. "Well, then I may as well confess now as any time that I had Joe Winston make you that offer.

"Now wait! Let me explain," he interposed as Todd's face betrayed his amazement. He laid his free hand confidingly on the younger man's shoulder, his eyes glowing with warm affection. "You see, Allen," he began kindly, "whenever a young man in your circumstances marries a girl in Elsie's circumstances there's always a possibility, no matter how hard he's worked before, that he'll slacken his pace and most of all stop taking on responsibility as soon as he sees that her income is enough."

His vigorous body straightened.

"Understand now, I don't mean just making money. I mean work—the kind of work any man that's a man does."

The hand on the shoulder tightened reassuringly.

"I knew you were a clean straight young fellow, Allen, but I didn't know and nobody could know what you'd do when you were married. So I decided to put you to the test

"I had Joe Winston make you that offer of a million. Of course it would have been withdrawn before you could accept. But it would make you think you had something to fall back on simular to Elsie's income. Then I sent you out here and fixed things so you could either take responsibility or dodge it. You see, I tried to duplicate conditions after your marriage just as far as possible. And by thunder!"—he beamed his delight—"you've hogged all the responsibility on the job and now you're even turning down the million!"

Comprehension began to dawn in Todd's face.

"And MacDermit ——"

Glendon burst into laughter.

"Why that old sinner kept saying all the time you'd come through. Used to tell me that every day."

He became sober once more.

"But you understand, Allen, my boy, don't you? It wasn't that I didn't like you or have confidence in you. It was just that I loved my little girl and had to be sure—that's all."

Todd nodded slowly. For a space he regarded the older man in silence.

"And if I hadn't?" he suggested.

Glendon's face clouded. Then he beamed again.

"But you did!" he retorted in triumph.

Todd smiled.

"Yes, I did," he repeated, and looked at him with the joy of the new unfaltering confidence that had been born within him.

THE ANCESTRAL HANG-OVER

By Boice Du Bois

ANYONE who desired to enter the pearly gates of high society in Englebush simply had to say their prayers to the Van Vrumm family, and it was folly to approach that aristocratic shrine unless accompanied by a contrite heart. According to family tradition, the original Van Vrumm was resting his thrifty bones in the Sleepy Hollow churchyard just across the Hudson from where Englebush was perched upon the Palisades, and if you listened to the gossiping proletaries of the town they would tell of the splendid shove this first ancestor gave the family toward effete wealth by trading with the Indians. There was something uncanny about the way that frugal old patriarch had invested his profits from the sale of furs—almost a case of the skins of the father visiting the fourth and fifth generation.

Ostrander Van Vrumm was of such, being the fifth sturdy branch on the American tree. Therefore the vested rights and legal fees simple of his illustrious Dutch ancestor lost no time in being among those present on the day of his birth. All of which in due season allowed Ostrander to go right on tearing down the old barns and building new ones, an act which prompted all the Christian Englebushers to stick round in pious expectation that something awful would happen to his soul. However, nothing happened, except that Ostrander continued to blister his scissors thumb during each annual coupon-clipping festival.

In like manner all of Ostrander's brothers were electromagnets when it came to currency. It was touch and carry with them, money being so much fly paper. There was Zadoc, who owned a shirt factory that was a mile long; and Zachariah, who was president of the largest cracker bakery in America; to say nothing of his cousin Lemuel, who had been painting pictures for thirty years and never sold one. Think of a family that could finance anything like that!

Oh, yes, there had been another brother—Zalmon by name, but more of him later. Poor man, he had departed this life.

The aristocracy will never know how much comfort they confer upon the poor by indulging in a little domestic discord now and then. It was that way in Englebush. Every time the Van Vrumms slipped a cog in the harmony works the townsfolk chirked up wonderfully. There was so much satisfaction in knowing that even the rich had their troubles.

Still when the real big news came down to Main Street from Dordrecht Hall—Ostrander's palatial residence—that his charming daughter, Marie, had wrecked the matrimonial special by secretly marrying Jack Bannard the town was aghast. Any little lady that could shoot the Van Vrumm block system full of holes was Queen of the May for them.

The details trickled down in gossipy streams, each one of the domestics bringing an earful. One of the chambermaids told how Ostrander almost let go one of his arteries when he found that Marie was married. Ambrose, the butler, talked for the first time during his long years of service. He knew all about the snug fortune that was coming to Marie from her Uncle Zalmon and was behind the door when she told Ostrander that she was anxious to learn more concerning the details of that inheritance, as she imagined it would be sufficient to maintain the modest home she and Jack intended to establish in the bungalow that stood in her name. Then there was Lauretta, the cook. She brought a choice morsel; no less than Marie's reason for marrying Jack—the very words she used.

"I married him because he has brains," she explained, "and he is the only man I ever knew that can wear spats without looking like a sissy. Furthermore, his feet are not glued to the floor when he gets up to dance."

It was sweet of Marie to put it this way, but to be square with our poor but honest-to-goodness hero it must be stated that he possessed other qualifications, having returned from France with a "satchelful of Croix de Guerre"—Marie's own statement—to say nothing about all kinds of honorable mention.

Nevertheless, he had become the meanest sort of a profiteer, demanding as he did at least one hundred kisses before he would allow Marie to pin so much as a single decoration on his vest. There are some things that even Congress cannot crush.

Take it any way you like, war is hell, as Ostrander would have told you; because Marie would never have met Jack in the good old prewar peacetimes, while democracy was still slumbering in the textbooks. Down in his sour old heart Ostrander felt that he had been double-crossed by the Red Cross, because the very minute Marie got into the work she considered everybody just as good as the Van Vrumms.

It might have helped Jack some if he could have brought along a family escutcheon when he entered the Van Vrumm circle; but the truth is, about all he had was a cigarette case, his mental equipment, which Marie has referred to, and certain courageous qualities inherited from his mother. Jack was born in South China, where his father was a missionary—to be specific, on the Island of Hainan—and one morning, as his mother was taking the last few stitches on a little garment which Jack subsequently wore, a festive fifteen-foot python chased a squawking chicken right through the bungalow at her feet. All Jack's mother did was to turn to one of the Chink natives and say, "Quong, you had better close the door."

About a week after their marriage Jack and his bride were pottering round their new home, having the time of their sweet young lives, painting a little here and driving a nail there, when Ambrose, the butler, came down from the Hall and informed them that Ostrander desired their presence at a family conference the next morning. Marie did not have to consult an astrologer to horoscope the significance of this.

It indicated that their entire matrimonial career was to be taped, charted and thumb tacked. She knew all about those family conclaves.

"It's going to upset all our plans for the shore," said Marie the next morning, "and I suppose that you are dreading it as much as I am."

"Not me," said Jack. "I wouldn't miss it."

"You're not afraid?"

"Of what—the fossils? Why, dearie, it will be like going to the Museum of Natural History—come on."

Whereupon they went out to the curb, where Marie's roadster was coughing like a hectic consumptive, boarded the little envy breeder and shot up the hill to Dordrecht Hall. There is but one word that will do justice to Marie's snappy blue bus and it is one that is considerably tattered and torn, but nevertheless "class" is the word. And really it was adorably swagger of her to lean back so neurasthenic like, with just the right shade of bored stupidity on her pretty face, and her stockings matching the peacock blue of the car and all that.

The girl was right about the Van Vrumms. They were all there—Uncle Zadoc, the shirt manufacturer, pulling down his cuffs as if he was fussed about something; and Zachariah, the cracker king, looking as crisp as one of his own soda biscuits; and Lemuel, the artist, unctuous as one of his tubes of rose madder. Evidently it had all been talked over before the arrival of Jack and Marie and there was nothing to do but touch off the domestic pin wheels.

"Young man," said Ostrander, "you have been summoned here because of our purpose to present certain facts for your consideration—what we might refer to as important, stubborn facts."

"Yes, sir," said Jack, meek and respectful.

"Your future is one of them, and it is the desire of the Van Vrumms, expressed through this conference, to give as large a definition as possible to the financial and social status you will automatically assume by entering the family."

"Period," dictated Jack under his breath as Ostrander paused.

"As you are probably aware, I am president of the Van Vrumm Trust Company of this town."

Jack merely nodded.

He knew all about it. Everyone knew about it. Why, the man was president of everything in Englebush from the gas works to the coal chutes.

"In consideration of which fact," continued Ostrander, "I am in a position to place you in that institution as cashier."

"Much obliged," said Jack, "but I don't expect to go to work until fall. Just now Marie is depending upon me to fill her young life with joy, but four or five months from now I might like to talk it over with you."

"Of course," chirped Marie, "in the fall."

"Do you mean to tell me that you are going to spend whatever money you may have saved by idling away the summer?" asked Ostrander.

"Let me correct you," said Jack. "Not my money, but Marie's. She tells me she has a few hundred that will see us through until fall."

"Certainly," said Marie, who was intent upon yessing everything that Jack might say, his remark about filling her young life with joy having made a big hit with her.

Of course Jack did not know it at the time, but one of the reasons why Ostrander held himself calm and unperturbed was due to the fact that he looked upon his son-in-law as a sort of holding company, something that would have to be temporarily financed pending a new issue of matrimonial stock.

"What do you figure on doing at that time—in the fall—if I may be so rude as to ask?" quivered Ostrander, pulling out a tremolo stop.

"Manage Marie's little estate that was left by her Uncle Zalmon," replied Jack, lighting a cigarette. "As I said, we will talk it over with you later—after we get back from the shore."

Saying which, Jack moved toward the rosewood hall, where all the tin crusaders were loafing round with battle axes and chin protectors.

So far as he was concerned, the interview was over; and so far as he could see, but one member of the family had registered in the least human—that was Lemuel, the artist.

There was a pleased but unholy grin on his homely old face and a wicked smile was frisking in his left eye—the one that was turned away from Ostrander.

"Before leaving," said Ostrander, coming out into the hall, "I would like to inquire what your last employment consisted of?"

"Publicity," said Jack, becoming interested at once. "You see, it's this way: I take a hitherto unknown, unexploited man, institution, business or commodity, and by the magic of idealism focus the interest of the nation upon my subject. For instance, I can ——"

"Never mind," interrupted Ostrander, "I prefer facts to idealism, and as I intimated we will face a few of them later. It might be well, sir, as a preliminary to this future conference to remember that facts are stubborn things. I bid you good morning, sir."

As they rolled out on the avenue and headed south for the Jersey shore Jack turned to Marie.

"There is a good deal of the animal in your family, dearie," said he.

"What do you mean—animal?" asked Marie, thinking he referred to something vampish.

"I mean your father. You see we come into this world animal, mental or spiritual. I'm spiritual."

"What am I?" asked Marie, snuggling up to him.

"You are my soul mate—that makes you spiritual right off the bat."

"Jack, you are wonderful."

"Leggo my arm or we'll ditch her. As I was saying, you got to be spiritual really to enjoy life. It's our type that has pulled prehistoric man out of his cave and away from his clamshells. You heard what your father said about facts; that's the ancestral hang-over, and it's all animal. He calls facts stubborn things—I call them liars. You see, I claim that the real successes are made by men who refuse to recognize facts. Any day now I'm liable to write a book on my theories—and believe me, sweetness, it'll be a cuckoo. I got the title, but that's all so far."

"What are you going to call it?"

"The Instability of the Absolute."

"I just love to hear you talk," said Marie. "You are so—so—spiritual-like. Go on—say some more"—a suggestion to which he responded without further coaxing, as it was heaven to talk to Marie. So on they went with never a thought of Papa Van Vrumm, having elected to follow a self-determined course in their newly established league of matrimony.

Zip goes a summer when life is young and love is true—like a tale that is told, a dream that is past—and ere Jack and his bride thought it possible the musicians were casing their instruments and the cottagers were putting up their storm doors and it was time to get back to Englebush.

Then Marie, like a dutiful daughter, sat down and wrote these few lines: "Dear father: We arrived all right. Have had a wonderful time and will be home September the tenth." Having reached this point she thought and thought, but nothing would come, so she hastily added, "Jack sends his love."

In the interest of plain truth it must be recorded that their home-coming was no drab little affair. The mad snorts which Jack drew from Marie's roadster would have shamed the ring work of a Spanish toreador, and as a natural consequence every lace curtain on the block quivered with jealousy. Oh, it was grand to see the pink dog basket with the patrician pup in it—one with Rip Van Winkle hair dripping down over his aristocratic nose—and all the golf bags and everything.

The first matter of importance to claim their attention upon entering the house was a huge pile of mail, the most of which was of a social nature, but it was surprising to find how many bills had accumulated during their absence. There was an electric-light bill, a water bill and a gas bill.

"You can't help but admire him," said Jack.

"Who?" asked Marie.

"Your father—he's president of every one of these concerns." Then he gave a gasp of surprise.

"Hey! What do you think of this? It's a special notice from the gas works. Listen—'If this account is not paid by September the tenth we will be compelled to discontinue the service.'"

"What date is this?" asked Marie.

"The tenth."

"Well, what do they mean, 'Discontinue the service'?"

"It means that they are going to shut off our gas," answered Jack.

"Impossible! Papa would not stand for it. I am sure that there is some mistake. I'll telephone daddy right away and fix it. Leave it to me, dearie."

The telephone was in the next room and Jack continued his examination of the mail while awaiting Marie's return. A moment later she was at his side and he knew that something was wrong.

"Oh, Jack! Somebody up at the gas office is awful mad! Honest, he's frightful! Says he wants to talk to that pinhead husband of mine."

It is remarkable how calm some men can be under distressing circumstances. Jack lit a cigarette and walked into the adjoining room. Then he picked up the receiver and crowded right up to the transmitter.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Who is this I'm talking to anyway?"

"An official of the gas company, and we want to know why we have got to wait four months for an insignificant amount like ninety cents. If you don't come down to this office by four o'clock and pay this account we will send a man to discontinue the service. What kind of a putty man are you, doing business this way?"

"Say, look here," sputtered Jack, "I don't allow no small-town gas official to talk to me like this."

Then he paused as a peculiar pstpst was coming over the wire.

"What's the idea of this 'pst'?" asked Jack. "I thought I was talking to a man, but this sounds catty."

"Pst, it's Lemuel," said the voice—"you know—the artist. Excuse me for talking so low, but I don't want Ostrander to hear me. You see he put me in down here at the gas office as a second vice assistant something or other and I come down afternoons and do the dirty work. He just told me to get you on the wire and bawl you out, but having discharged my bounden duty I wanted to tell you that he is a crab. Marie's letter came in this morning and stirred him up considerable. He cussed for a half hour after reading her postscript about you sending your love. When can I come up and see you? I got a lot of things I want to say."

"Come up any time, Lemuel—right away if you want to. We will be glad to see you."

"All right, I'll do it, but say—don't fuss any about this ninety cents, because I'm paying it. I'll be right up."

Upon returning to the room in which Marie was waiting, Jack informed her of the conversation with Lemuel.

Then asked in a half-amused tone, "Did you send my love to your father?"

"Certainly! I had room and it was awful hard work to know just what to say, so I slipped it in. Was it all right?"

"Splendid!" replied Jack, taking a sheet of paper from his pocket and tearing it up.

"What are you destroying?" asked Marie.

"Oh, I've just decided not to write one of the chapters I intended to put into my book," Jack replied briskly.

"Which one?"

"The one entitled, Love is a Lubricant."

"Oh," said Marie.

About twenty minutes later a tall prim man of sixty-odd made his way up the concrete walk to the door of the bungalow. His face was a trifle narrow and it was a frightened face—one that was overshadowed by a narrow frightened derby. Still, taking it by and large, it was a good face, with lines going east and lines going west; in fact, so many of them that you could almost say, "Here runs the Tropic of Capricorn and there goes the Tropic of Cancer."

It was Lemuel, and Jack met him at the door.

"Fix it so I can see you alone," he whispered as Jack shook hands with him—a matter that was easily arranged as Marie's housewifely interests were claiming her full attention.

Even after they had entered the library and

(Continued on Page 53)

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(Continued from Page 50)

closed the door Lemuel took the precaution of opening it again and peering out into the hall. Then he came close to Jack and shaded his mouth with his hand as he spoke:

"I think Ostrander is slipping."

"How slipping?" asked Jack.

Once again Lemuel looked round.

"Financially," he replied, and before Jack could offer any remark he moved up closer than before.

"The whole damned family is slipping."

"How about the Van Vrumm that owns the cracker works?" asked Jack.

"He's been losing money for years."

"There ought to be money in shirts. How is that branch of the family?"

"They were all right until they went into collars, but ever since that time they've been getting it in the neck."

"I see. Of course you can understand that it is hard for me to work up a healthy interest in all this."

"Well, by Jocks, you better do it, because it is going to make you tear round some before you get through!"

"I don't quite get your drift," said Jack.

"It's this way," explained Lemuel: "Marie's money is all tied up in the cracker business and the shirt factory. You certainly stirred Ostrander up last spring when you told him you were going to manage Marie's estate. It's a nice sizable bunch of money too."

"How much?" asked Jack.

"About five hundred thousand dollars."

Here—to Jack's surprise—Lemuel edged toward the door as if he was about to bolt. In fact, he went so far as to open it.

"I'm getting ready to say my fare thee well after I let loose my next installment," he remarked.

"In that case why not let it be 'continued in our next'?" observed Jack.

"No, sir, I've carried it round with me long enough," said Lemuel, shoving his foot through the partly open door. "I've had ten thousand dollars of Marie's money myself and I'm ashamed of it on account of spending the whole amount so foolish."

"How was that, Lemuel?"

"Went to Paris, thinking I could improve my art."

To Lemuel's surprise Jack laughed as if he enjoyed his statement.

"Come back here, Lemuel, and sit down. You can probably tell me some of the things I should know in connection with my wife's inheritance. It came from her Uncle Zalmon—not?"

"Yes, and Ostrander was to manage it until such time as she was married. He's a wonderful manager. He's managed me all my life and just now he is figuring how he can put the fear of God into your heart. He thinks that you are going to disrupt all his plans."

"How?"

"By demanding an accounting. You can do it too. Zalmon's been dead four years, and during that time he has been free to invest Marie's money, as it was so stipulated in the will. But say, his judgment hasn't been worth that!" Here Lemuel disdainfully snapped his fingers. "No, sir; or he wouldn't have dumped something like two hundred thousand into Zachariah's cracker works and about the same amount into Zadoc's shirt factory. Of course I had to put up collateral when I got the ten thousand, but what do you suppose it was?"

"I don't know—what was it?"

"Shirt-factory stock—some I got stuck on when the blame thing was organized. Yes, sir; I put in every dollar I received from my father's estate and I'm still waiting for dividends. Some management!"

"How does Ostrander account for it?"

"He accounts for everything by laying down facts. Tells how solid the investment is. How many years it takes to establish trade-marks and things like that."

"You know, my father-in-law's theories concerning facts are very interesting to me," said Jack, "but they are contrary to what I believe is the truth. He calls facts stubborn things—I call them liars."

"If you ever tell him that I hope I will be round so I can listen to the conversation."

"I shall probably do it some day. You see, I am getting ready to write a book and I take subjects like this: The Impossibility of the Inevitable. Then I write a chapter on that. Or I think up one like this: The Changefulness of the Finality, and write a few thousand words on that."

"I don't get it," said Lemuel.

"Well, nobody does," replied Jack. "Like all brain-staggering innovations, it's hard to understand and I've got to work it out in principle first. Just now I am looking for subjects so I can demonstrate my theories."

"I calculate that it must be something like that Hindu hypnotism where they throw a rope in the air and then climb up it," said Lemuel.

"Precisely!" exclaimed Jack, slapping him on the back. "Now you got it—the very same idea, except that we call it Publicity Work; a school in which one learns the Easiness of the Impossibility. Do you know of any good subjects?"

"I can suggest one that would have given Aladdin nervous prostration before he got through. Don't honestly believe he could have done it if he had rubbed all the nickel plate off his lamp."

"Name it," said Jack.

"Finding a buyer for one of my paintings. I have been at it for thirty years and nobody seems to think my work amounts to much. You couldn't start in on anything more impossible than that, and after selling one of them you might try to make the shirt factory and the collar works pay dividends."

"By Jove, you are right!"

"Seems to me that if I could sell just one and live for just one day after I had sold it I would be ready to die," continued Lemuel, and there was a quavering note of pathos in his voice that stirred Jack.

"Why the extra day, Lemuel?" asked Jack.

"Because it would be my day in paradise. I would walk the streets and laugh. I would want to kiss all the children and smile at all the lovely women, and every other step I'd say 'Thank God for this day.' Oh, you don't know what it means to work all your life according to your lights and then feel that you had not made good."

"Lemuel, I want to ask you a question. Have you ever painted with this sort of feeling in your heart?"

"Yes, I have just finished one that has given me a whole lot of comfort, but then I have felt that way before. I get 'em into the exhibitions, but nothing ever happens."

"Tell me about this one you like so much."

"It's a scene on the edge of a desert, with the first shadows of advancing night, and in the distance a house of God that has stood through the centuries. The evening mists are settling and through the purple haze the crumbling belfry of the ancient church can just be distinguished. You see, my temple is symbolical of the God I have tried to show in the quietness of the desert."

Jack had reached over and grasped Lemuel by the hand.

"We are going to make that painting famous, Lemuel," said he.

"But you have never seen it!"

"I don't have to. You have described it—that is sufficient."

"No," said Lemuel, "it is not sufficient. I want you to visit my studio to-morrow and judge for yourself. It is in the loft over the gas office."

At ten o'clock the following morning Jack climbed the stairs with Lemuel, who ushered him into the spacious room which served as a studio. With true artistic instinct Lemuel so placed his canvas that the diffused light seemed to caress it with loving care.

Then as they faced it he did that which lifted Jack's heart to the choky spot all kindly hearts like to slip into once in a while. The old gentleman had raised his hat as he gazed upon the painting he considered his masterpiece, and across his wrinkled face came a smile—one that bore the impress of dignity, because of its simplicity, and Jack knew that the old artist was pleased with his work.

A moment only did Lemuel permit himself to gaze upon his creative work, but in that moment Jack caught the glimmer of a great thought—one that ventured into the borderland between the human and the divine, for he remembered that the Creator of the universe had likewise gazed upon His own handiwork and pronounced it good.

"I'm sorry, but I'll have to be going," said Lemuel, "because Ostrander wants me to pull out a gas meter where they have not paid their bill." Saying which, he departed with almost as much dejection as he might have shown over a contemplated visit to Dante's Inferno.

As near as Jack could determine without measurement, Lemuel's canvas was forty by sixty. The technic of composition and balance reflected both harmony and restraint. It was a symphony of desert grays and twilight purples, as if the setting sun beyond the distant range had been loath to withdraw the last touch of color; and to emphasize this the belfry on the mission church had caught the final flash of light, even as it surrendered to an encircling scarf of mist. For at least a half hour Jack paced the studio and viewed the painting from every angle. Then suddenly he laughed—a ringing joyous laugh that was accompanied by a gleeful slap on his knee.

"I've got it!" he chuckled. "I've got it!"

After that he could scarcely wait Lemuel's return, and by way of passing his time began searching the obscure corners of the studio, from which he drew a miscellaneous collection of finished and unfinished paintings and drawings. They were evenly divided between marines and landscapes, but no matter what the subject the mists were always in evidence. In one painting they might be sweeping through the valley; in another they capped the mountain peak. There were morning mists, melting with the dawn; wintry mists, cold and bleak—but always the drifting mists.

"So this is the work of a man who is engaged in pulling out gas meters," said Jack in wonder and surprise.

Directly he heard the clatter of Lemuel mounting the stair and met him at the door.

"What is the next exhibition in New York where you might have a chance to hang this canvas?" he asked.

"The annual exhibition of the Palette and Pigment Club," replied Lemuel. "It takes place in about two weeks. I used to exhibit my work there each year, but gave it up just before visiting Paris."

"This is the canvas we want to send, Lemuel. Can I leave all the details to you?"

"Yes, they will be comparatively easy as I am still a member."

Almost before Lemuel had answered, Jack was examining his time-table for the purpose of learning how soon he could reach the city. The first thing he did upon arriving there was to hire a taxi.

"It's going to be an all-day job," Jack explained to the chauffeur as he climbed in, "and I want to make about fifty calls."

It was the commencement of a very busy day, for Jack had compiled a list which embraced the names of practically every friend he had in New York. Throughout the day he rushed from point to point. Now the taxi would stop at the office of a morning newspaper and Jack would rush in and ask for a certain reporter. Again he would call at the editorial rooms of an evening paper, where he would talk to a rewrite man. Then he would dash uptown for the purpose of locating some friend he knew had been engaged in publicity work during the great war-fund drive. And that evening at least a dozen of them—editors, publicity directors, special writers—dined with him at a Park Avenue hotel. They were men who live in an atmosphere of quick decisions, where minds are trained to probe quickly—physicians who knew the pulse of public opinion—and when Jack outlined the method whereby he intended to focus the attention of the country upon Lemuel's picture they admitted the cleverness of his scheme.

"Boys," said Jack in recapitulation, "I don't give a whoop about the publicity end of it at this time—that is going to take care of itself—but I do care a whole lot about the support you give me during the exhibition. If you will help me shove this thing for the first four days I can make it a wallop."

"I'll tell you what I will do," said Jadwin, who was Sunday editor of one of the great New York dailies: "If the scheme breaks as big as you predict I'll feature it in the magazine section. Of course this little idea of yours will put human interest in the picture, even though it does not pass as a work of art."

As a matter of fact, Jadwin did more than this. He induced the city editor to publish an interesting account of the origin and history of the Palette and Pigment Club the following morning—one that linked it with the honored Knickerbocker traditions of the city and paved the way for any feature that might follow.

Upon the opening day the spacious gallery of the club was comfortably filled by three o'clock and unquestionably it was a superconservative assembly, for of such are the Fifth Avenue patrons of art—correct, austere, critical. However, one thing pleased Jack, for even before he had laid his finger on the publicity button he noticed that Lemuel's painting was attracting attention. But all in a dignified orderly manner. It was the one thing he had prayed for. An hour later most of his friends had arrived and when he realized it his heart slipped right into slow time, because he knew that chance was fiddling his entrance as the miracle man. But it was too late for post mortem—it was do or die now.

Ten minutes later, all according to schedule, his supporting company of willing workers—at least fifteen of them—were standing in front of Lemuel's painting. The group had formed slowly as two or three would pause there on their way round the gallery. Their teamwork was splendid. For instance, Bolls, of the Registered Press Association, was wiping his glasses to insure a clearer view; Carter, of the Mat and Film Syndicate, was crowding forward as if eager to gain a full and comprehensive view of detail; others were seeking the center of the gallery that they might try the effect of distance; and a few had drawn their heads close, as if listening to the remarks of one who knew what he was talking about.

Then it was that Jack joined the group in front of the painting and nudged the signal that was to move his work on to the dénouement.

"It is a wonderful thought on the part of the artist," said one, "and shows how easily we can all be influenced through imagination."

"And yet it is quite easy to understand," observed another. "You see, he has made everything subservient to the belfry—it is the first thing that catches the eye."

"Each time I look at it I think I can see the bell swinging," was the comment of a third.

"That is because of the masterly shadows he has incorporated in the belfry," said the first speaker.

Then a voice louder than the others struck the keynote of Jack's big thought.

"As for me, gentlemen, each time I look at the belfry I hear the solemn notes of a bell. That painting is a religious symphony."

Throughout the afternoon Jack's friends would form and reform in front of Lemuel's painting, and each time some one of the number would allude to the swinging bell

and each time there would be a larger number of strangers present; and that evening—to Jack's great joy—he discovered a group of critical spectators, not one of whom was known to him. Even as he marveled a gentleman accompanied by a lady spoke to the attendant at the door.

"Pardon me, but which is the painting with the swinging bell?"

Later in the evening he overheard another interesting bit of conversation—the remark of a young lady to her escort.

"Really it is a most remarkable thing about that Van Vrumm picture—every time I look at it I can actually hear the vibrations of a tolling bell."

Before taking the late train for Englebush that night Jack telephoned all his newspaper friends.

"Shoot your copy on the swinging bell—it is going big"

And now it is in order to relate the strangest incident connected with Lemuel's painting—one that occurred while Jack was at breakfast the following morning. He was going through the papers—as well as a distressing moment of torture and suspense—to find out what they had to say. However, Marie could see that everything was all right—he was smiling. Yes, it had evidently gone over big. The captions told the story. One had it, "The Swinging Bell"; another, "The Ringing Bell." Why, his friends had stood by him to a man, but what was this?

"Ye gods, Marie, listen! It is written by the biggest art critic in the country.

"THE MYSTIC MISTS OF LEMUEL VAN VRUMM

"If Blakelock idealized the moonlight it has remained for Lemuel Van Vrumm to immortalize the mists."

Then followed a critical estimate of his work as an artist, one which paid tribute to his technique and his genius.

"Marie, do you get it? He refers to him as a genius, and all I ever had in mind was to put over the magic of his swinging bell. It came to me the first day I laid eyes on the painting. His shadows sort of hypnotized me into believing I saw it move, and I made up my mind that if I saw it I could make the public do the same; but this critical estimate of his work will make him famous."

And it did, for Jadwin's magazine article the following Sunday seemed to be the one thing needed to focus the attention of the art world upon the work of Lemuel Van Vrumm. And on Tuesday morning the president of the Palette and Pigment Club was frantically calling up Englebush to get in touch with the artist. At last he succeeded in locating Lemuel at the gas office, but as fate would have it Ostrander answered the New York call, though Lemuel was at work in the next room screwing little brass plates onto greasy gas meters.

"I want to speak to Lemuel Van Vrumm," said the president of the club.

"He's busy," was the curt reply of Ostrander.

"Tell him that we have received an offer for his painting. In fact, we have had two offers, but the best one is eighty-five hundred dollars."

"Eight thousand five hundred for one of Lemuel's paintings? Say, what dumb fool is this talking anyway?"

Here the face of Lemuel appeared at the door—a face that had grown twenty years younger in two minutes.

"Lemuel, you finish putting on those plates," Ostrander gruffly commanded.

"Glory be! Heaven be praised!" exclaimed Lemuel. "Put 'em on yourself!" Saying which, he tossed the bunch of little brass plates up toward the ceiling and allowed them to clatter all over the office. "Put 'em on yourself—and then do something for me."

"What do you mean—'do something for me'?" screeched Ostrander.

"Sit on a tack, you old crab, sit on a tack!" shouted Lemuel, and before Ostrander could offer a word of protest he was flying toward the railroad station so fast that his old-fashioned coattails were sticking out as stiff as a baker's woolen shovel.

But after all Lemuel was human and success has a way of making the whole world nothing but sunshine and roses, so by the time he reached New York he was sorry that he had suggested the ta k idea to Ostrander. On the other hand, certified checks had always been excellent mollifiers in the Van Vrumm family and when Lemuel returned with such a fair instrument of exchange, totaling a valuation of eight thousand five hundred, Ostrander was not only mollified but he became mellow. He actually telephoned for all the Van Vrumms, suggesting that they thrust their feet under the Dordrecht mahogany that night for dinner. In truth, he was more than mellow—he was oozing with graciousness, so much so that he sent word for Jack and Marie to join them.

Such is the magic of golden ducats; such the pride that blossoms under the consciousness of having a member of the family make good. So Lemuel was toasted and Lemuel was stuffed. He was called a genius—a credit to all the Van Vrumms, dead or alive. And then—oh, shame!—down in his naughty heart Jack wondered why they had not discovered all this talent before.

"Dog-gone it," said he to Marie out in the hall behind one of the tin crusaders, "who put this over anyway?"

"Tut—tut!" said Marie. "You got the wrong number—ring off."

So back into the library she led him, where they arrived in time to hear Lemuel say, "The gratitude and applause of the Van Vrumms is far sweeter than any tribute the public might ever offer, but at the same time honor to whom honor is due." And with a broad sweep of his hand he pointed to Jack, who was just entering the room. "Ostrander, I owe my success to your worthy and respected son-in-law. Without his magnificent assistance my painting would still be in the loft over the gas office."

Then one of those painful silences followed—the kind that have frigidity and density enough to permit of sawing into blocks convenient for refrigerating purposes. Ostrander coughed, Zadoc blew his nose and Zachariah studied the little birds that were frescoed on the ceiling.

"Very creditable on your part, Lemuel, I can assure you," began Ostrander. "But who painted this picture?"

"I did of course."

"Certainly you did—a fact which no one will deny. We therefore start with an absolute fact—Number One, as we might say. I think that even my son-in-law will admit that I am correct so far."

"I'm sorry," said Jack, "but I'm really not in accord with your views concerning facts."

"You are not?" questioned Ostrander in surprise. "Please explain."

"Well, since you request it, you refer to facts as being stubborn, whereas I claim that minds, not facts, are the stubborn things we have to contend with. A change of mind will produce a change in those conditions which you refer to as facts."

"My boy," said Ostrander in all his dignity, "I shall speak plain. The sale of Lemuel's picture was largely a matter of accident just a fortunate combination of circumstances—that is all."

"You mean a happenstance," said Marie, who was becoming uneasy and just had to say something.

"Daughter, what do you mean by that?"

"I got it out of one of the chapters Jack is going to incorporate in his book where he says, 'There are no happenstances, but all great spectacular events occur because someone has willed it to sweat blood.'"

"That's it—that's it!" exclaimed Lemuel. "I'm fully acquainted with Jack's theories. Why, only the other day he told me that he could even make Zachariah's cracker works pay dividends."

Then it was that Zachariah showed evidence of articulate speech.

"If he can do that," he mumbled, and then started all over again. "If he can do that——"

"It'll be like picking thorns off of fig trees—hey?" twisted Marie.

"Something like it," he admitted.

"Well, Jack can do it," continued Marie. "Anyway, somebody has got to come to life. See the money we got tied up in that plant!"

"How much of my wife's money is invested in your concern?" asked Jack of Zachariah.

"About two hundred thousand—not, Ostrander?"

"About," replied the latter. "But considering the fact that——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Jack. "Considering the fact that the plant is tied up neck and feet with everything going out and nothing coming in—you are wabbling."

"Look here——" began Ostrander.

"Oh, come, let's tell the truth! This is a family affair and why not be honest?"

For at least an hour after that Jack was asking questions—size of plant, capacity, sales, territory covered, competition, method of packing. He even asked minute details concerning the exact number of crackers in the big seller, the advertised package that made up three-fourths of their output. Then he lit a cigarette. That was Jack's way when anything big was forming.

Zachariah had been greatly interested during Jack's fusillade of direct and pertinent questions and his respect began to increase accordingly.

"When could you come over and visit the plant?" he asked.

"I won't have to," replied Jack. "I can tell you how to pay dividends without leaving my chair."

"Crazy as a loon," muttered Ostrander under his breath.

"What do you suggest?" asked Zachariah in a whisper.

"Put one cracker less in every package you sell," said Jack.

Whereupon Lemuel slapped Ostrander on the back so hard that his glasses bounded right off his nose.

"What did I tell you—isn't he a wonder?"

Consulting a list of figures he had made during Zachariah's recital of details, Jack continued:

"You are selling by the package—not by the pound. For instance, take this brand you call the Palestine Jelly Tart. You now pack eleven of them in your standard carton. By taking one out you will gain another package out of every ten. If your figures are correct this alone will give you something like fifty thousand dollars with which to start paying dividends at the end of your next fiscal year. Come, Marie, it is time we were going."

"Great Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed Zadoc. "When can I get you to come over to the shirt factory?"

"What is the matter over there?" asked Jack with a yawn.

"We are losing money so fast that we cannot pay our bills—that's what. We were doing fine up to the time we commenced to make collars."

"How are you on quality?"

"No one can touch us—that isn't our trouble. Our rival has just put a striped collar on the market that is cleaning up everything in sight and it finds us with enough white collars in stock to supply every white man in the civilized world. All our Western salesmen are coming in—they can't sell a thing. Guess you can't solve that one," said Zadoc.

"It's easy," said Jack.

"Easy!" they all exclaimed.

"That's what I said. When can I have a look at your factory?"

"To-morrow morning," said Zadoc.

Shortly after this Jack and Marie took their departure, but he was unusually quiet.

"Do you really know what to do in connection with Uncle Zadoc's business?" asked Marie.

"I haven't the slightest idea," he replied.

"But you told them it was easy."

"Of course I did. I always tell people the things I know they want to hear."

"I'm beginning to think that maybe you are slipping," said Marie.

"Maybe I am," replied Jack.

It looked very much like it as Jack trailed after his Uncle Zadoc the next morning. The truth was that not a single corrective thought came to him as they went through the collar department of the shirt factory. Two big things confronted him—overproduction and lack of sales. Their product was not moving in any of the established trade zones.

After going over the plant he had a long talk with the sales manager, who confirmed Zadoc's statement that their competitor was simply wiping them off the slate. His striped collars were going like a forest fire. Of course while it lasted the run would be phenomenal, but like all novelties it was bound to end. How soon? That was the question.

"Have you ever tried to end it?" asked Jack.

"That would be impossible," said the sales manager.

The word "impossible" stirred Jack. It was a term he never countenanced.

"You are wrong," said he, looking the manager square in the eye.

Then he turned to Zadoc.

"Let me have a list of the cities where this striped-collar thing is the worst—the places where it is affecting you the most. I will leave for a trip on to-night's express."

"Also a list of the firms we sell?" asked Zadoc.

"No, I don't want to know anything about them."

"But it is through them that our sales are made," protested Zadoc.

"Look here," said Jack, "you just told me that they had stopped selling your product."

"Yes, but——"

"That's it!" said Jack. "The same old line of thought. Listen! I do things different. All I want is the location of the territory where you used to sell and where you are not selling now."

That night he took an express train for the West. Three—four days went by and no word from him except that Marie received a postal from Chicago. Then a week and no word. The second week also went by.

Following this the most disquieting news reached Zadoc from one of their Western men. Jack had received a shipment of striped collars from their hated rival. They reached him at a point one hundred miles west of Chicago. It was a large shipment amounting to several hundred gross. What could he have in mind, to order striped collars from their competitor?

About this time a wonderful thing occurred. They received an order from their largest jobber in that territory; the second day following more orders from the same locality; that very afternoon additional business. It began to look like old times. Business was coming in from every section of the West—still no word from Jack. Finally Williams, the star salesman of the Zadoc plant, arrived.

"Who is that snappy little guy you have shot out into my territory?" he asked with a grin.

"My nephew," answered Zadoc. "What the mischief is he doing? We have not heard from him in a month."

"All I can tell you is what I saw him do in Wisconsin. In one of the places I stopped there was a street cleaners' and garbage collectors' parade and that fellow had every man in it decorated with a striped collar. Then I saw him distributing them to the negro porters down at the railroad terminal. Say, there wasn't a negro waiter in the city that didn't have on one of those collars. And the next day the Western Cuff and Cravat Company, who own the biggest chain of stores west of the Appalachians, told me that the striped collar was becoming too common for their trade and gave me that first big order I sent in last week."

"Ye gods!" exclaimed the sales manager. "That explains his consignment of collars from our competitor. He's made them so common that the craze is broken."

Two days later a travel-stained young man came in from the West so weary that he almost fell into bed with his boots on. About ten o'clock the next morning his wife went in to waken him, but found him sitting up in bed with pad and pencil.

"I've been anxious to come in for the last hour," she said. "Lemuel telephoned about an hour ago and said that there had been an awful row up at the house last night. Uncle Zadoc wants you to come into the shirt works and Uncle Zachariah says he needs you in the biscuit factory, but papa settled the whole thing with just one question."

"What was it?"

"He asked them whose son-in-law you were anyway? Said that he considered you the one big asset in his family."

"I'm sorry," said Jack, "but I can't oblige any of them."

"Why not?"

"Because I've commenced my book."

"Let me see what you have written," said Marie, taking the pad away from him.

"Considering the fact that all new scientific formulas are——"

That was as far as she read—then she tore it up.

"Hey there! What are you doing?" questioned Jack.

"I'm saving you from the same old prehistoric urge—the one you call the 'Ancestral Hang-Over.' You have commenced your book by acknowledging that there is such a thing as a fact."

Jack hung his head rather sheepishly.

"Get right up and shave," commanded Marie. "We are going to motor into the city. Then we are going to a good show—you need it."

"That's a fact," said Jack, "I do."

Here is the ordinary braided cable covering. Note the open and porous construction, easily cut, stretched or unraveled. Compare it with Duracord.

This is Duracord. Thick, heavy strands, woven like a piece of fire hose, not braided. Picture shows outside covering only with impregnating compound removed.

What a *woven* covering means to portable electric cord

PORTABLE electric cord is only as good as the covering that protects it. What kind do you choose—a thin strand, braided covering—or Duracord?

Duracord is different. It has a covering of thick, heavy strands *woven* like fire hose. It can be battered and pounded and abused and stands up as no other cord will.

In laboratory tests it resisted the pounding of heavy hammers, twenty times longer than ordinary braided cord. It stood fifteen times the abrasion of ordinary cord. In actual use it has proved itself so many times superior to other cords as to be a positive economy.

Shipbuilders, manufacturing plants of all kinds, theatres, mines, railroads, etc., are specifying Duracord wherever a portable electric cord is required to withstand hard service.

Duracord will save you money—it will make money for you if you use it in your product. But don't buy it till you see for yourself why it is so good.

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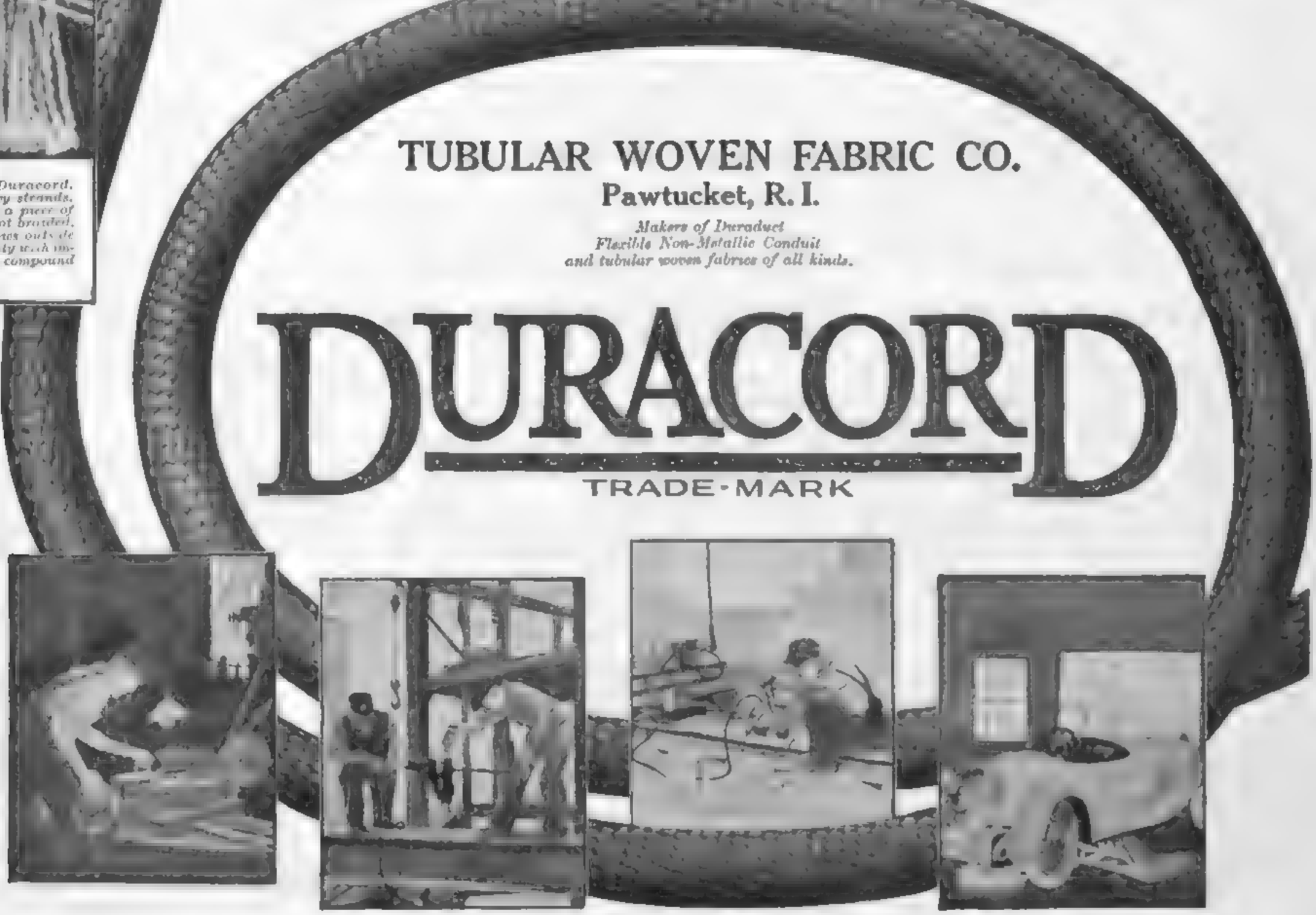

MATTERS OF OPINION

An Authorial Invasion

EVERY incoming liner lands a freight of English authors on these pleasant shores and an occasional Spanish one. Apparently the embargo has been lifted, the English authors turned loose from the corral where Lord Beaverbrook had them all propagandizing during the war. The press-agented pilgrimage of English writers from the land of the depreciated *douceur* of the emaciated pound sterling to the abode of the robust recompense of the hundred-cent dollar is in multitudinous and expectant swing.

From them we learn much about ourselves that is interesting and hitherto unknown, especially concerning our native writers. To be sure, we scan the lists of them in vain for the name of Kipling or Conrad or Shaw or Barrie or Wells; but who are we to hold ideas as to who the first-rate men of English letters are against the blurbs of the American publishers who shriek at us that these visitors are that same, who inform us at what bookstalls their works may be obtained?

We learned, for example, from one that we have but four writers in this country who can be held as comparable in any way to dozens and scores of English writers.

However, there is hope. The English authors offer themselves generously to take up the slack. Their wares are for sale, and the authors of them are here pushing sales by exposing themselves on every lecture platform, to interviewers, to movie men, at women's clubs and teas and sewing circles and luncheons.

They love their art, but, oh, you American dollar! The line forms at the right, and be sure to have the exact change ready. Hautographs 'arf a crown hextra.

One Flag—Three Colors

WE BELIEVE that the country eventually will settle down to work on a peace basis and not a war basis. None the less, since the country seems in some instances so slow and uncertain about the aforesaid settling, we need not fail to record approval of certain remarks made not long ago in the Chicago speech of Major General Wood, while addressing a body of new-mown American citizens.

"There is only one way to deal with so-called radicals: Smash those who carry the red flag and those who follow it as you would a foreign enemy invading our soil. It is the test of your new citizenship to forget European blood antagonisms and keep in mind that there is only one class in this country—Americans. Honesty and uprightness of character are all that count here. In this country we want but one flag, one language, and loyalty to but one ideal—that of American democracy."

Yes. One flag in America is enough. It must not be monochromic, and it must not have birds on it. For native-born or foreign-born citizens—and for transients as well—it must show those certain well-established colors now fairly well known as red, white and blue.

What Organized Labor Lacks

ACCORDING to bland theorists the crying needs of labor are more hours of leisure in which to consider the things of the spirit and a more authoritative voice in plant management. Men of large affairs who have at heart the interests of labor feel that it has other needs which are much more pressing and are of a character far more fundamental and significant. The two wanting foundation stones without which organized labor cannot safely build for the future are not concessions that can be wrested from employers by threats, by strikes or by Washington conferences. They must be won, if they are to be won at all, by the less exhilarating means of stern self-discipline and by adherence to the simplest and most ancient rule of business.

These two indispensables are public respect, based upon a record for scrupulous dealing, and able executives in whom the whole country, employer and employed alike, reposes unshaken confidence. The former must be earned and accorded before the latter can become common.

The average hand worker is quite as honest in his dealings with his fellows as the average business man, but when a thousand or ten thousand of these personally square fellows are organized into a union some of the virtue of the individuals seems to evaporate and the clean-cut personal notion of good faith and of the sanctity of agreements goes glimmering. Representatives of labor confer with employers and bargains are struck, and almost at once public and employers begin to wonder if organized labor will abide by its agreement through thick and thin and live up to the obligations entered into by its leaders in its behalf.

This disappearance of personal conscience when men unite for common gain is no new thing, nor is it a phenomenon that is monopolized by union labor. Only a few years ago Theodore Roosevelt suddenly turned public scrutiny upon various smug well-tailored gentlemen who passed the plate in church on Sunday, gave liberally to foreign missions and spent the rest of their time managing powerful corporations unscrupulously and lawlessly.

Heavy fines and earnest talk of prison sentences for the malefactors of industry quickly put the fear of God into the hearts of the guilty corporation managers. But what was of much deeper import, an aroused public opinion, for the first time since the ascendancy of big business, forced upon it a corporate conscience. There came a swift and unmistakable change of heart that was like a new dispensation founded upon recognition of the principle that what is wrong for a man to do for his own private interest is no less wrong when done for the benefit of employers or stockholders. What was thought a subversive doctrine a decade or two ago is to-day unchallenged.

Long before Moses brought the Ten Commandments down the slopes of Mount Sinai the foundations of business ethics were laid and the law merchant had begun to take form. Even in oldest Babylon the kindergarten of trade taught that a merchant or contractor must keep his word and meet his obligations. When the world was still young those who bought or borrowed or assumed undertakings for pay knew that a reputation for keeping their word was more precious than any of their tangible assets. Then as now it was the cornerstone of credit, and all but the children of folly knew it. The principle is no longer thought debatable except by the devil's disciples and by the apostles of Nietzsche.

The wisest leaders of organized labor do not blink the fact that its greatest handicap rises from its half-hearted support—or easy repudiation—of the basic rule to which successful business owes most of its stability. Labor has too often aped the vices of business and ignored its virtues. The greed and avarice of business it has always denounced and has often copied. The primary law of trade, that promises must be kept for better or for worse, must have its universal acceptance and unqualified support.

Union organization makes it easy to break irksome agreements and to repudiate the pledges of honest leaders when momentary advantage is the tempter's guise. Too often such breaches of faith go unpunished and unrebuked by the organization.

When strikes affecting entire communities occur they are usually settled, not in a court of law but in a court of equity with Public Opinion on the bench. Common Opinion is an untrained jurist who is no hair splitter or legal quibbler, but one who nevertheless is apt to hand down verdicts that do substantial justice.

In facing such a court neither party to an industrial issue should forget two ancient rules of equity: The plaintiff who asks for a verdict in equity must come into court with clean hands; he must have exercised good faith throughout the entire transaction. Second: He who seeks equity must do equity.

These are the terms and the only terms upon which either labor or management can fairly appeal for public sympathy and for the favorable verdict that it commonly carries with it.

Organized labor is fighting for the right of collective bargaining, because it believes—and believes with reason—that if it can drive a good bargain the other party to it—that is to say, the employers—will live up to their side of the agreement. If this were not true there would be no issue, for men do not fight for that which they do not believe can give them advantage.

Employers object to the idea of collective bargaining more in practice than in principle. "In theory, it is fair enough," they say. "But what justice is there in making a collective agreement which will be enforced against us to the smallest comma but which we are powerless to keep in effect if the union determines to side-step or go back upon its word? What hold have we upon the other party to the agreement? Absolutely none."

Unhappily the employers—not always blameless themselves—have a long score of grievances under this head, and it will require something far more substantial than a recital of finespun theories by amateur uplifters to imbue them with that commercial faith and trust in organized labor which they accord to fellow business men with whom they have had satisfactory dealings.

Shiftiness is the unpardonable business sin. It not only makes employers wary and suspicious, but it deprives organized labor of the skilled services of the men who have the greatest gifts of leadership. There is no reason why the great labor unions should not have for their chief executives more men whom the whole country would regard as the equals in honesty, ability and constructive leadership of the capitalistic representatives of our basic industries. These powerful labor organizations can well afford to retain the services of men of extraordinary ability and of the highest reputation. They are in a position to bid as high as the richest corporations.

The rub would come when the great man asked himself if he dared trust his reputation in their hands. If he should give a pledge in behalf of his prospective employers could they be relied upon to keep it? Would they play the game according to accepted rules? Would they in the long run be employers to be proud of? Or would they, if opportunity tempted, repudiate his engagements and precipitate his instant resignation in an effort to save his self-respect?

There is no reason why organized labor need long suffer the reproaches of those who have been the victims—directly and indirectly—of its broken pledges. There was never a time when the disposition to forgive and forget was stronger than it is to-day. Never was the public so responsive to the promptings of justice and to the spirit of fair play. Never will there be a fairer chance for all organized labor to win the respect of the entire country by unanimously accepting and ratifying in letter and in spirit the first law of business.

Public respect and presumption of good faith are what organized labor most needs. Both are to be had for the mere deserving. Neither can be long withheld after it has been fairly won. Respect will inevitably attract wise leadership and leadership of the right kind will command public sympathy and support.

A Storybook Prince

THE most interesting feature of the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to this country was the flutter the news of his coming caused among the women, from flapper to grandmother.

He typified to them the prince of the storybook, the Charming of the dreams of all of them, and many a cap was tremulously set, even in far-away places that he could not see, in the hope that some fairy miracle might happen, and the palpitant lady be awakened into the paradise of her maiden fancy—become the princess of his choice.

None did, of course, and the Prince sailed away, followed by the longings of many and many a maid, a debonair, sportsmanlike, clean-cut, mannerly and modest young fellow to all appearances. He called on President Wilson at the White House and was received by the President in his sick room. The President told the Prince that the bed in which he was then confined was the identical bed in which the Prince's grandfather, who died as Edward VII, slept when he was a guest at the White House before the Civil War.

"And," said the President, "it was from that window over there that your grandfather, bored to tears by the unceasing round of formal entertainment, escaped one night down a rope ladder and got out to frolic with some friends."

The Prince walked across to the window, looked out and sighed. "I wish I had put a rope ladder in my luggage," he said.

The esteemed British would better watch that young man carefully. He has a sense of humor that should be suppressed. Otherwise he may not take that job of being king when the time comes.

The Poet's Corner

COMMEND us to Signor D'Annunzio, the poet who carries a punch in either hand! Next to the Cobbler of Köpenick he is the most amusing instance recorded of expansion in imagination. If a shoemaker may pretend to be a captain and get away with it, why indeed may not a poet assume the rôle of conquering general and get away with that also?

The incidental truth that he threw a monkey wrench into the diplomacy of several first-class Powers ought not to be considered as bearing upon the main facts of his monarchy at Fiume. He is no more outlaw and usurper than many another wielding breech bolt and lanyard in Europe to-day.

And he looks far better in his pointed beard and his aviation goggles than does the average modern potentate from the East Side, with straggling beard and yet more straggling ancestry. Long live the poet! At last he has attained his true corner in affairs.

Only the casuist will declare Gabriele to be the last instance of a world's neurosis, the last proof of a universal shell shock. If our respectable verities of life must be unsettled let it be thus. May we not be allowed an admiringly exhortatory remark? Go it, Gabe! You are opening up new horizons for the oppressed poets of the world.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Balance of Nature

A GENTLEMAN of Jackson, Wyoming, writes to the National Park Service, taking up in an interesting way the question of the trout supply in and below Yellowstone Park. What he says is worth notice, as it is so much in line with modern scientific tendencies toward improving on Nature—an enterprise out of which very little is recorded ever to have come.

"It seems to be the accepted conclusion that the tapeworms which infest the trout—black-spotted—in the Yellowstone watershed complete their circle in the pelicans. These birds are a pest, for they live almost entirely on small fry. They are perhaps responsible in part for the marked decrease in the number of fish found in all the park waters I have visited. Worse than all, they are increasing in numbers and are found now on practically all the lakes of the Snake watershed—Jackson, Heart, Enos, and so on; and by the same token the trout in all these lakes are beginning to show tapeworm. Even in the Hole the birds are now seen; also worms.

"It would seem to be in order to suppress the pelicans or at least to restrict their numbers. This should not be very difficult, though they are rather shy birds and not easy to kill. But they nest on Yellowstone Lake and might be reached at that time through destruction of eggs.

"It was a surprise to me to find the fishing in Yellowstone Lake so poor. It is so poor as hardly to constitute the real thing. In Heart Lake it is almost as poor. In neither body can the average fisherman get a single fish without extraordinary effort. The whole south part of the park needs restocking, I'm afraid. I am not familiar with conditions elsewhere.

"It has been suggested that the tapeworm situation might be relieved in part by putting into these lakes a supply of bait fish, and chub have been considered in this connection. Chub are already indigenous in all these waters, and apparently do not, except in Jackson Lake, figure extensively. Large chub, weighing close to a pound, caught recently in Enos Lake, were subsisting entirely upon a bright green moss, which is not found everywhere. Possibly in the absence of this they may take to eating eggs and fry, as is charged.

"In New York State, in Seneca Lake and Keuka Lake, there is superb trout fishing—namaycush. In both lakes many years ago there were put some alewives, locally known as sawbellies. They appear to have filled the bill completely, which makes me think that they might be worth trying as trout feed in the Yellowstone. But I am not competent to pass on the matter.

"Part of the dearth of *salmo clarkii* in these—Snake—waters is owing to the presence of namaycush. That cannibal is found now throughout this watershed, even far down the Snake in Idaho. Betwixt the pelicans and namaycush it is no wonder that fishing is poor. As a matter of fact, the fishing in the park is far poorer than it is on this—Snake—watershed. And the glowing reports as to park conditions are, so far as my observation extends, without any warrant. But, as I said, my acquaintance is with the south part of the park, including, however, Yellowstone, Shoshone and Lewis lakes. There are plenty of namaycush in the last two. "If you will refer to the list of stockings, by trout, of park waters it will readily be seen that no great effort has been made in this direction.

"In Yellowstone, Lewis and Shoshone Lakes the trout subsist almost exclusively upon a small fresh-water shrimp. The wonder is that they sustain life on it, especially when harboring tapeworms.

"As chubs and at least three other minnows are indigenous it is evident that conditions do not favor their increase. It might therefore be worth while to try an outsider. Without some such increase in bait fish stocking operations might not altogether prosper. Where bait fish are plentiful the trout are certainly much more plentiful and larger than elsewhere.

"I hope you will pardon my intrusion and acquit me of any desire to be officious or anything but helpful. My interest in the park is very keen."

The foregoing letter was passed to me by the park superintendent with request for comment: which had best be made here as well as in the mails. I wrote the superintendent of the park in much the following terms:

"These people who are always planning to improve on Nature fail to convince me. The trout and pelicans have lived together for centuries. Pelicans do eat fish, yes; but fish learn how to hide under rocks. After a trout is fried it can't hide under a rock. The trouble with the disappearance of trout in all that country has been in the park market fishing and in the extreme number of amateur fishers, and in the extreme hoggishness of the human heart. Cure these troubles and you will have more fish. Kill all the pelicans and you will probably not have one more trout than you have to-day.

"The scientific monkey business in and round Yellowstone Park has been a crime. Those big lake trout ought never to have been planted in those waters; nothing ought to have been planted there excepting the native trout—and a great many more of them. Begin to believe that the gentlemen from Washington really know no more than Divine Providence—no matter what their private conviction may be as to that—and you will have a great many more fish in the park and a great many more friends for the park.

"You all begin to wonder where the fish have gone. If my counsel is really of any use to you here it is: Leave the pelicans alone; leave the trout alone; don't plant any more lake trout; spend your efforts on stocking native trout abundantly. Then cut down the daily catch, which now is twenty trout a day, to ten trout a day next year; and five trout a day the year after that if your fish still continue to diminish. Have all the tourist camps inspected by your rangers, and make an example or two if you find any lawbreakers; and have the news of that get out.

"Give Nature a chance. Don't believe that any man in Jackson Hole, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, or even any man in Washington is any wiser than the God of Nature, who made all these things and put them down together."

Well, anyhow, them was my sentiments. I know of several places where they will not be applauded.

What a Woman Thinks

SOME time ago, when regret was expressed for the passing of the species of the American wild pigeon known as the passenger pigeon, I got a bitterly hot letter from a lady in Brooklyn, New York, who accused the writer of the article of a purely selfish regret that these birds no longer existed so that men still could shoot them. Mildly I explained that that was not the nature of our regret, and had in reply to that still another feminine expression, which may be worth printing.

"I have read very many of your articles in the past, and you always seem to take the viewpoint of the hunter. You say when we are young we don't think. Pardon me if I say we do—when consideration has been instilled into us in youth. My grandfather while a boy emigrated here from Ireland and was one of the first settlers in Kansas. Wild and unsettled as it was, he never found it necessary to harm either the Indians or the wild creatures. He always brought in stray animals to be fed and given shelter.

"Here in New York my mother inherited his fondness for animals, and I from her. It seems to me there is something more to be proud of in getting wild animals and birds to trust you than to pain and kill them. I feed birds in my back yard and I have had mother birds come with their young when I was less than five feet away in plain sight. I have led a lonely life owing to an affliction. In order to drive away unhappy thoughts I often take long walks with my dog—the most understanding and truest friend I could have—shall I say the only one I have? In the parks I observe the birds and coax them to come to me. Why kill them when there are so many out-of-door amusements where you do not need to kill to find pleasure?

"I think I am entirely consistent, for I never wear feathers or furs, and I eat neither meat nor fish, though I am healthy and strongly built. I have led an out-of-door life as much as possible and I am interested in articles pertaining to the out-of-doors, but I never found anyone congenial enough to take an interest in botany, geology and those studies connected with Nature, so I am always alone. I frequently have found wounded and dying birds, and having a quick temper I feel resentment toward the persons responsible. Children seem to be attracted to me and I easily influence them. It is my belief that only by starting early can love for out-of-doors and wild life be inculcated. I enjoyed reading your letter and appreciate it."

Well, perhaps a lot of us hardened citizens may enjoy reading this lady's letter also, and appreciate it also, even though we cannot quite apply such extreme doctrines to our own very human lives in this sad old world. Women are women, and men are men, and life is life, and sport is sport—there always has been sport of the open, and always will be so long as there is any out-of-doors left. None the less, when I think of this lady's letter I am not entirely clear whether or not some of us ought to be locked up, once in a while at least.

More Boiled Pigeons

IN SPITE of all kinds of warnings to the contrary, many eager correspondents continue to send in assertions that they have found passenger pigeons in this, that or the other corner of America. I get many of these letters also through Capt. Henry W. Shoemaker, of McElhattan, Pennsylvania, who has given the passenger pigeon much study. As it will serve little purpose to continue extended mention on these lines, the mass of information must be boiled, as the phrase goes, and only a few of the many letters may be quoted even in that form.

Captain Shoemaker says: "Of the old pigeon fishers, as they call themselves, whom I have interviewed this spring, all are practically unanimous in saying that they have not seen even a stray pigeon since the great flight ceased about forty years ago. There may have been a few stray pairs as late as twenty years ago."

Mr. M. B. Bowen, of Douglas, Alaska, says he knows there are plenty of passenger pigeons in Oregon and Washington in the summertime; that they come up from the Gulf of California, where they winter. I have written Mr. Bowen that doubtless he has seen the bandtailed pigeon.

Mr. A. A. Abbott, of Denver, Colorado, says: "I have killed hundreds of bandtailed pigeons, from the Canada line to Central Mexico. I was born in California more than sixty years ago. The passenger pigeon was never there any more than the bobwhite quail or the wild turkey. But in Sonora, in 1887, I saw a flock of strange pigeons that sat close together when they alighted on a limb. They looked like common doves of the size of pigeons. The natives said they were common in the mountains. I hope to send you a skin of one, and think it is a passenger pigeon. I have examined mounted specimens and have no doubt about the identity of these birds."

Mr. H. L. Wells, of St. Louis, also is of the belief that the species of the passenger pigeon is not extinct; thinks that they should be located and propagated—"not in great clouds to destroy crops, but a reasonable number would be highly desirable." I am afraid Mr. Wells will have no trouble about raising too many passenger pigeons in these days.

Mr. James H. Fleming, of Toronto, Ontario, dates the disappearance of the passenger pigeon in Ontario back at least forty years, though as late as 1890 some of the old roosts still were frequented. He says the last Quebec records of birds actually taken date to 1888, 1889, 1890, 1892. He tells of a shipment of pigeons from Indian Territory in 1892 to the city of New York, and mentions a similar shipment to Boston in January, 1893.

He adds: "Records ceased after this till 1898, when three birds were taken at points widely apart. An adult male was taken at Lake Winnipegosis, Manitoba, on April fourteenth; and an immature male at Owensboro, Kentucky, on July twenty-seventh, now in the Smithsonian Institution. Another immature bird, taken at Detroit, Michigan, on September fourteenth, is in my collection. These are the last records that can be based on specimens."

Mr. N. E. White, of Sacramento, California, mentions pigeons on the coast which doubtless are bandtails, but adds the following curious comment: "An old French Canadian trapper, once in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, told me many years ago that these birds were not identical with the Middle West pigeons, but were the progeny of batches of pigeons imported by the Hudson Bay Company from England, generally referred to as English blue rocks."

Well, that is one theory for you which seems new! It is quite on a par with the choleric assertion of a friend I met not long ago in California, who once lived in upper Minnesota.

"You tell me these pigeons are gone? It doesn't stand to reason—of course they are not gone! They never could have been wiped out, because they bred too fast. I myself have seen nests with eight or ten eggs in them."

If my friend ever saw a nest of a passenger pigeon with eight or ten eggs in it—in just one nest—he has seen something that no one else ever saw. Many naturalists have asserted that the passenger pigeon had but one offspring, though the Indians and other naturalists say that two eggs were the normal nesting.

Mr. E. L. Cross, of Wilmington, Delaware, tells about vast numbers of pigeons seen during his youth in Livingston County. He thinks they must have been passenger pigeons, though this is how his description runs: "Their tail feathers were most highly colored. They were long and quite curly. Blue predominated in the color scheme, though we can recall the white of the bird." The foregoing is a good example of inexpert or rather unprofessional examination of a wild creature.

Mr. Charles Goodwin, of Los Angeles, California, supposes that the pigeons which he saw in Illinois thirty-six years ago were the passenger pigeons. He says the bandtailed pigeon of California is "about one-third larger than the passenger pigeon." He is told that there is a slight difference in the markings of the head and wings of the Oregon birds from those in Southern California, which come up from Mexico. In this I believe he is correct.

Mr. J. E. Dunn, of Asherton, Texas, writes that the late Alfred Henry Lewis once told him that the passenger pigeon had emigrated to South America. More inexpert and loose natural history. He adds, however, that the pigeon of the coast regions surely is not the old passenger pigeon, says that he did not see any in British Columbia or in the mountains of Lower California. Incidentally he adds that the old California condor, larger than the condor of the Andes, is now extinct and that the grizzly bear of California is no more. He says the wild turkey is passing, though a few are to be found in Eastern Texas, to his knowledge. He adds information about abundance of other game, and states that on the Mexican side of the Border game is more plentiful than in the United States. If a real passenger pigeon turns up he wants to hear of it.

Mr. John C. French, of Roulette, Pennsylvania, an authority and a writer on the passenger pigeon, says: "I was at Painesville, Ohio, from April, 1879, to February, 1880, and explored Grand River from Fairport to its source. Doves were plenty there and were known as wild pigeons, but I never saw a passenger pigeon there." This ought to settle a certain pigeon rumor from that very point.

Mr. J. H. O'Neill, of San Diego, California, knew the passenger pigeons on the Elkhorn River in 1878. He has heard of thousands of them in the state of Washington, but admits now that he must have been told of the bandtailed pigeon, of whose identity he has been ignorant.

Now, therefore, let us sum up and find out what a passenger pigeon really looked like and what some of those birds look like that are often mistaken for the passenger

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STANDARD EIGHT
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Balance, suspension, and right proportions have been so perfectly coördinated with power that the Standard Eight's riding comfort leaves nothing to be desired.

Thus that sense of full and unlimited power which every motorist covets because it is the base of all motoring pleasure is obtained without sacrificing comfort in riding.

See the sedan and other new models at the New York and Chicago automobile shows.

Standard Steel Car Company
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pigeon. I hope future correspondents will note this and not insist that they have found a passenger pigeon, unless they can send in the skin of the bird. Don't guess, don't write—send the skin.

Mr. Paul E. Page writes from Eagle Gorge, Washington, giving distinctions between the passenger and the bandtailed species:

"I have been very much interested in the articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the passenger pigeon. In a recent article the author asks if somebody cannot send you two skins of the pigeon that is native to this coast. It is not necessary to send the skins, as the pigeon out here is the bandtail. He is nothing like the passenger pigeon.

"His flight alone would mark him as a different bird. He is a sloppy flyer and a passenger pigeon could fly rings round him. Again, in flight his short rounded tail would mark him. The vermilion feet of the passenger are not like the yellow of the bandtail. The white ring on the back of the neck in a full-feathered bird has no counterpart in a passenger.

"At no time in the life of a bandtail, either young or old, male or female, is the round or oblong black spot found on the wing feathers. The passenger has nothing like the yellow ring of the bandtail in the iris. The bills are not of the same color nor are the breast feathers. The passenger has no band on the tail, nor do his long, compact tail feathers compare with the short, rounded feathers of the bandtail.

"There are not many of these birds in this section. I am told that in certain parts of this state and in Oregon they were trapped by the hundreds a number of years ago, and the story sounds like the story of the slaughter of the passenger in the eastern states. I killed a good many passenger pigeons a number of years ago in Wisconsin, both in the field, on flyways and from the traps when the day of live-bird trapshooting was at its height. I have also killed a number of the bandtail pigeons in this state. To my mind there is no such thing as confusing the two birds, either in looks or action, any more than there would be in confusing a flock of blue-wing teal with one of green-wing while in flight or side by side."

An acknowledged authority on the passenger pigeon, Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Michigan, adds a further clear-cut description of these several species, which ought to be noted by all these men who are seeing things, especially out on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Mershon always has been a close student of wild life and what he writes on these matters is worth remembering:

"The passenger pigeon had a long tapering tail that ran to a point. The pigeon of the Pacific Coast has a squarer tail, like the common domestic dove; in shape and flock flying it was much the same as the common dove; by that I mean the domestic dove or pigeon.

"I believe there are something over forty, or once there was that number, of different kinds of pigeons on the continents of the Western Hemisphere, three of them at least in North America with sharp tails—the passenger pigeon, the Carolina dove and the white-winged dove of Arizona. There are a few beautiful pigeons in Africa, and Asia furnishes a number of different types—I have forgotten how many; but I have a most wonderful book with colored plates of the handsomest pigeons you ever saw.

"The passenger pigeon raised but one young. While it is possible a nest with two eggs may have been found now and then, they only hatched but one young. I have a whole drawerful of letters from people who have seen or heard of the passenger pigeon recently. It is the same as the old story of the sea serpent. It is simply impossible for a passenger pigeon to have been alive in the past ten or fifteen years anyhow. They did not raise pairs; consequently the last ones never found mates. They did not have a common wintering home like migratory birds, where if one lost its mate another one could readily be found. The old passenger pigeon left food near the nest and then went off and deserted the young. The young not being in pairs, and having no common place of rendezvous, toward the last did not have the opportunity for mating that other birds have.

"The passenger pigeon nestings must have been similar to the beehive; they had workers that helped feed the birds, they not nesting themselves. In other words, they had to go so far for their food Nature provided that it became quickly digested, and it was brought to the young in the form of curds or pigeon milk. That is why they had only one bird at a nesting, and that is why Nature provided a way to feed orphan birds. In other words, some of the passenger pigeons did not nest themselves, but devoted their time to helping feed the young. You will notice in my book Martin's article, where he tells of shooting four female pigeons that came to feed one motherless squab.

"Passenger pigeons did not disappear all at once; they had been decreasing for a century, gradually getting fewer, and toward the last their end may have been hastened by one of those unusual storms early in the spring that even now work such havoc with other birds. You know the bluebirds were almost extinct once, because of some catastrophe. But man and civilization were the cause of the extermination of the passenger pigeon, otherwise they would have existed the same as they did before man came to this continent.

"The farthest west I have been able to find authentic records of the passenger pigeon is one I have cited. Alexander Henry, the younger, reported the northern and southern flight of these birds when he was at Fort Augustus, on the Saskatchewan River. I believe it was in 1810. They were plentiful round the Winnipeg district and along the shore of James Bay. The old men on the Cascapedia, in Quebec, tell me of the plentifulness of these birds in the Gaspé Peninsula.

"I have three mounted bandtailed pigeons in my collection here at my office, beautiful birds. I killed them myself in the Santa Rosa Mountains of California. This is about halfway between Riverside and San Diego."

Monkeying With Art

BY THE way, speaking of monkeying with Nature, there are instances of monkeying with art as well. The gentleman above quoted says: "Don't let me forget to tell you the story of art in Saginaw. My brother gave the city of Saginaw some old bronze medallions for the Mershon-Whittier Natatorium. These were bas-reliefs of my father and Mr. Whittier, old-time citizens. A labor-union secretary not long ago was appointed chargé d'affaires for the pool. The old green bronzes looked too dirty to suit his artistic taste. He painted them over a nice glossy-black enamel, and put in white eyeballs and a blue necktie for each medallion. Can you beat it?"

Our National Emblem

YOU may have seen—provided you have had the opportunity of seeing any sort of silver coin of late—the image of the bird of freedom which decorates our more solid currency. The American eagle is our bird. He stands for us all over the world. You would think, would you not, that he at least would be spared the danger of extinction? Then note the following communication from our faithful naturalist friend, Captain Shoemaker, of Pennsylvania:

"I wish we could save the bald eagle from extinction in Alaska. Hunters there, alarmed at the growing scarcity of game, due to their own recklessness, and hitting about for something to blame, have had a bounty of fifty cents a head put on the bald eagle. In eighteen months five thousand one hundred bald eagles have been killed.

"As the bald eagle is a scavenger along the seacoast, and only takes live game when pressed by hunger, the threatened extermination seems a pitiable thing. Can you stop this?"

I don't know whether we can stop it, but we can try, at least by making known the facts. I want to say that on Kadiak Island, when I hunted bear there about six or eight years ago, these eagles were very abundant. There was a member of Congress hunting on that island at the time I was there. He showed me the feet of thirteen eagles he had killed. When it comes to national emblems you might put this and that together—eagle, Congress, Washington.

The bald eagle of Kadiak Island lives in the summer very largely on salmon. There were not enough of the eagles seriously to endanger the salmon supply. The salmon and the eagles have always lived together and have both got on. The establishment of a bounty for the killing of this species is one of the crassest pieces of idiocy on record in these days when crass idiocy so much abounds and flourishes. It is of a piece—only it is a worse piece—with the wholesale campaign for killing crows and owls.

Poisoned Ducks

MR. C. B. CRAWFORD, of Kern County, California, says something about duck poisons: "I saw mention of ducks dying in Western lakes, poisoned by shot eaten in the water. I heard of ducks dying in Inyo and Owen's Lake thirty-five years ago, and there could have been but a small amount of shot there at that time. I lived between two of the lakes, which have been dry and have had lots of dead ducks, but have seen almost none here, as the water here is artesian and consequently fresh. It is only where the lakes are low and the chemical content in the water very high that the sickness comes. Our game commissioner says that in the affected ducks the muscles of the throat seem to be stiff or paralyzed. I hunted for the market during one of the years when so many ducks died at Goose Lake, ten miles from here, but did not see a dozen sick ducks here. The outlook is very good for ducks and quail here. In fact, the ducks are raising Cain in the rice fields."

Jointing a Tent Pole

REGARDING the difficulty of making the splice in the ridgepole of the wall tent Mr. H. W. Hart, of Seattle, tells how he solved the problem after many attempts:

"While packing in rough country, where it was necessary to carry all tent poles, stakes and pins on pack horses, I succeeded in making a joint for both ridgepoles and end poles which gave good service. For a ten-by-twelve-foot tent with four-foot walls I used a straight-grained stick of fir, one and three-quarter inches square. I sawed this at an angle, making the cut so it would give about a ten-inch splice. Then I had a tinsmith make two heavy tin sleeves for each joint. Each sleeve was about eight inches long and fitted the square pole snugly. I fitted the sleeves on to the tapered splice so that the two splices fitted together telescope wise, but so that the two tin sleeves did not come together by about one-half inch. The tin sleeves I nailed to the stick to prevent shifting. When the sleeves are in place the poles may be driven together lightly with a hammer, and a screw eye and a long hook fastened on the underside back of the sleeves, so as to hook the two joints together and to prevent them from working loose. I just used some staples and some hay wire.

"The joints for the end poles were made the same as for the ridgepole, only the sleeves do not need to be so long and do not need to be fastened together with a hook, as the weight keeps them together.

"I used such a set of poles several winters. In one set for a ten-by-twelve tent I had the ridgepole jointed twice, making three pieces, about four feet six inches each. The end poles were jointed once each, which made them about the same length. I used these poles steadily for six months, sometimes when I had to rake four or five inches of snow off the tent in the morning. The ridgepole never sprung down any more than a solid stick would. I hope you will not be bored by this, but find it another thing to add to your suggestions on camp equipment. I have been where a tent pole was hard to get, so would like to be of service to others who camp out."

I think Mr. Hart has been of distinct service. The cuts which he sends with his description make the matter quite plain. He has marked the length of the beval cut at twelve inches. The proposition looks sound.

Killing Crows

THE sporting press points out with much pride the fact that clubs have been formed all through the United States for the purpose of killing crows. It seems that medals are given to the individual and the club killing the greatest number of crows. The National Crow Shoot, as this hardy enterprise is termed, records more than two thousand crows killed in the first three months of 1919. I decline to give names of persons or clubs seeking that particular kind of glory. I think that all such campaigns of general slaughter against a species are wholly deplorable. Much better would it be for some of these apostles of the shotgun to curb their own zeal in shooting game birds and to leave the crows and the game birds to fight out their ancient problem together, as they always have done successfully.

This is only one more of those modern attempts to lock the American door after the American horse has been stolen. It is part of the propaganda put out by well-meaning persons who are undertaking to assure the American public that it can both have its cake and eat it.

No one particularly loves the crow, it is true; and that a crow does some damage also is true; but the real truth about the National Crow Shoot is that its shooters want to shoot something and are glad to shoot even crows under any pretext of righteousness.

As for the medals and trophies awarded for high bags, the writer must once more proclaim his old-fashioned ideas regarding amateur sport. I question whether the sporting-medal system ever improved our sportsmanship; and whether, on the contrary, it may not have injured our sportsmanship more than a little. I myself would never compete for a medal with the fly rod or bait rod, though I know countless fine gentlemen who do. These casting-club contests develop an extraordinary amount of skill. This skill is developed competitively, among the club members, pitted one man against another in more or less friendly rivalry.

After a time the names of the medal winners are sought out as users of this or that sort of tackle, sold by this or that sort of dealer. The records, very interesting in many cases, are spread abroad as an incentive to young sportsmen. The whole tendency is toward improvement of tackle and toward avoidance of angling conditions and toward the beating of the game by the invention of special tackle for use in tournaments alone—ultrastiff lightweight rods, ultrathin surgeon's-silk lines for bait casting, and so on. It all runs into technical sport, commercial sport, and away from amateur sport. In amateur sport the contest is between the man and the fish, the man and the animal, and not between one angler and a fellow angler.

There ought never to be anything like competition among anglers most of all—the gentle art at its best invites assistance, deference, offers the first place to a friend, and offers no medal and no envying whatever. This is not a popular point of view, to be sure, but that in no way persuades me that it is not a wise point of view. Too much commercialism is what is the matter with our American sport and our American lack of sport to-day. This is not popular writing to-day, but you can bet your clothes it will be popular ten years from now.

As for the side shoot—one set of men contending against another to see who will kill the most birds, whether it be the most crows or any other species of bird—one thought that that sort of thing before now had been relegated to disuse, as fit only for the Dark Ages of sportsmanship. It is a wholly rotten idea. I can't see much in this encouragement of wholesale crow killing. Let Nature alone, and give Nature a chance. There is no other way of keeping or getting open sport in America.

ADVENTURES IN AUTOMOBUMMING

(Continued from Page 21)

After a year, though I have forgotten what kinds of factories Anonym has and its advantages in railroad connections and natural gas, I remember the soggy squash, the wood-fiber string beans and the moist smack of the waitress's gum as she coyly leaned closer to my twitching ear.

I am a mild writer. I have no factories to establish, no branch offices to open. But if I had been the president of a billion-dollar corporation—and I have seen such persons who are even meeker and more polite to hotel clerks and more grateful for decent Lima beans than I am myself—I should have had to dine at that same restaurant; I should have carried away the same resentment and the same eagerness never by any chance to do anything for Anonym; and if there had ever been a choice between that town and its neighbors for a new enterprise I should have been charmed to have helped to rid the earth of Anonym and all its waitresses forever.

Next morning my resentment was increased. By accident I found an excellent little cafeteria hidden away in an arcade. If the expensively maintained electric sign had announced, "Welcome to Anonym—and you can find edible food at the Soanso Cafeteria," or if the mealless hotel had told me to go there, then I should have liked Anonym; I should have believed that they cared for strangers.

Doubtless the town has a commercial club which wistfully tries to take factories away from Cleveland and Akron, from Lima and Canton. Doubtless they court strangers at conventions and give them dinners and motor rides. But in between the club permits itself to be officially represented by the stalwart gum wielder and the bored hotel clerk as guides and greeters.

I admit that one good meal would not cause a factory owner to move to town. But it would have as much effect on him as a booklet showing in sepia the Union High School and residence of Hathaway L. Blimp. I admit that it would not be practicable to stop every foreign car costing more than *X* dollars—curiously enough *X* dollars is the exact price of the car you have just bought—and snatch open the side curtains and inquire: "Beg pardon, is there anyone in this party who is important? Ah, you? Kindly fill out this card with name, address, credit rating and official position and the secretary of our club will be charmed to take you home to lunch and try to sell you the idea of All for Anonym and Anonym for All."

Wanted: Autohobo Hotels

This rather alarming means of attack being questionable, it may some day occur to some commercial-club secretary that it would be worth while to make sure that every motor tourist is received, if not with undesired hot handshakes, at least with much-desired hot food.

If commercial clubs and city councils cannot procure perfect garages, gas stations, restaurants, hotels, let them at least make sure that strangers are not by unusually dishonest, filthy or boorish treatment sent out as violent enemies. If they can do nothing else, let them subsidize directly or otherwise the good dealers and warn the bad ones. Certainly let them not leave this duty of theirs to strange and furious motorists from over the state border. Or if they are too busy to do anything let them at least not add insult to injury. Let them remove from the exits from town the sign: "Good-by—come again."

The motorist is more than angelic if—when he is aching with decomposed cabbage and celluloid potatoes—he doesn't stop at that sign and thunder: "Not if I can help it!"

Somewhere in these states there is a young man who is going to become rich. He may be washing milk bottles in a dairy lunch. He is going to start a chain of small, clean, pleasant hotels, standardized and nationally advertised, along every important motor route in the country. He is not going to waste money on gilt and onyx, but he is going to have agreeable clerks, good coffee, endurable mattresses and good lighting; and in every hotel he will have at least one suite which, however small, will be as good as the average room in a great modern city hotel. He will invade every town which hasn't a good hotel already—and at present that means something more than forty per cent of all towns under twenty thousand. When he has completed his work he will be in the market for European châteaux as fast as retiring royalties have to give them up.

He will find ready for his reconstruction one of the few businesses which are but little standardized. There are chain groceries, cigar stores, hardware stores, drug stores; and the shops which do not belong to a chain carry standard, nationally advertised goods. In a garage he has never seen before the motorist knows the tires which are for sale. Even doctors, farmers, lawyers, clergymen—through their associations—to some extent standardize their work and fees. And the good hotel men meet and read hotel journals.

But the bad hotels are standardized in only one thing—the two chairs in the ladies' parlor are invariably upholstered in granite cunningly carved and colored to resemble green velvet.

The new genius of country hotels is going to have an easy victory when he arrives—and every autohobo from coast to coast will be his unpaid advertising man.

An Inclined Mattress

If there had been one of these chain hotels within thirty miles of us my wife and I would have driven on to it and not have stopped at a town between Spokane and Seattle which may be called Dingleville. We wobbled in after a day of dust and bumping. The hotel office was decorated in newspapers and overshoes. The bedroom—and it was the only unoccupied one in the town—was composed of four walls, practically complete, ceiling with sections of plaster removed to show what good honest work the lathers had done, a bureau which stood on one ear, a bed which indicated that more door mats were needed down at the front door, and a pitcher of water a quarter filled with sediment.

The bathroom was off the kitchen, where the hotel staff was entertaining her gentleman friend, who was convulsed by the sneaky appearance of a tall, thin, embarrassed autohobo trying to look invisible in a blue bath robe.

The mattress had a curious conformation—or it may have been geared to an eccentric. The moment I went to sleep I dropped down and over so that I almost always hit the floor seven inches forrard of the footboard.

For that room we were charged two dollars. If a billard table at a good hotel is worth four dollars for a night's sleep during convention time, then on that basis the room in Dingleville was worth forty cents.

In this hotel, as in Anonym, there was no dining room. We were warmly commended to the Bijou Restaurant, three mud puddles and a tin can away from the hotel. At the Bijou we had a breakfast consisting—where are the scientists who say there are no substitutes for eggs? The Bijou's boiled eggs were made of a substitute composed of ninety per cent of lukewarm alkali water, three per cent sulphur, and seven per cent salt.

The coffee was cold. We foolishly mentioned that fact to the waitress.

She groaned, "Well, upon my word ——"

She furiously took our cups out to the kitchen and returned with hot coffee—five minutes after we had finished the eggs.

Then there was the hotel in a fairly large town in Virginia where the office had not been swept for at least a week. The proprietor sat with his feet up in a chair and told me how hard he found it to get help. It did not occur to him that he could possibly sweep the office himself. He was a sweet, clean, perfectly moral man—and he didn't live at his own hotel. He was sensible. He had a house as far away as possible.

There was the town of over a thousand near the Ohio-Indiana line, where the only hotel was a series of rooms above a bakery. To reach them you stumbled over an ancient, odorous pile of trunks and old mattresses.

There was the room in Iowa which was ventilated only by a shaft from the men's wash room. And there was the restaurant ——

The proprietor must have been religious. On the wall was a sign: "If the Lord came now, would you want to have Him find you doing what you are doing?"

What I was doing was flinching before juiceless boiled beef and tasteless vegetables associated under the fraudulent firm name of "regular dinner."

The wall placard roused me. I summoned the proprietor, and not at all sacrilegiously but with high ethical purpose inquired: "Look here, if the Lord came now, do you think I'd want Him to find me ruining the good digestion He gave me by eating filth like that?"

The proprietor answered only: "Never have I had anybody kick before."

If that was true, the fault wasn't his but that of his customers. Gentle patience is not the attitude to take toward dietetic homicide.

The two things which I am bewailing, discourtesy and bad food, were splendidly combined at a station lunch room in a big Eastern city, where I heard the Montenegrin counter waiter insult seven customers in succession.

At one fragile old woman he bawled: "If you wanted sugar in your coffee, why didn't you say so when you ordered it?"

Yet I don't know that this foreign despot was worse than the owner of the Yankee lunch room that was so filled with the fumes from a frying pan engaged in the preparation of short orders and short lives that we could not get ourselves through the cloud of smoke from the kitchen but drove on fifteen more miles, dinnerless.

If I named that town or the others the local patriots would counter by snorting: "What do you expect? New York service in a burg of five hundred?"

Why not, so far as courtesy and good food go? Not *hors-d'œuvres* but at least decent beef and beans. The meanest of these towns has excellent vegetables at hand. It is the cook and the great American frying pan which turn good raw materials into poison—and for the crime of ignorance there is no excuse in the smallness of one's town. There is no known ratio between population and ability to read recipes. And sometimes it is the largest cities that have the worst cooking. But there's always an excuse. In a large urban hotel—they're too busy to take care. In a village inn—they haven't enough trade to afford a chef.

I would ardently recommend to a large number of able-bodied authoritative male lunch-room proprietors, who have been lucratively cooking for thirty years, that they learn to cook. To my warmer friends and classmates among them I tenderly urge that they forsake that frying pan which is the symbol and cause of the honored American pastime, having indigestion.

A famous chef wailed to me: "In this city there is no more home cooking. The wife goes to the movies and at fifteen minutes to six she comes home with a steak and then zh-h-h-h-h-h h on the fire—and dinner is ready at six." Increasingly, with equal luck of domestic help and willingness to work, a minute's frying and ten hours' indigesting take the place of cookery, and people who have become used to such barbarism at home do not complain when they encounter it at hotels.

A Race of Fryers

Fried steaks—fried pork chops—fried Hamburg steak—coarse fat chunks of fried bacon—hash fried to solidity—fried sausage meat—fried potatoes—scrambled eggs black with grease from the pan—griddle cakes prepared in the pan as often as on a griddle—these offspring of the frying pan make up the bulk of the menu in a large share of homes, and consequently in most small hotels and almost all short-order lunch rooms. The arts of baking, broiling, roasting, toasting, the use of the casserole, tend to become unknown.

The defense is the lack of assistance and the cost of fuel, but it is not enough to excuse shortening lives by ten or twenty years. It is partly the public's fault for not precisely knowing and strenuously demanding better food in these incredible restaurants along the way. And it is partly the fault of laborious but ignorant cooks. And it is partly the fault of the managers.

In many small hotels the bad food is directly traceable to the wives of the proprietors, who are the housekeepers and not infrequently the cooks. But behind that fault is that of the omnipotent male. Wife is behind the scenes, doing her best, trying to be cook, waitress, chambermaid, purchasing agent and charming spouse all at once. Husband is out in front at the desk having a perfectly wonderful time, chatting to traveling men and revolving his fingers with the armhole of his waistcoat as axis—a practice pretty to behold but not of much lasting moral value.

It is mildly advocated that in hotels where assistance cannot be obtained, where the wife is overworked, where five minutes' frying seems only too much attention to devote to cookery, the amiable father of the resort go back, read an effeminate cook-book and do a little work, even at the cost of not hearing the red-hot new one from Chicago.

And it is less mildly advocated that the touring motorist, who does know good food, give up his patient tolerance and explain the beauties of labor to the proprietor. The first dozen howlers will be greeted with indignation and the suggestion that "if you don't like our accommodations, you know what you can do." But the next hundred will begin to make an effect. And if thousands—and thousands—and thousands of eloquent, brilliant, brazen, violent roarers keep up the work for years and years and years it may be possible that several erring proprietors will in pathetic astonishment consider: "Why, I don't believe they like my place. Can it be just possible that even I do not know all the things in the world? Can it be actually imaginable that I, who have been so pleasantly failing at keeping hotel these twenty years, am not really the genius that, of course, I really am?"

Join the O. C. K.

When the Order of Corrective Kickers has obtained better food, which ought to be perfectly easy to do during the next two centuries, it might turn to dirty offices, uncomfortable chairs, stained wall paper, banging staircases, creaky beds, mirrors which do not mirror, naked electric bulbs so ingeniously arranged that they can be used neither for reading in bed nor for dressing, and the odor of food that is dead but not forgotten. These could most of them be remedied by the proprietor himself, and at small cost—if he knew anything.

Once in a small Florida inn frequented by hunters I heard mighty argument between a sportsman and the owner. The hunter objected to the vocal furniture. The owner said it was not remediable. The hunter borrowed a wrench and screw driver. He turned his bed and bureau on their heads, he tightened bolts and screws and in seven minutes he had killed a family of squeaks which had irritated guests for years.

He has received the Medal of the Order of Corrective Kickers, with two palms.

The existence of large automobile associations is now making it possible to kick effectively, even outside of one's town. The official of one told me what his organization had done to a thriving grafter in one of the Carolinas. They had a report from a member that he had found a puncture as he entered a town in the evening. The garage man was also the owner of the hotel. He took an hour to repair the puncture. When the driver inquired the way to a larger place ten miles beyond, the garage man insisted: "Pretty late to go on now. You couldn't find it by night. Better stay here. Good hotel."

The motorist went on. As he left the garage he wondered why the owner and his assistant were snickering. At the edge of town both of his rear tires went out. They had been slit.

He stayed at the hotel, all right—and when he returned to his own motor club he reported. The officials telegraphed to the Carolina authorities and a few months later the enterprising garage and hotel man went to the state penitentiary.

That was scientific kicking.

But unfortunately that rudeness which is the leading motif of my symphony is not yet considered a felony and a penitentiary offense. Of course local motor clubs might correct discourtesy and merrily pass away the long winter evenings by lynching bees for rude clerks and bad cooks. But the

(Continued on Page 55)

GLOBE CORDS
GUARANTEED 8000 MILES
FABRIC TIRES 6000 MILES

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DETROIT SALES OFFICE
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(Continued from Page 62)

sport has not been recognized by the athletic associations.

As to the rudeness and its psychology I had a revelation in an Illinois town of two thousand into which I drove on my way west. It is an attractive town, with an excellent garage, in which the three or four mechanics strangely hold that autohobos may be human. And the principal hotel had been well planned. There was a fireplace in the office and comfortable deep chairs and the rooms were clean. But the owner had other business interests and from six P. M. to six A. M.—precisely the time at which most traveling men and motorists arrive—he left all of the direction of the hotel to a middle-aged clerk with a whisky nose and a brandy breath.

I came in a little muddier than usual after changing a tire in a puddle and as I signed the register I inquired, "What are your rates?"

The clerk superciliously glanced at the deposits of fertile topsoil on my hands and collar—oh, and probably on my ears—and reached for my key without answering my question.

I repeated it.

He sneered: "If you will kindly take the trouble to use your eyes you will note a printed schedule of prices on the wall."

In the garage across the street I asked about the genial clerk and the entire mechanical staff stopped to laugh. They clustered about me and told stories. The clerk was the town pariah—and he did not know it. His rudeness and his whisky were traditions. No man ever stopped to hail him, to "pass the time of day with him." Corner gangs winked at one another when he went by.

"Poor devil, I'm sorry for him. No wonder he's soured," I protested.

"Him? That guy was born sour. You should fret a lot over being sorry for him. He doesn't even know people don't like him. You couldn't get through his hide with dynamite. He thinks he's such a wiz that he couldn't imagine folks making fun of him. He's the biggest bag of pink wind between Dixon and Valpo. Say, it's too bad! We've got a good hotel here, but the traveling men hate that grouch so that they'll catch a way freight to skip staying here overnight."

His Aim to Displease

It was to this man that the owner had intrusted his hotel!

I watched him all evening. A woman came down to complain that there were no towels in her room. Self-possessed, bleak, level-eyed, he looked at her and remarked quietly: "That's not my fault. Towels are put in every room every morning. What did you do with them?"

A traveling man asked the local time of an important train.

The clerk said evenly: "You will find it in the train guide on the desk."

Staying for the night was a youngster, a boy of perhaps sixteen, obviously traveling by himself for the first time in his life and excited over it with a gossipy, fluttering, confidential thrill. He went the rounds telling the older men what a corking time he was going to have in Clinton and the train he was going to take next day and just how many handkerchiefs he had in his suitcase. They stopped their writing to listen; they smiled at one another and dreamed of their own first trips.

The clerk sat alone, comfortably smoking. No one cared to talk to him, which suited him exactly. He was too superior a person to mingle with common travelers.

The boy raced up to him and panted: "Say, what time do we have breakfast in the morning?"

The clerk yawned, picked up a magazine, looked at a picture, glanced up at the boy and snorted, "Whertuknsykaskdm," or something like it.

"I—I didn't quite get you, cap'n."

The clerk closed the magazine, unable any longer to endure these outrageous interruptions to his nervous duties of rocking and smoking and reading detective stories. He spoke with a precise, controlled, chill viciousness:

"I have just told you that breakfast is served from six to eight-thirty. If you can't understand people the way they talk here in the city you better go back to the farm."

The boy wilted away. His fun in travel was gone.

I considered a project of bouncing the andirons on the clerk's head. But being foolish I was still charitable. Perhaps there was dark history here. It was evident that the man was soaked in whisky. Perhaps he came from a fine old family—*i. e.*, a family which unlike yours or mine is descended from the Stone Age. Perhaps he had held large positions and gone the booze path and was resentful of his fall to a petty clerkship. I wanted to get his story.

I got it—at midnight, when the office was quiet and the clerk so tired of reading that he was willing to talk even to an autohobo who palpably was nobody at all.

The World His Backyard

He was descended from a fine old Kentucky saloonkeeper, and he had been a hotel clerk all his days. But, oh, he'd seen life! He wasn't, he boasted, "a darn hick, like the folks in this burg." He'd lived in Louisville and Columbus; he knew an actress, and a distiller who had a famous string of horses. He was not as other men.

"Must be kind of hard, having to handle these cranky hotel guests."

He dropped his magazine with a bang. He sat up. Here at last was one who despite the mud on his ears had the brain and soul to understand him.

"It is! You wouldn't hardly believe me if I told you how unreasonable people are. Always kicking—blaming me for everything that every wop chambermaid does. And the things they expect a fellow to know! They keep bothering me all evening with fool questions—that is, they used to bother me, but I know how to handle 'em now. I beat 'em to it. I don't take nothing off nobody. You know, you auto tourists are the worst of all—lot of you people from hick burgs coming in here and trying to let on that you're a bunch of Chicago dudes. But that guff don't go with me. Why just this morning——

"There was a fool shemale here with her husband and when they come down to pay their bill the hen spoke up and she said: 'You didn't call us at five this morning, the way you promised.' Well I just looked her square in the eye and I said: 'My dear madam, I'm perfectly aware of that interesting fact. I haven't got round to it yet. I have had other things to do.' Of course I'd been asleep, but you know how it is - don't ever let 'em get the idea they can ride you. So I never batted an eye. I let her have it straight. I says to her: 'I been busy, but I shall be through soon and if you care to go back to your room and wait I'll call you in due time!'

"Oh, I had her wild, and her husband looked sore as a crab. But Lord, he was a little sawed-off shrimp and I just gave 'em the eye and they sneaked off, and I bet they won't try to do the hoop-te-doodle high-and-mighty next time they come back here."

He was right. It is extremely unlikely. It is also unlikely that the woman or her husband will ever again annoy that hotel by going to it at all. But I wish I knew how widely and vigorously they have advertised the hotel. And I wish I knew whether the hotel owner realizes how competently his night clerk is destroying the good-will and value of his property. And most and beyond all I wish that the local motor and commercial clubs comprehended the ethical value of an ably wielded fire ax. But I do not know whether it should be wielded on the pathologic clerk or on the owner who maintains him as a public nuisance.

The effectiveness of clever clerks I saw a few weeks ago in a none-too-good hotel in an Eastern city, where the guests put up with faults in service and equipment—and price—because the chief day clerk was so cheerfully courteous and seemed at least to try to make things right.

Amiability is the most important and most profitable thing a business man has to sell.

I distinctly do not wish to imply that the autohobo keeps going from one bad hotel to another. The woes I sing are merely a few interruptions to the happiness of motor wandering. To make up for them there have been hundreds of sunny hotels and charmingly served meals, even in little unexpected places. And I do not at all imply that the standards of courtesy in hotels and restaurants are lower than those in all other establishments. It is merely that the autohobo sees more of hotels and restaurants, and it is as an autohobo that I am writing.

Few trades in this country are any too famous for courtesy. We have much to give Europe; we have perhaps a heartier good-will; but we haven't better manners. Or if we have it will not hurt us to forget it; it will not seriously effeminize the average lightsome trolley conductor to be contaminated a little by effete European conventionality. A rather distinguished English journalist who has been lecturing in the country, the best and most thoughtful of good fellows, was buying cigars at a small side-street shop in New York the other day, and as the clerk slammed down the change Sir John abstractedly said "Thank you."

The clerk retorted: "What the hell you getting sarcastic about? I give you your change as quick as I could."

I haven't yet been able to decide whether the incident revealed the clerk's opinion of the way to treat customers or the way in which cranky customers treat him. I wonder if when Sir John goes back to England he may not whisper that in the land of the free he has found a tiny per cent of citizens who are not excessively agreeable to meet. But what do we care?

We ain't runnin' our business to suit no darn furrin titled snob.

Rudeness à la Casserole

Aside from hotels and restaurants, I can recall in the matter of rudeness—not from past years, but from the past couple of months—an employment agent insulting mistresses who hinted, however timidly, that they didn't care for her mangy array of cooks; a trolley conductor who bawled "Move up, will yuh?" as though his passengers were a chain gang of criminals, a negro elevator man in a New York apartment house who snarled at a woman, "Aw, I don't have to be polite, see? Folks goes on they knees to me to get 'em apartments"; a clerk in one of a famous string of groceries who—after these two decades of campaigning against substitution—tartly kept insisting that another brand of breakfast food was "just the same" as the brand the customer wanted; and a shrill girl child in a well-known drug store who, after a customer had refused to take a fly-specked box of candy, yelled to the cashier loud enough for the customer to hear: "That poor fish don't know what he wants—he ain't got enough money to buy no candy anyway."

When there are no more strikes—that is, only two or three a day—I want the pogrom committee of the League of Kicking Customers to employ some one of pugilistic build and a tender smile and have him peacefully go about the country starting trouble. I want him to carry smart baggage and a pair of brass knuckles. I want him, when he comes into a large city hotel, to look fondly upon the clerk and ask "What are your rates?"

When the clerk carols "I've got a nice room with bath for six dollars," I want the crusader to murmur "Can't I get a room for three?"

If the clerk snaps—as at least once in six times he will snap—"Oh, if you want a cheap room I may be able to fix you up later, but you better take this one—vacant now," then I want our secret agent to look round the lobby with a large contented smile, catch the eyes of all the traveling men in sight and bellow pleasantly at the clerk: "Yes, son, I do want a cheap room. I'm a poor man, son. I'm not rich and haughty like you. We know, even without your telling us, that when you travel you always get ten-dollar-a-day rooms. We can all tell that by looking at your expensive face. But me, I want a three-dollar room and I want you to give it to me cheerfully. And I'm going to sit round the lobby considerable this evening, son, and the next time you try to sell an expensive room by sneering so's folks won't dare ask for cheap ones I'm going to amble up and coarsely kill you."

The forty per cent or so of bad hotels vitally injure the sixty per cent of good hotels. For as a result of having found uncomfortable accommodations, each year a larger proportion of motor tourists give up hotels entirely, good and bad and camp by the way. In the last five years, despite the war, there has come into existence an amazing body of camping accessories for motorists.

The Doctor Unlimbers

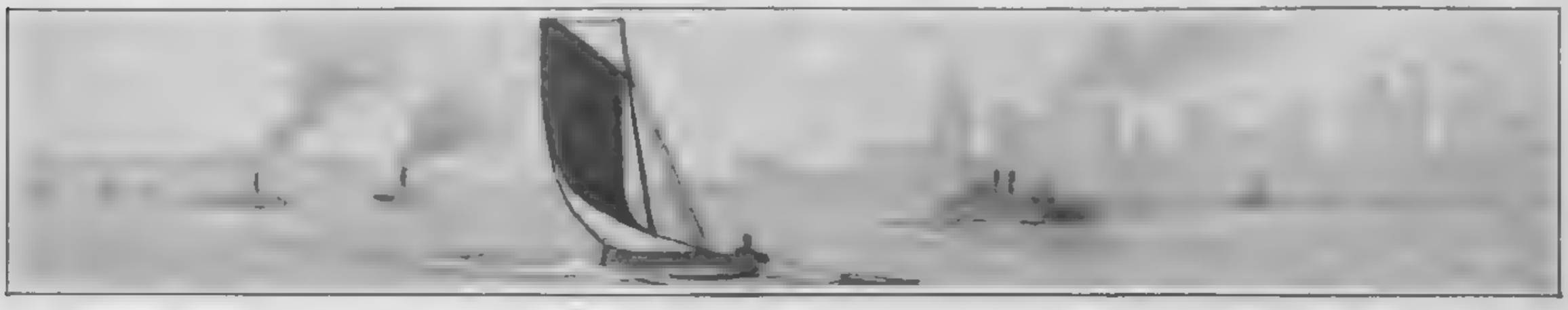
The East with its short runs and hard-surfaced roads does not know them, but west of the Mississippi motor camps are revelations.

Aside from camping for the sake of being outdoors and camping for the sake of avoiding dubious hotels, there is camping for the sake of showing off the delightful equipment.

I used to watch the Middle Westerners get out their hunting equipment just before September first, when the law on prairie chickens and ducks went off. Hunters don't have kits for the sake of hunting—they hunt so that they may have an excuse to use their kits.

A doctor from Chicago came up to the Minnesota stubble fields with something slightly less than an express car of the most interesting junk. He made a fully equipped army division—with tanks—look like a tramp with one spare shirt button. He possessed—and on the most hesitating invitation he exhibited—rubber hip boots for swamp wading, rubber knee boots for wet grass and rubber over-shoes for muddy roads. He had a .35 rifle, a .22 rifle, a revolver, a twelve-gauge pump gun, a double-barreled hammerless shotgun intended for duck hunting and a twenty-gauge single-barreled gun intended—so far as the village in conclave could determine—for a buggy whip. He had tin shell boxes and leather lunch boxes and compasses and extremely dangerous knives and the kind of a folding seat that a king uses when he sits and heroically butchers pheasants as they are driven past him.

The village's own idea of equipment was an old ten-gauge cannon, a pocket of shells and something on the hip. We asserted that the doctor was not merely an idiot but actually a city fellow. We were wrong. The doctor had had more joy out of gathering his treasures than he could ever drag



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It writes Service Insurance of the following kinds

All forms of Liability, Workmen's Compensation, Plate Glass, Burglary, Accident and Health, and Automobile.

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CROMPTON "All-Weather" CORDUROY

When you buy work trousers (or suits) you want them made of good tough material to stand the rough usage of hard work.

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is tough (but soft). It is strong (but not stiff). A light shower won't wet *you* or spoil your trousers, because the CROMPTON "All-weather" FINISH resists water.

And even if you should get your work trousers rain-soaked they will dry out quickly and can be worn again next day

CROMPTON "All-weather" CORDUROY is for the Railway man, Farmer, Truckman, Machinist, Lumberman, Stevedore, Ranchman, Hunter, Carpenter, Steel worker—or any other man who works.

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Look for this trade-mark in the next corduroy trousers or suit you buy. It means that you are getting the genuine CROMPTON water-resistant corduroy.

CROMPTON "All-weather" CORDUROY will not stiffen, shrink, or lose its color.

FREE TEST

Send for our Free Test Sample of CROMPTON "All-weather" CORDUROY. Sprinkle it and watch the water roll off like quicksilver. You will certainly insist on getting CROMPTON "All-weather" CORDUROY when you buy your next pair of trousers. The best dealers sell them or will get them for you if you insist and they are well worth insisting on.

CROMPTON-RICHMOND CO.
35 East 31st Street New York

OLDEST MANUFACTURERS OF CORDUROYS IN THE U.S.A.

out of freezing on a windy duck pass or shooting partridges which he did not wish to eat. What was one wretched dead bird compared with the excitement of putting on a leather coat with eighteen trick pockets to explore?

The same applies to automobumming equipment.

You can, if you put up at hotels, cross the continent with no extra equipment save a tow rope and a bag of large stones to be carefully dropped upon the backs of dogs that race along and try to bite your tires. Or you can get so much pleasure out of buying accessories that afterward you won't care whether you merely take the trip—and you certainly won't be able to afford to. Novices will find sporting and accessory shops happy hunting grounds, and if they have never by the scenery and the hope of freedom been tempted to autohobo they will be by the equipment.

Aside from motor accessories, pumps which do not cause you to break your back, magic jacks which will raise the car with the pressure of a little finger, there are tables which fold to the size of a checker board, pneumatic mattresses with which you can sleep on flinty ground, elaborate tiny ranges with portable fuel. But the triumph, the thing which makes it possible to be independent of hotels when you desire or to stay at them when you are weary of picnicking is the complete camping outfit—familiar from Davenport to the Coast, almost unknown in the East and South.

It is seen in the trailer, of which there are now a dozen different makes, costing from seventy-five dollars to three hundred. The typical trailer during transportation folds to the size of a coffin on wheels, but opens out into a storm-proof tent with two real spring-and-mattress beds, a dining table between them and shelves and an ice box at the end. The trailer tents can be pitched in ten minutes and on their roller bearings and pneumatic tires they can easily be hauled.

Yet they are adequate for a two weeks' stay and make it possible to remain as long as you like at the miraculous lake which you happen to discover.

There are smaller and cheaper outfits sufficient for a comfortable stay of one or two nights—canvas-sheltered beds with the heads resting on the running board, mud-proof, rain-proof, wind-proof. A like shelter is a cot with a tiny tent over it and a window for ventilation—and for looking out at the natives who come to inspect this new kind of bug. There are steel frames which fit on the tops of the seats and make excellent beds up under the top—and you can connect to the battery an incandescent bulb for night reading.

There is just one piece of equipment which the author urges—and it isn't patented. That is a large competent piece of cheesecloth for camping in mosquito country. I spent one night by Lake Itasca and I spent it awake—not because I was breathing in the sweet air or thinking romantically of the old voyageurs and missionary monks and of the river rolling from this pine forest down to New Orleans or any of those beautiful things that might have made a poet lie awake. I was engaged in keeping a smudge lighted; plucking long and excessively wet grass—on my knees, out in the delightful dew; poking it into a tin can which regularly tipped over and spilled the fuel; and being slowly turned into a cross between a smoked ham and a large embodied sneeze.

We had plenty of mosquito netting along, but to a north-woods no-see-um the meshes of mosquito netting are large enough to hold a war dance in.

Troubles and weariness of motoring—you must be prepared for them. But one glorious morning's run makes up for all the discomforts of a long trip. Once we drove nearly two hundred miles from the elbow of Cape Cod to Springfield, Massachusetts, before noon. It was October, with the leaves turning. We left at five, in the darkness. For fifty miles we did not see another vehicle, another human being. It was sheer magic, slipping through the steely air over macadam roads. Nothing could ever halt us; we flew, as in a dream.

The sun burst up, its new light flashing on lacquered leaves and the first frost of the season, which silvered the trunks and rocks and the chips in a woodland clearing. Along the sharp hill ridge we overlooked russet valleys as from an aëroplane. We came into Springfield with no sense of effort expended. Where on the train we should have been stuffy and stiff and dulled, we rode in like horsemen after a morning gallop.

That was traveling as it was meant to be—not mere getting somewhere but going for the sake of going.

And once we spent the night on the vast and open prairie between Bismarck and Dickinson in North Dakota. Awe crept over us as we sat on stools by the tent. The huge orb of the land was mightier than mountains or the ring of ocean. Here was the heart of America; and we had come here, not coaxed by hotel signs or business engagements but merely because driving westward it had seemed a possible place to stop for the night. Carelessly, by chance, we had driven into wonderland; and as dusk drifted down and the car and tent were insignificant as a lone wheat shock on that prairie, we forgot all the day's insignificances of dust and punctures and road finding and in the great stillness were thankful that—as only gypsies or autohobos could—we had happened upon the quiet place of the elder gods.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of three articles by Mr. Lewis.

A Personal Program for the Present Economic Crisis

By Benjamin R. Andrews

Assistant Director, Savings Division, U. S. Treasury Department

I WILL improve the services which I render in my business or employment and use every effort to increase my daily personal output, and so do my part for larger production for America, seeking increased pay by increased service rather than higher pay for present services.

I will refuse to buy when prices are exorbitant or to secure personal luxuries during the period of after-war readjustment, thus by reducing my demand helping to steady prices and by saving increasing the working fund of the country.

I will strike a personal balance sheet on January first, showing all the property which I possess on that date and the debts which I owe, so that I may determine just how much I am worth at the beginning of the year. I will compare my net property then with that of January 1, 1919, to see how much I have got ahead during the year and I will plan to get farther ahead during 1920.

I will plan my spending of money for January, 1920, in a written memorandum, setting limits to my expenditures for necessities and comforts, reviewing for this purpose my expenditures during the past month and also looking ahead as far as I can to a plan of expenditures for the entire year of 1920.

I will determine how much I ought reasonably to save from each week's pay or month's salary check, and I will regularly set aside this allowance for savings immediately upon receipt of my pay.

I will seek sound investments for my savings.

I will hold the government securities I now own as the best backlog to personal investment and as a patriotic responsibility, since the Government is still borrowing for war finance, and I will buy more government securities.

I will take a stand for increased production and for thrift and economy in all groups of people to which I belong, and will promote an agency for selling government Savings Stamps on pay day at my place of employment so as to make it as easy to save as it is to spend.

I will make "Work and Save" my motto and that of my household, for 1920, as the best guaranty of personal financial security and progress and as my share in creating a bigger and better America.

A N N O U N C E M E N T

Brunswick

INDIVIDUALITY GRAVEN INTO EVERY ONE

RECORDS

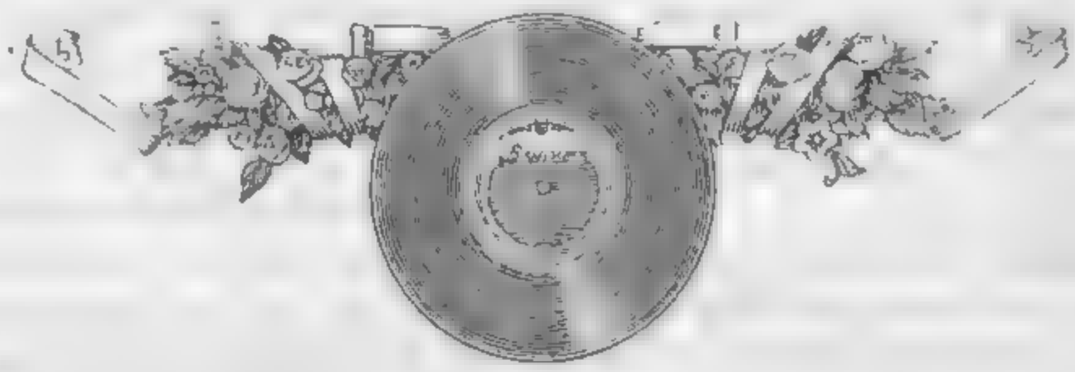
AND finally Brunswick Records—artistic companions of Brunswick Phonographs. These records are made under the direction of great interpreters:—men who have the power and faculty of developing musical selections as they would be played by the composers.

Just as there are directors for the opera, the stage, the orchestra, we now have directors for records.

This means that each Brunswick Record is not only the work of some accomplished artist, but is accompanied by the shadings of a renowned director.

This is why Brunswick Records rise above the qualities most records have in common. Brunswicks are more than title and artist. They bear the impress of some guiding hand. One who knows how to bring out the inherent qualities, the hidden beauty, the magnetic personality, the more spiritual intuitions of the composers.

Ask to hear these records. Made by the House of Brunswick—a name renowned in the world of music. Compare Brunswick Records with others. Be their sole judge! Look for something entirely different. Something sweeter, richer, truer! You'll find it in full measure in this new Brunswick disc!



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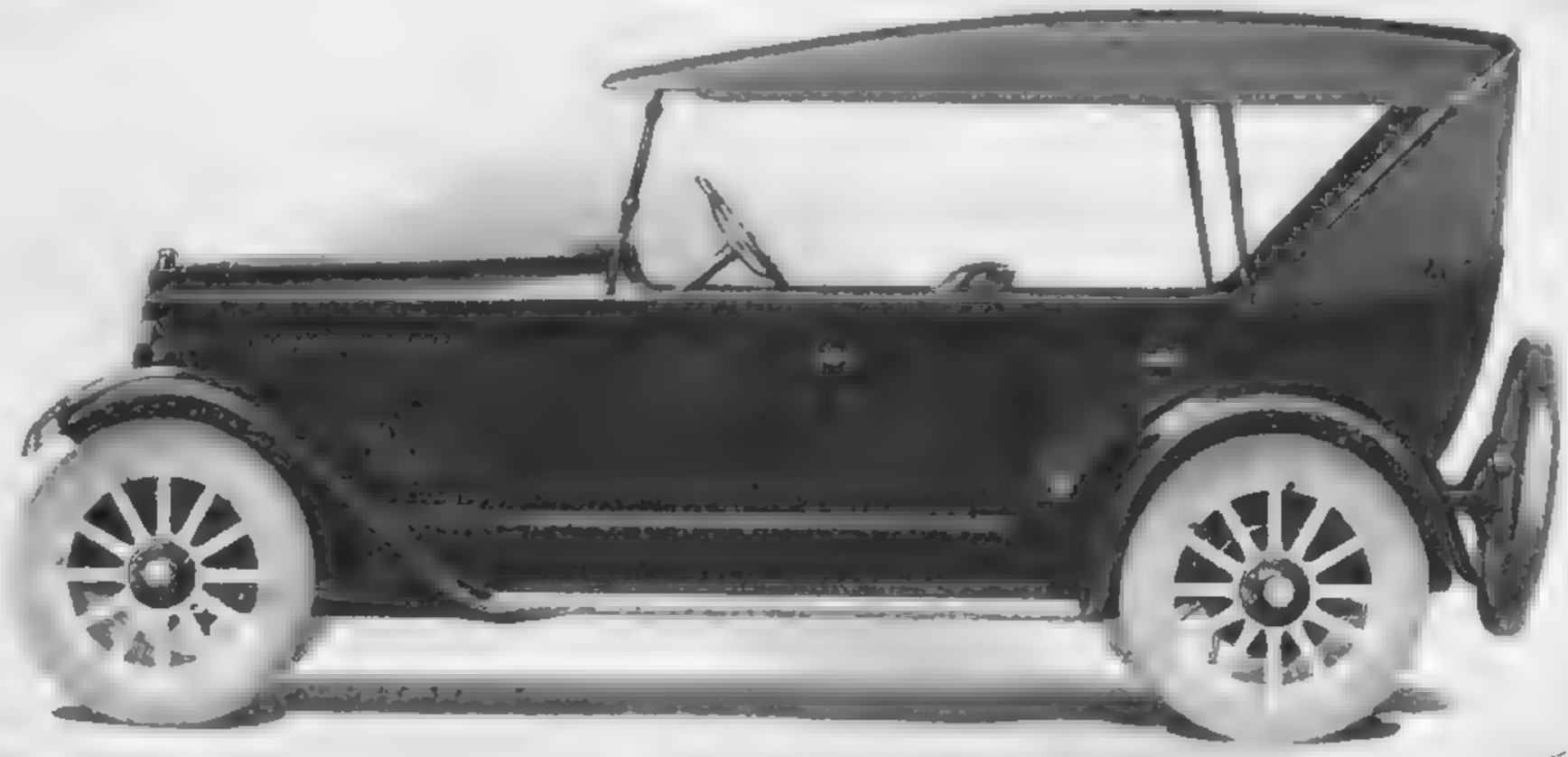

5-Passenger Touring Car
3-Passenger Roadster
5-Passenger Sedan
4-Passenger Coupe

The Latest Mitchell Creation

A Sensation In Design

ONCE again Mitchell Sixes depart from old-time motor car ideas. These cars now present the greatest forward stride in body designing—a new standard which forecasts the future style trend.

The great success of last year's Victory Model, which improved former light six types in scores of ways, has indicated the public's appreciation of the Mitchell's mechanical advancements. So we have made few chassis changes, merely adding several refinements, and increasing mechanical accuracy in manufacture.

This latest Mitchell creation is a study in body design. When you see it at the shows or on the Mitchell dealer's display floor, you'll realize that it is the culmination of months of development by master designers.

The new Mitchell will instantly appeal to your sense of individuality, style and harmony. Note the graceful slant of the radiator; the harmonizing lines of hood, windshield and doors. Note the long sweep of the body; the swift, rakish appearance. See how clever designing has done away with the unsightly vertical lines which have always given motor cars a blunt, unfinished look.

Then see how roomy this body is. Note the extent of floor space—the wide and deep seats. Comfort has been made a special issue. The body rests on long cantilever springs which insure utmost riding ease.

Masterful workmanship will be found throughout—even in the smallest details. In these new bodies, items commonly given slight attention are the subject of thoughtful care. Only custom-built bodies or those found on the most expensive cars are comparable.

Whether you are buying your first car or have had long automobile experience, make no new choice until you have seen these new Mitchell Sixes and the exceptional value they offer—value in long life, economical operation, comfort, beauty and individuality. Visit a Mitchell dealer or write for illustrative catalog.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wis.

RACINE Mitchell WISCONSIN USA

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 36)

diffusion. One of the common mistakes we make in industrial lighting, in the case of overstrained eyes, is to reduce the intensity of the light instead of increasing the diffusion. Many managements in taking up the question of lighting attempt to secure results wherein all shadows are wholly eliminated. This plan is not conducive to distinct vision, for it is the shadow that produces the relief in objects, making them stand out. Therefore to see objects distinctly other than flat surfaces, shadow is necessary. It must not, however, be so intense as to hide the line of demarcation between the object and the shadow, or so sharp in outline as to appear to be part of the object.

Hundreds of big industrial plants in the United States use arc lamps, which, as everyone knows, give a light that flickers. With such illumination the pupil of the eye is constantly opening and closing, endeavoring to accommodate itself to different intensities of light. This condition causes fatigue, which depreciates not only the ability to work but also the willingness to work.

The statistician of one of our great insurance companies says that "twenty-five per cent of all accidents occurring in and about industrial plants in this country are due to poor lighting." If this is the case, then it is easy to figure that the entire cost of adequately lighting all the industries of the United States would be less than the yearly cost of the accidents now occurring in those industries due to lack of proper illumination.

The day of the lamp having a bulb of clear glass is passing. This means that we shall use lamps with inclosing shades or bulbs that are either frosted or made of treated glass that hides the point of light. No longer, therefore, shall we be annoyed by the light rays of unprotected lamps striking bright objects and casting forth reflections that injure our eyes.

The next and final step in lighting will be the production of lamps that will emit rays of light of the proper color for certain classes of work. Daylight, as most people know, is made up of seven colors. The relative luminosity of the four principal colors is as follows: Red, twelve; yellow, two hundred and eighty; green, one thousand; and violet, sixteen. This means that to see as clearly with a light composed of red rays as with one of green we need eighty-three times as much energy transformed into light. The best example of the efficiency of the green ray is the little firefly, whose light is confined wholly to this one color.

This matter of color in light is of greater importance than most managers recognize. None of our present lamps are perfect substitutes for daylight in those businesses where the workers are required to match colors. Even under the strong yellowish-red light of an electric lamp practically all blues appear black. One famous system of factory illumination gives off light of a bluish-green color and is much used in plants where there is abundant machinery and other objects that might produce glare under lamps giving light containing all the rays of the spectrum.

If anyone doubts the real value of modern methods of illumination in industrial plants let him examine the recent history of lighting, to be convinced. Only a few years ago many manufacturers in certain lines were compelled to shut down when daylight failed. A new system of factory illumination was installed in some of these plants, and as a result the owners now find that their night work is as good as their day work. One manufacturer who produced blue metal pots could not tell at night whether there was rust on the steel to prevent the bluing from going on evenly until he put in a specially designed system of illumination using a greenish light. Another company, making wooden rulers, couldn't match boxwood after daylight had disappeared; a concern making ivory piano keys was unable to sort the material with the old style of artificial light; and similar difficulties were experienced by one company making safety-razor blades and by another concern manufacturing sugar. In all these cases better illumination corrected the trouble.

In many drafting rooms the workers are compelled to work with daylight on one side and artificial light on the other to dispel shadows. In such cases it is essential that a light be adopted that will blend with daylight, and, as everyone has discovered, not all lights will do this. Equal care is necessary in selecting the proper illumination for machine shops where the workmen consult blue prints frequently and set gauges many times daily. In one big automobile factory the examining room where all the new motors are tested usually contains an atmosphere filled with considerable smoke and vapor. The workmen who made the examinations found it difficult to see clearly in the performance of their duties. Illumination experts were called in, and a special light was installed that would penetrate the thick atmosphere. After this improvement had been made it was found that many more motors were tested, and there was less work for the adjusters later.

Of all the industries that have made a careful study of lighting, the motion-picture business ranks first. Success in the movies depends on good photography, and the latter is largely dependent on proper lighting. The motion camera makes sixteen exposures a second, and with such a speed both the quality and the quantity of illumination must be the best possible. In this work the light must be of short wave length and high actinic quality to reduce the silver on the film satisfactorily and produce pictures with the proper light-and-shade modeling. The ideal light for motion pictures was found to be one rich in green, blue and violet rays, and with this knowledge in mind the indoor work of the movie studios has advanced by leaps and bounds. The motion-picture managers found that light is cheaper than labor and that overhead charges can be reduced materially by making pictures at night as well as during the day. The big salaries of the stars, like the tides of the ocean, never cease.

This question of lighting is a subject that should be carefully investigated by every company official who has not already done so. In many industries the art of illumination has never been considered a matter of moment. However, it is one of the probable ways that may furnish a remedy to offset that last ten per cent increase in wages.

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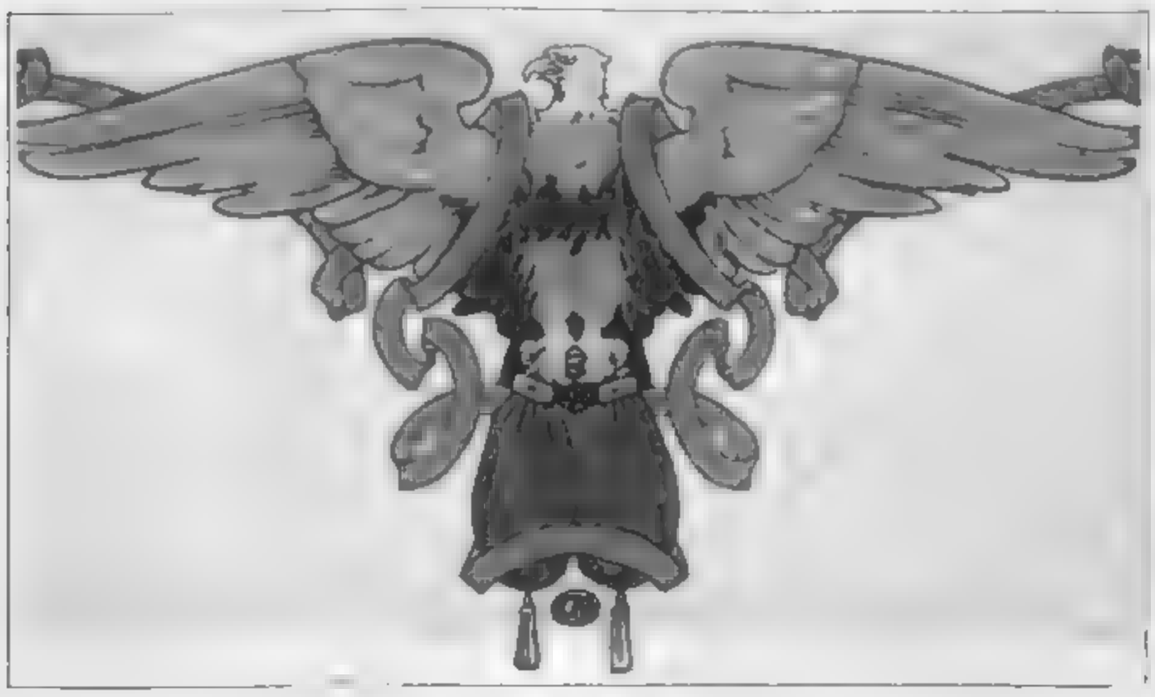

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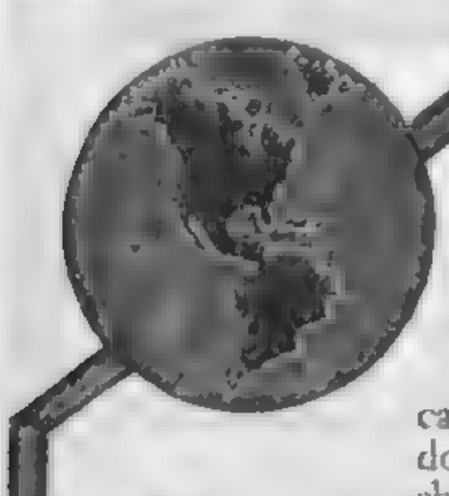

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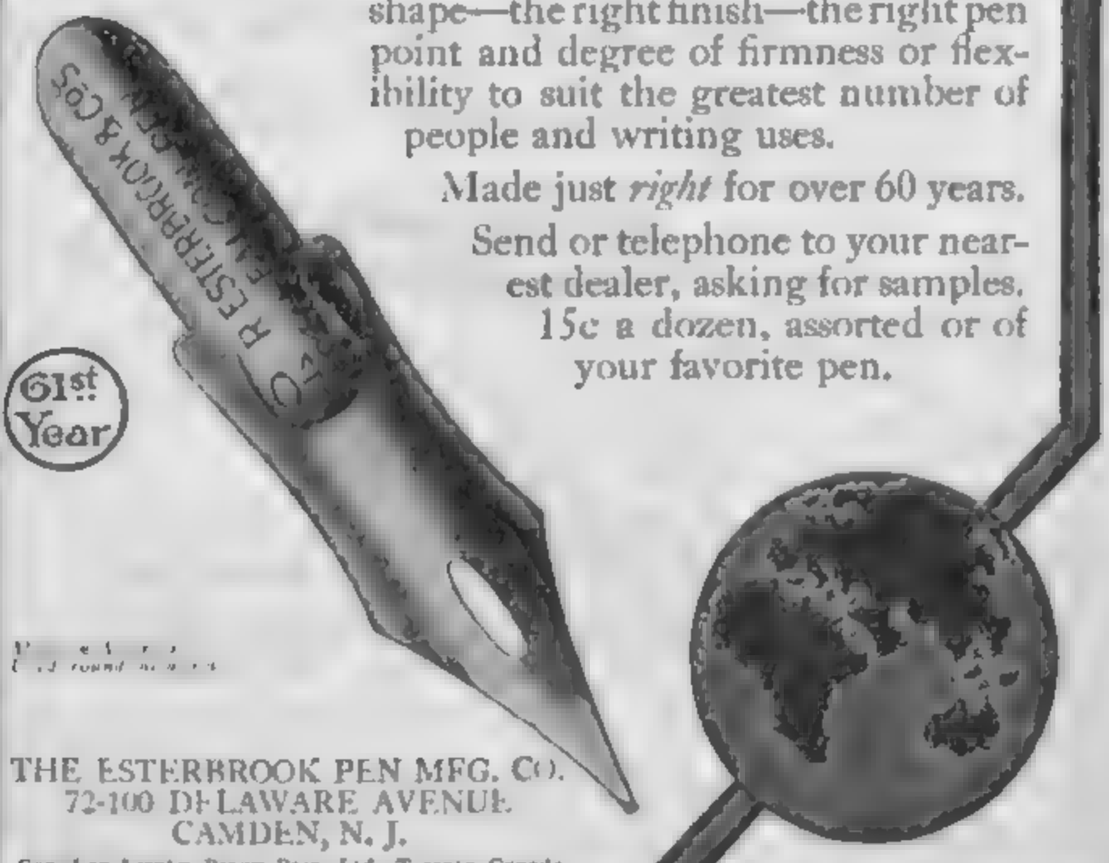

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NOSKE—DICTATOR

(Continued from Page 13)

in speech and debate which served him in good stead when years later he became a member of the Reichstag.

Keep in mind the fact that though he was doing his part as a trade-union organizer he was still an apprentice. He devoted more time to agitation than to craftsmanship, however, and he admits that he was never a skilled artisan. The moment was at hand when the future czar of Germany was to set forth on his travels in the world. Let him tell the story himself:

"The long hours of servitude in the factory became unbearable. A few days after the expiration of my apprenticeship, on which occasion I received a beautifully signed and sealed testimonial, I decided to seek my fortune away from home. I therefore packed a little satchel, put my testimonial in my pocket and set out. At Halle I found work in the shop of a small basket maker who was endeavoring to manufacture perambulators. This work irked me and I soon began to realize how little I had learned during my whole period of apprenticeship.

"The spirit of Wanderlust was strong within me, so once more I packed up my little bag and resumed my journey. It took me through Thuringia by way of Coburg, Gotha and Meiningen. In crossing the Kyffhäuser Mountains in order to shorten the way to Rothenburg I had a terrific fall, and if I had not landed on my satchel I should not be alive to-day.

"On my eighteenth birthday I arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Main, a place which is an important milepost in my life. I found the city full of unemployed workers. German industry was in a demoralized condition and there was great unrest and dissatisfaction. I had been on the road for nearly four weeks and it was important that I get something to do. I was able to get quarters in a lodging house crammed full of idle journeymen.

"I had reached the end of my money; I had to eat, so I got a job as a laborer in a brickyard on the outskirts of Frankfort. I found a curiously mixed company at work. Most of the men, like myself, had learned some trade but were unable to find positions and accepted this menial labor in order to live. After eight days of this drudgery I was glad to go back to Frankfort and get a place in a basket factory.

"Once more I found myself in a cooped crowded workshop. This did not please me, so I returned in a few months to my native city and resumed work in the Reichstein factory, where I had served the greater part of my apprenticeship."

A Budding Labor Leader

"I now came again under the influence of the two friends and fellow workmen to whom I have referred. The three of us decided to unite our brother workers into a society. Though we ourselves belonged to the class of more skillful workers who earned moderate incomes, the wages of the great majority of our associates, in spite of the long hours, were insufficient. We decided to go on a strike in order to better their condition, and the net result was that we secured an increase of wages for everybody.

"I was naturally much pleased with the success of my first venture as spokesman for my fellows. I now worked for a brief time at Liegnitz but soon returned to Brandenburg, where I definitely identified myself with the workingmen's movement. At the age of twenty-four I was made a member of the executive board of the Social Democratic Union, which at that time had about a thousand members. I took part in many public debates. One of the most important of these verbal battles was with the well-known anti-Semitic leader Ahlwardt.

"My efforts in behalf of trade-unionism, my speeches, and my other more or less public activities had now given me a considerable reputation as a labor leader in our neighborhood. I wanted to widen my field so I turned to the work that had always fascinated me—namely, journalism. I had written occasional articles at night for the Bradenburger Zeitung, which in 1890 became the organ of the Social Democratic Party.

"I devoted so much time to reading and writing in the evening that I incurred the lively displeasure of my father, who on more than one occasion angrily jumped out of his bed and extinguished my lamp when he found me at my books long after midnight. This constant reading at night by a bad light is one reason why I am now obliged to wear spectacles.

"Many nights I have sat until dawn in my garret room, poring over some badly printed volume.

"Early in the nineties I was made second editor of the Brandenburger Zeitung, at a monthly salary of one hundred marks. At the same time I was expected to conduct the book-selling department, which was a necessary part of nearly every newspaper establishment in Germany in those days, more especially with the Brandenburger Zeitung, because it was the organ of a movement.

"I had married at the age of twenty-three and I soon found that I was not earning enough money to support my household. I did not want my wife to become one of the family breadwinners; therefore I had to seek a better-paid position. In 1897 I moved to Königsberg, where I became editor of the Königsberger Volkstribune. Here I labored under particularly difficult conditions. The finances of the paper were in bad shape and it was a struggle for me to get my salary. At first the newspaper was published only three times a week. Later on it became a daily under the title of the Königsberger Volks-Zeitung.

"Though I wrote editorials every day and did my share in the editorial management of the newspaper, I also furnished every line of a little journal that the trade-unions published in the interests of the East Prussian agricultural laborers, who were in a bad way and who needed help and organization.

"I now became actively involved in politics and was elected to the Königsberg Town Council. I was the only Social Democrat member of the body. Always I sought to interest myself in behalf of the underpaid and oppressed workingmen."

Conflicts With the Law

"Meanwhile my aggressive writings in the Volks-Zeitung got me into many complications. Various lawsuits were filed against me and many fines imposed. But the lawsuits were not all. I wrote an attack on a former court preacher named Stöcker and was hauled up into court for it. At worst I expected to pay a penalty of a few hundred marks. Instead, I got a three months' sentence in prison at Chemnitz. It was not a very harsh experience because the director of the prison treated me with great kindness and gave me every facility for reading newspapers and books, and for writing. I was able to turn these three months to considerable advantage and make studies that otherwise I might not have pursued.

"Our little paper at Konigsberg had a hard struggle. At that time East Prussia was not a favorable soil for a socialistic paper to grow in. The socialistic movement was comparatively new and was looked upon as dangerous and seditious. So drastic was the attitude toward our cause that I had to undergo a judicial inquiry merely because I had shaken hands with a police official who happened to be undergoing a court-martial."

In July, 1902, Noske made another change in his work. He settled in Chemnitz, where he became editor of the Volkstimme. Whether he selected this town because he had found the prison life there so pleasant or because its extensive glove industry gave him the idea for the mailed gauntlet that he was later to wear I am unable to say. One thing, however, is certain—Chemnitz has remained his home town ever since.

Concerning his early days at Chemnitz Noske writes:

"Here I found a wide field of work both in the office of the newspaper and as orator and organizer in the whole of the Erzgebirge and beyond. Since the beginning of my Chemnitz activities I have lived through an ever-widening scope of the German labor movement.

"When I took over the Volkstimme our circulation was about thirteen thousand subscribers. In a few years it had gone to fifty thousand.

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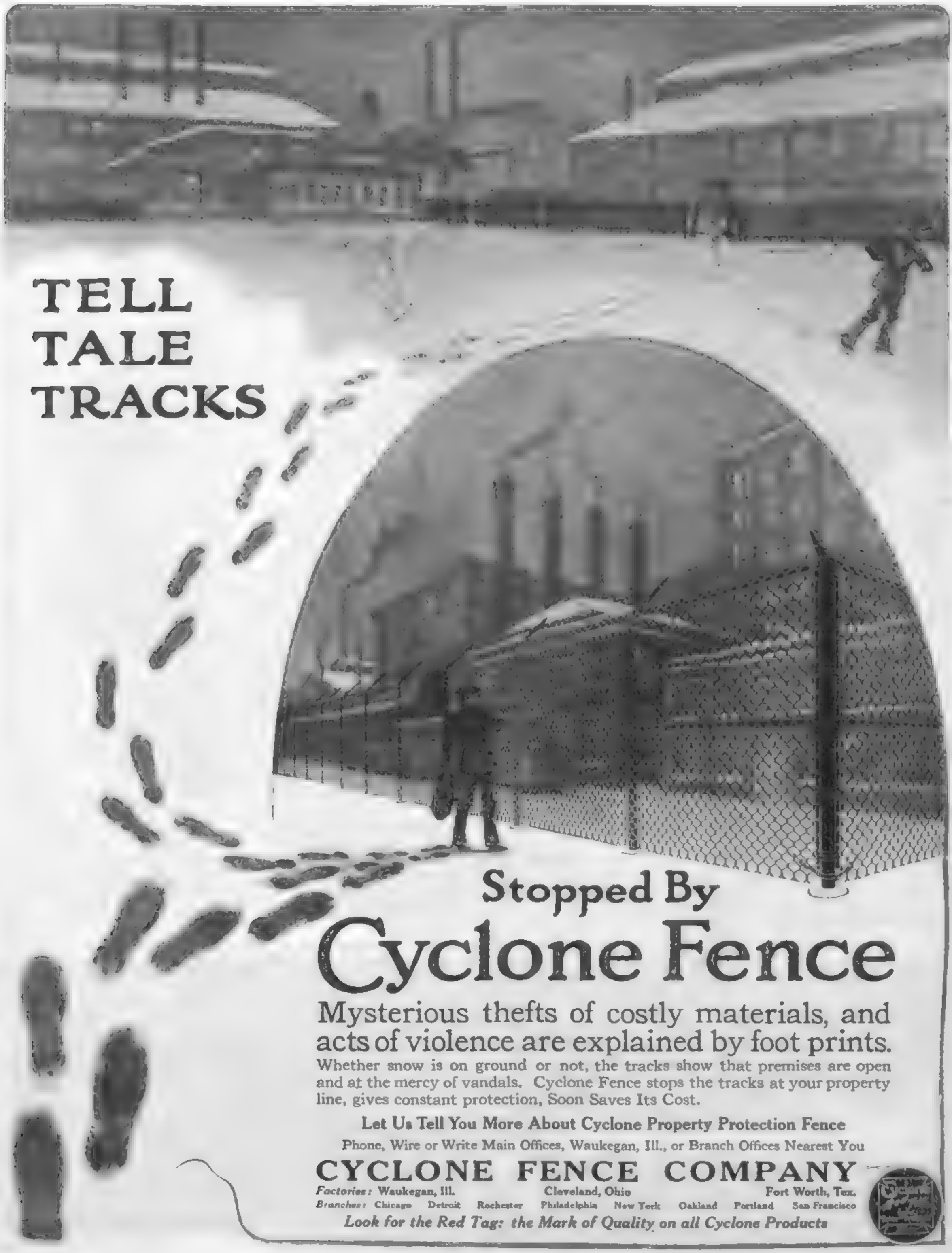

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(Continued from Page 70)

"In addition to my considerable editorial activities and an extensive political agitation—I have averaged one hundred public meetings every year—I have always taken a special interest in the Woodworkers' Union, as unpaid president of the association for East and West Prussia and as propagandist member of the Chemnitz committee.

"Twenty-two years have passed since I gave up my original trade, and yet always I maintain the deepest and profoundest interest and effort for the man who works with his hands. Yet at a recent annual meeting of all the woodworkers' unions the body amused itself by formally considering a proposal of Berlin and a few other cities to exclude me from membership, for 'treason to the laboring classes.'

"At the end of 1906 I was elected city councilor for Chemnitz, and a few weeks later became a member of the Reichstag. My townsmen have shown their confidence in my work by steadily reelecting me. In the Reichstag in addition to colonial questions I paid special attention to army and navy affairs. For a number of years I was a regular speaker of the socialist faction on the colonial army and naval budgets.

"In 1914 I wrote a book Colonial Policy and Social Democracy, which appeared shortly before the war. To-day its only interest lies in its showing that the Entente Governments were wrong in quoting my Reichstag speeches as proof that Germany does not deserve colonies. It is true that I was obliged sharply to criticize the beginnings of German colonial policy but I by no means fail to recognize the valuable constructive work done by Germany in recent years in Africa.

"After the 1912 elections I was made co-reporter of the budget committee on the army and navy estimates. This brought me into close touch with the forces, for I did not confine myself to receiving information from officers or members of the administrative branches, but formed my own judgment by personal visits on the spot. I traveled to and from the yards, visited ships, and was always in touch with the latest innovations. I was one of the first civilians to go down in a submarine. I also made an unforgetable trip in one of the first Zeppelins, under Captain Hanne, who soon afterward perished with his Zeppelin in the North Sea."

With the outbreak of the great war Noske began an active interest in affairs that came near landing him a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Concerning these adventures he says:

"During the war I took every opportunity of seeing in person the life of our troops at the front. As early as 1914 I visited the Belgian and French Fronts, watched the bombardment of Antwerp, and entered the city with our troops. I was the last man on the Gneisenau, which the English sank in the Schelde before they evacuated Antwerp. The ship sank under my feet.

"Altogether I spent at least fifteen weeks at the front between 1914 and 1916, making long tramps through the first-line trenches whenever and wherever possible. The English nearly caught me in 1916. We were under heavy fire behind a railway embankment before Dixmude. I was about to enter a bastion. Before I could get there it had been captured by the enemy.

"I have also been for weeks at the front in Poland and Courland. In 1915 I spent several days in the North Sea on the cruiser Von der Thann. In 1917 I visited Pola and made a trip down the Adriatic to Cattaro on a small Austrian vessel, returning home by way of Cettinje and through Bosnia."

Throughout the war Noske consistently supported the military party. He attacked the Brest-Litovsk Treaty; not that it was too unfair or drastic but on the ground that it would prove to be a boomerang; and it was.

During all these years of political growth he steadily maintained a sturdy independence of thought and action. For one thing, he frequently disagreed with August Bebel, the mentor of German Socialism. Concerning this quality he once said:

"I have always valued my independent judgment, and my Socialist colleagues took offense at the fact that in my first important Reichstag speech I admitted the duty of national defense in words which during the war were quoted as the 'Socialist war program.'"

All this experience, however, was merely the prelude to Noske's career, which began with the downfall of the Germany that was. The war made many men but it remained for the aftermath of the war to disclose the real Noske. The moment that revolution raised its head this Moltke of Socialism began to come into his own. Ever since that momentous November of 1918 he has held the center of the German spotlight.

The Mutiny at Kiel

As most people know, the revolution that overthrew the Hohenzollerns began at Kiel, the great German naval base. Discouraged by the increasing loss of submarines and the reverses on every front the German sailors grew despondent. The whole civilian population, underfed and overworked for more than four years, was in a mood for any desperate venture. When the German Admiralty ordered the fleet out to fight the men mutinied and their spirit of revolt was caught up by the whole town.

Matters came to a climax on Sunday, the third of November. This day will always stand out in Teutonic history because early in the morning the shot was fired at Kiel that was heard all over Germany. Thousands of sailors had broken loose from discipline and were on the rampage.

Berlin was electrified by the news that the long-slumbering upheaval had burst. While his colleagues in the Reichstag talked about what they were going to do Noske commandeered an aeroplane and flew to Kiel. The navy knew him as their friend and the mutineers and the dock laborers who were about to go on strike placed themselves under his command. He was chosen governor of Kiel and automatically assumed command not only of all the sailors in the harbor but of the fleet in the Baltic. The fate of eighty thousand marines was in his hands. Noske cleaned up the situation and suppressed rebellion. Later he duplicated the job at Hamburg and Bremen.

Meanwhile the Armistice had been signed and out of the ruin of autocracy and the crumbling of a mighty military machine rose the German republic. The old socialistic dream had finally come true. But setting up a republican form of government was one thing, and maintaining it was quite another.

The infant government born of such travail was immediately beset by foes from within. The revolt that overthrew the old imperial government had been mainly fomented and accomplished by the Central Council of Workers and Soldiers, which included the Social Democrats, or Majority Socialists, as they are sometimes known, who represent what might be called the conservative element of socialism, and the Independent Socialists, who are radicals and, to all intents and purposes, communists.

Ebert, a Majority Socialist, to whom Prince Max of Baden confided the chancellorship before his hasty departure from office just before the eclipse of the Hohenzollerns, became the provisional head of the government. Scheidemann, the veteran Socialist leader, assumed the presidency of the temporary cabinet. The de facto government immediately called for the election of delegates to a national assembly, which should frame a constitution for the new republic and provide a permanent régime.

Germany's troubles started anew. The Independent Socialists and their fire-eating colleagues the extreme radicals saw the opportunity to emulate their friends Lenine and Trotzky, and inaugurate a dictatorship of the proletariat; which in simpler terms means Bolshevik rule. It became necessary to rid the cabinet of the Independents. It was not to be done easily.

Under the leadership of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, the high priestess of Bolshevism, there began the campaign which the world will always know as the Spartacus movement. The whole idea was to inaugurate a reign of anarchy, seize wealth; in fact, stop at no means to secure the red end desired.

Thus Germany presented the spectacle of having been delivered from the hands of one kind of autocrat, only to face a carnival of riot and slaughter at the hands of another type of despot. Counter revolution was now to succeed revolution.

The new government was able to cope with the radicals at the outset of their campaign. Before long, however, it was evident that drastic measures were necessary. The Spartacides had seized rifles and machine guns, and aided by many recruits from the army and navy developed into a formidable fighting force, which soon ran amuck.

Late in December Ebert and Scheidemann, who were at the head of the temporary government, called Noske to Berlin and named him as one of the so-called commissioners of the people. His prompt action at Kiel had impressed the whole country. Henceforth the one-time basket weaver was to ride a storm of events which now broke thick and fast.

Hardly had the new year dawned when the Spartacides burst forth in revolt in Berlin. They seized the buildings occupied by the Vorwaerts and other newspapers, defied the military authorities, and in the course of a few days occupied the former Emperor's palace and the royal stables. Almost before the populace realized what was going on the counter revolutionists held a considerable section of the most important district in the city. The kaiser's palace, for example, commanded Unter den Linden, the main thoroughfare. For the moment it looked as if radicalism would triumph.

But the communists did not reckon with Noske. Ebert, Scheidemann, and the Central Council of Workers and Soldiers at once gave him full power to raise an army and restore order in Berlin. The great opportunity of his life had come and he capitalized it with vigor and action.

He rallied round him every loyal soldier and sailor that he could lay hands on. He then recruited able-bodied citizens and armed them. Many had just been demobilized and knew how to shoot. He planted machine guns up and down Unter den Linden and mounted more on top of the famous Brandenburger Gate.

The spectacled, stoop-shouldered weaver became the animate commander in chief of a provisional army whose headquarters were set up in the Louise Almshouse in a suburb of Berlin. From the superintendent's office he began to wield his iron rule. The first order that he issued read:

"Shoot on sight anybody caught armed on the streets."

A State of Siege Proclaimed

It was ruthlessly enforced. Noske at once proclaimed a state of siege. To do this he invoked the most drastic order ever put on the statute books of Germany, or, for that matter, any other country. It is technically known as the *Belagerungszustand* and was first instituted by Frederick William IV in 1850, during the tempest that swept Prussia after the failure of the Revolution of 1848. By employing this law a German sovereign had the privilege of sweeping out of existence with the scrape of a pen all civil and constitutional government and justice, and substituting a purely military dictatorship.

Through the revival of this law, which was feudal in conception and operation, Noske became the arbiter of the hour. It was just the kind of authority that was needed to back up his determination to crush the revolt at any price. On January eleventh he marched into Berlin at the head of three thousand men that he had mobilized and made ready for action almost overnight.

Now began a battle royal between the loyal government forces and the Spartacides. Berlin became a battlefield and hundreds were slain on both sides. The government forces finally stormed the strongholds held by the counter revolutionists, and Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were captured.

A few days later—on January seventeenth, to be exact—Liebknecht was shot down as he tried to escape from an automobile in the Thiergarten while on the way to a new prison. Almost at the same hour by a curious coincidence, Rosa Luxemburg was dragged from a motor car after she had been shot in the head and was lynched by an indignant crowd.

The death of these two leaders dampened the Spartacus ardor for a considerable time and enabled Noske, who had been installed as military governor of Berlin, to organize his forces and take formal possession of the town. On Sunday, January nineteenth, the election of delegates for the national assembly took place quietly.

Noske was now regarded as the bulwark of Germany and his name was known everywhere. Upon the reorganization of the

(Concluded on Page 75)

CRISP roasted nuts quickly dipped into rich, brown chocolate; crushed ripe strawberries stirred into smooth, creamy fondant; orange, pineapple, caramel, fudge, butter scotch—all the favorite centers that every one likes best—and none of the kind you "leave until last." Every box of Liggett's Chocolates is made up *entirely* of the kinds that folks are fondest of. And the *other* kinds are left out. Take home a box today. 85c to $1.50 per pound box. *When your sweet tooth says "candy," your wisdom tooth says "Liggett's."*

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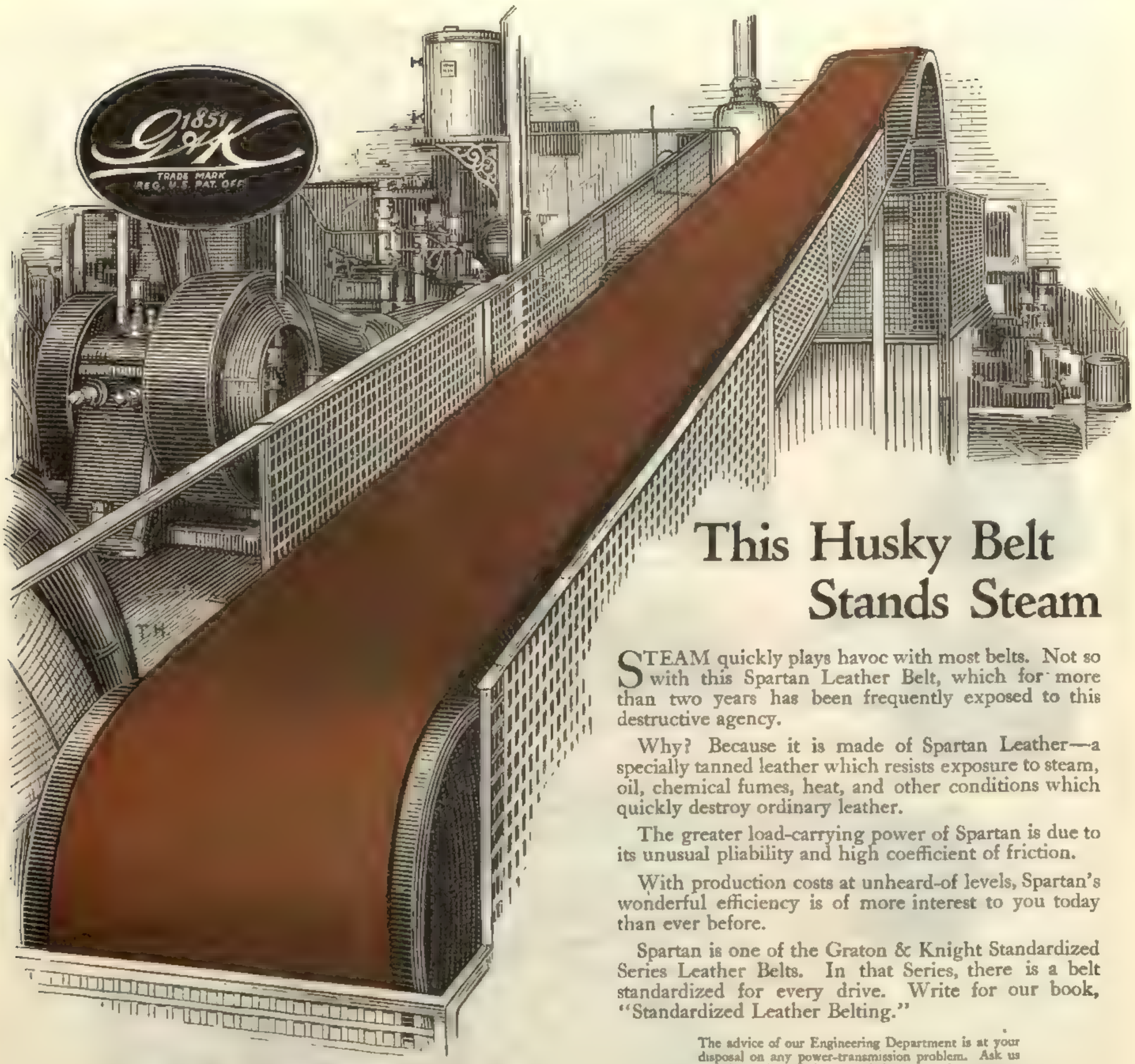

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(Concluded from Page 72)

government after the break-up due to the retirement of Scheidemann he was made a member of the cabinet and was given the post of Minister of National Defense, which he holds at the time this article is written, which is the middle of November.

Though the Spartacus movement had been suppressed it was merely sleeping. Noske's task now became twofold. One function was to demobilize the old imperial army and organize the new armed national force of one hundred thousand men permitted by the Allies. The other was to keep a firm and constantly raised hand over sporadic outbreaks.

Life in Germany became one revolt after another. If it was not the Spartacides' taking advantage of May Day or some other holiday to unfurl the red flag and shoot up a city like Munich or Bremen, it was the metal workers' or some other trade-union that went on the loose and caused trouble.

Before long all malefactors began to learn that the Minister of National Defense was a person not to be trifled with. When he was rebuked by his colleague Haase, the Independent Socialist leader—who was assassinated last October—for his famous order to shoot anyone found on the street with arms during the counter-revolution, his reply was: "In such a dangerous situation as the one I confronted no one bothers about laws. It is not the means but the results that count, and I had to get results." In this paragraph you get the whole Noske creed.

Noske's personal staff reflects the man. He assumed from the start that he would be open to every conceivable kind of attack day and night. So he said to himself: "I must surround myself with men I can trust and who trust me." His chief of staff is a Colonel Reinhard, a Prussian of the Prussians, who was wounded seven times during the great war and who is still going strong. He is the type of man who obeys orders without question. A fumble of a Noske command during the last six months would have been fatal to public safety in Germany.

In the circle of military men about the Minister of National Defense are other men whose names and deeds became notorious during the war. Among them is Colonel von Nikolai, who was one of the heads of German espionage and propaganda work at the old Foreign Office. He was even too reactionary for Prince Max of Baden, but all strong men look alike to Noske when he needs them in his business.

Always Prepared for Trouble

The moment disorder developed Noske realized that he must have at least one available body of troops on whom he could rely. As a result he organized the famous Noske Guard, which consists of about twenty thousand volunteers, all young men, fit and sturdy, who have proved their mettle on the battlefield. These troops are stationed in Berlin and the other important cities and are the first interpreters of Noske commands. They wear a sort of olive-drab uniform and still stick to complete battle equipment, including steel helmets.

One reason why Noske has succeeded is because he is invariably able to anticipate the other fellow. To be forewarned these revolutionary days is to be really and truly forearmed. Last April he learned of a threatened communist revolt which would coincide with the first meeting of a land congress in Berlin. He quietly issued two thousand blank warrants and placed them in the hands of Noske Guards, with instructions to arrest the first violator of the peace. After about a dozen men had been taken in tow and unceremoniously thrown behind iron bars there was no further trouble.

Again, when the Spartacides inaugurated their reign of terror in Munich, Noske sent a shoot-to-kill order by wireless and followed it up with a flock of war planes that bombed the revolutionary squads.

When a general strike was called in Berlin during the spring and once more the dread word "revolution" bruited about, Noske concentrated thirty thousand troops outside the city, and the very presence of this overwhelming force took the wind out of the Red sails.

His most conspicuous and characteristic act of suppression, however, came in November, on the second anniversary of Lenine's victory over Kerensky. The Spartacides decided to make this date the occasion for a big uprising. Aside from their desire to seize the government they were consumed with rage and fury against Noske. They wanted to get him. But that gentleman was not to be caught napping.

When the day dawned snow-clad Berlin awoke to find the approaches to the Wilhelmstrasse, which was to be the scene of a great Bolshevist demonstration, barred by stretches of barbed wire. Detachments of Noske Guards were observed walking casually throughout the city. Special picked troops had been assigned to police headquarters and the main telegraph office. Not a word had been said about these preparations. Everything had been done between sunset and dawn. The moment the loyal burghers saw this quiet but effective display of preparedness they said: "Noske has gotten ahead of them again."

The communists made a feeble attempt to conduct an open-air meeting but it was swiftly and easily suppressed. What might have been the beginning of a sanguinary epoch was merely a flash in the pan. Noske was on the job.

When I reached Germany in September there was no need of asking: "Who is the strong man of the hour?" Everybody was talking about Noske. What he said and what he did vied with the price of food and the scarcity of coal as the all-absorbing subjects of public comment.

I was determined to find out for myself what kind of man he was. An engagement was made for me by the Foreign Office to see him one morning at nine o'clock. It was with considerable anticipation that I drove up to the big white building in the Bendlerstrasse just beyond the Tiergarten, which is now the Ministry of National Defense. During the war this structure was occupied by the Ministry of Marine.

A Wall of Bread

You get a hint of the price that Noske pays for his iron rule the moment you approach the seat of his autocracy. Half a dozen members of the Noske Guard wearing steel helmets lounged about the doorway. This uncompromising ruler never stirs without a bodyguard, for his life is in constant danger.

One of these steel-helmeted soldiers accosted me rather suspiciously and asked what I wanted.

"I have an appointment with Herr Noske," I replied in German.

When I mentioned the great man's name the ears of every one of the soldiers suddenly pricked up and I became the center of an alert scrutiny. The soldier who first addressed me then asked me to enter the outer hall, where I gave my name and business to another steel-helmeted trooper, who wrote it on a slip of paper and sent it upstairs.

I suppose my German accent was so bad that the guard at once discovered my nationality, for he said cordially: "You are an American, aren't you?"

"Yes," I replied.

One reason, however, for this cordiality was the fact that I had previously given him an American army cigarette, which I had learned from considerable experience during the preceding weeks to be the best gift in Germany.

After a few moments the soldier came down and conducted me to a small waiting room on the second floor. As he left he said: "The minister will see you in a few moments."

While I sat waiting I had an experience which showed that at least one kind of democracy has developed in Germany. The door opened and a man who was obviously an artisan entered. I offered him a cigarette and he began to talk. I was curious to find out what his business was, and was soon informed.

"I served as soldier in the war," said my companion, "and I want to get back into the service. Before I do this I want to have a talk with Noske. I think he is a friend of the army and will treat us right."

At this juncture a man in mufti appeared and conducted me to a small antechamber where after a moment's delay I was ushered into Noske's presence.

As I entered the room I got a curious suggestion of power. It seemed to be in the air. Before me, at a plain flat-topped desk a big man sat hunched in a low-backed chair. His thick black hair was tangled; his bushy eyebrows protruded over the tortoise-shell glasses; his face was pale and seamed. When he rose I saw that his broad shoulders were stooped, the inevitable result of years at the bench.

Noske silently gripped my hand like a vise and then resumed his seat. After a few puffs at a long foul-smelling German cigar he asked abruptly in German: "What can I do for you?"

"I would like to know something about the German situation," I said.

"It will not take me long to explain it," he answered. "We are in a very bad way. We have no food and our workmen have no raw materials with which to work. We are still in a state of war because we seem to be still hemmed in by a blockade which prevents us from getting the necessities with which to live and labor. America must help us."

"What can America do?" I asked him.

"Give us credit and send us cotton," he responded. "If our workmen are busy their unrest ceases. Bolshevism is a disease that thrives on hunger and idleness. The best wall against it is built of bread and cemented with work."

In discussing the German unrest, a state with which he, of all people in Germany, is intimately familiar, he said: "The German is not naturally a Bolshevist. He has been driven to radical extremities by the lack of labor. Give him work and he reverts to the peaceful, law-abiding, industrious citizen that he always was."

Then suddenly and without warning he hurled this question at me: "What is the matter with the United States?"

"Why do you ask?" I queried.

"I will tell you why," retorted the minister. "Your country has forgotten all about Europe and more especially about Germany. Your President Wilson came to Paris, helped to cut up Germany, and imposed an overwhelming and impossible indemnity upon us. He went home and promptly put it all out of his mind. After having such a vital and important part in the war and in the Peace Conference it is amazing to me that America shirks her responsibility abroad now. You caused a lot of trouble and now you are not seeking in any way to rectify it.

"Let me illustrate with something that happened only yesterday. There came to Berlin, as you doubtless know, an imposing Allied Mission to Enforce Peace. I saw before me British, French, Italian, Japanese and Rumanian officers. But there was not an American among them. I merely tell you this to illustrate the point that I make that your country has no representation in Europe at a time when it should have.

"Unless America comes to the rescue, not only in Germany but elsewhere in Europe, I do not see how peaceful reconstruction can be achieved."

Democracy in Bathing Suits

"The tragedy of the present situation is that a whole year after the signing of the Armistice, and after all this incessant talk of peace, there is no peace anywhere."

"What about the military situation in Germany?" I asked.

Once more the storm broke. With a vigorous bang of his fist on the desk Noske replied: "Germany has every intention of abiding by the action of the Versailles Conference which reduces her army to 100,000 men. But if I am to save Germany—which means the salvation of Europe—and prevent bloodshed and revolution during this critical winter, it is an inadequate force. I must have 200,000 troops, which at best will be insufficient police force. The Bolshevist danger is far from gone. It is a constant menace and we must keep an eternal and vigilant lookout."

He paused and pulled at his cigar. Then he said: "But I am going to keep order, regardless of what happens."

The words came from his lips like the snap of a whip. Somehow I got the feeling that he would.

When I asked Noske for the portrait that is reproduced in this article his face relaxed for the first time and the faintest shadow of a smile broke over the grim, steely features. As he reached into the drawer of his desk for the photograph he remarked: "I am no beauty, as you can see."

Speaking of photographs, I am reminded of the one humorous and human-interest episode that I heard about Noske. Largely because of the stern rule of the Minister of War the impression got abroad in Germany that the present government was not only growing reactionary but that the officials themselves were acquiring habits of aloofness. It was decided to give the plain people some concrete evidence of kinship with them, whereupon Noske and Ebert, the president of the German republic, had themselves photographed in one-piece bathing suits on the beach of a well-known resort. Neither Noske nor Ebert is a thing of physical beauty. Ebert in particular has a stomach like a beer keg, while Noske is without symmetry or grace. Hence the spectacle of these two men, clad well nigh in the altogether, created a sensation when the reproduction began to appear in the newspapers.

The publication of the photograph utterly failed of its original purpose, because it became a joke instead of a piece of propaganda. The monarchist group immediately used it as an example of the physical depths to which the German Government had fallen. Everybody took a fling at it. Maximilian Harden, writing in his paper Die Zukunft, said: "Had the Kaiser paid the photographer and the engraver he could not have invested the money to any better advantage."

When I told a member of the German cabinet that Noske had given me his picture for publication he became excited and said: "*Gott im Himmel*, I hope it is not the bathing photograph!"

Analyze Noske and you find that there is nothing complex about him. He was born to hard work and he has never gotten out of the habit. As a type of the self-made man he is perhaps unique. If he had remained a basket weaver he would have been boss of all his unions. Chance led him into politics and he became an insurgent. Raised to high and responsible government post he was revealed as autocrat. It has been a simple, progressive performance with occasional variations on an original theme.

A Leader Without Lift or Lure

Noske bears to politics, and more especially to the administration of a government office, something of the same relation that Hindenburg bore to the conduct of the war. Each typifies brute strength. Each is a smasher. Each is utterly lacking in brilliant initiative. There are many people who believe that Hindenburg is a great military genius. Nothing could be more remote from the truth. He was what we would call a good plugger. The real strategic wizard and master organizer of the German Army was Ludendorff, whose fall was mainly due to the fact that he became obsessed with his importance and wanted to be the whole show. Hindenburg was wise enough to know how far to go, with the result that he maintained both his popularity and his job to the last. Noske has a larger spirit of adventure than Hindenburg, but in most physical and temperamental respects they are very much alike.

As I remarked before, Noske is without lift or lure. He has paid the penalty for this poverty of what is generally accepted as the human quality. Peculiarly typical of the man and his mood is the confession that he once made to a colleague when he said: "I have never had an intimate friend. Perhaps I never had time for it."

This is an interesting admission, but lack of time is not the true explanation. The thing that is Noske forbids intimacy. His whole personality is absolutely unrelieved. He is the embodiment of cynical ruthlessness. He dramatizes crude force and for the moment it is a useful asset in the much beset and well-nigh bewildered Germany.

Will Noske last? This is the supreme and all-absorbing question in Germany today. In a sense it is more vital than the acute problem of credits and raw materials. His name and his deeds have become synonymous with order, for he has been able to hold the nation together though a volcano slumbers underneath the troubled surface.

Noske has many bitter and relentless enemies. The old Pan-German crowd hate him because he has usurped their power. The bourgeoisie distrust him for the reason that he has developed into a czar. The proletariat look upon him as the implacable enemy of their cherished plans. His one reliance is an unquestioned courage and an inflexible determination to see his task through, regardless of cost.

Many of his countrymen believe that there can be no half measure about his destiny. Death and absolute dictatorship seem to be the only alternatives. Whatever his fate, he has lived the crowded hour and left an impress upon a turbulent time.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson on Germany.

Jesse L. Lasky presents

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See "Everywoman." It is another of the big Paramount Artcraft pictures of the year.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

THE TROGLODYTE

(Continued from Page 23)

few books by post and occasional letters from relations. They are addressed to my care now, and I usually make them the excuse for going to see him. Some books and a letter arrived this evening. That will be our excuse for going to see him to-morrow. I don't believe he could be induced to fetch them himself, or to walk more than half a mile away from his cave. He hardly likes to lose sight of the entrance. You guess why? Yes, he believes that if Marjorie lives and is able to secure her freedom she will never willingly communicate with him again or with anyone that she knew in her former life, but that one day, sooner or later, she may come and look at the place where she and her lover were promised to one another. At any rate, it's the only chance. He may have some particular lover's reason for thinking the chance a better one than you or I would, but in any case the Wreckers' Cave is the only place that there is a definite possibility of her visiting—so far as he knows; and if she visits it at any hour of the day or night during his lifetime he means to be there to meet her. He has taken every other precaution that he could think of. It's hardly likely that she will trouble the strangers who now occupy the doctor's house, but they will warn him if she does, and there are many agencies in London and other parts of the world—several even in the underworld—that will receive the biggest reward he could offer if they discover her. But this one definite point of contact he means to watch personally.

"It may be madness from the world's point of view, yet upon my soul, when one has watched so-called men of the world killing themselves for wealth or place or the pampering of their bellies, one might well hesitate to call a man mad who dared to live for something better. When you see him to-morrow I think you'll agree that there may be something very wrong indeed with our world, but there's nothing wrong with the Troglodyte."

On the next afternoon Ashton put the parcel of books into a fish basket with a tin of the Troglodyte's favorite tobacco and a few other oddments and we set off through the garden, picking raspberries from the bushes as we went. It was a glorious walk along the coast—first through unfenced wheat fields, then between gorse bushes on a green hillside that sloped with innumerable rabbit burrows right down to the beach, and then along the shore itself under tall black cliffs where the crying of the kittiwakes deepened the loneliness. It was, indeed, as deserted a coast as you could find in the world. We walked for an hour over long shelves of rock, skirting the diamond-clear rock pools, where the sea anemones opened their flowerlike disks of orange and purple, and little green crabs went scuttling to and fro under the brown fringes of seaweed.

"Listen," said Ashton once, motioning me to stand still; and, as the echoes of our footsteps ceased to leap back from the cliffs, we heard in a breathless calm between the long whispers of the tide against the reef a faint trickling sound where a few pebbles had been dislodged on the hillside above by a rabbit or a bird. The silence was so deep that—if the paradox be allowable—it crept with minute sounds. One imagined that one heard the grass growing on the cliff top and the drying of the seaweed in the hot sun.

"Now you understand what I meant by 'loneliness," said Ashton.

"Loneliness!" echoed the cliffs.

"And peace," he said.

"Peace!" whispered the cliffs.

Both of us laughed and resumed our walk. The echoes doubled our laughter, blending it uncannily with the doubled witch's cackling of a big black cormorant that flew with neck outstretched along the reef as if to warn the Troglodyte of our invasion.

It was harder walking now, for the shore was broken up into massive bowlders covered with slippery kelp, and we had to leap from rock to rock, trying to choose those where the rough clusters of peak-shelled limpets afforded a foothold. After a quarter of a mile of this a wilder and more sustained clamor of seabirds reached us. We halted and looked up, for our eyes had been busy with our rough road.

"There's the Troglodyte," said Ashton, pointing to the edge of the reef where a wheeling cloud of white gulls mewed and laughed and browned the bright air like a flight of snowflakes. I saw a red-billed sheldrake swooping down from the cliffs to join them—and in the center of their tumult a dark figure motionless as the rock on which he stood.

"It's not entirely disinterested affection on the part of our little sisters, the seabirds," I said after a look through my field glasses. "He's cleaning his fish."

We moved toward him till we could see the big white herring gulls pouncing like winged cats on the red and silver morsels that Gregory tossed to them. Sometimes they would catch flying fragments in the air and worry them as a terrier worries a rat. Sometimes they would snatch pieces out of the water as they sank, and fight for them; or a big bully of a gannet would give chase to a sandpiper trying to swallow its booty as it flew.

"Horribly like politicians, aren't they?" muttered Ashton. "Wait here for a moment while I go and talk to him."

I sat down on a sun-baked rock, lit my pipe and tried to make myself as inconspicuous as possible, while Ashton went ahead with the creel.

The cave dweller seemed very glad to see him. Even at a distance one could feel his pleasant greeting. He was evidently delighted with the contents of the basket. He rinsed his hands in a pool, dried them on a cloth and pulled the wrapper off the books with all the eagerness of a bibliophile.

Ashton made a diplomatic move to come away, but Gregory stopped him at once. His voice reached me clearly on the sea wind—a very deep, musical voice:

"Don't go yet, Ashton. Come and join me in my evening meal."

I couldn't hear Ashton's reply, but I gathered that he was explaining my existence and that the explanation was satisfactory. Probably it was to the effect that I was a harmless idiot of an artist and therefore a fellow castaway. At any rate, Gregory came striding forward, a tall, lean figure in old blue dungarees bleached by salt and sun.

"Oh, but persuade him to come too," he said with all the grace of the perfect host.

His appearance on a nearer view impressed one with his vitality. There was an athletic ease and freedom about every movement of his body. The heavy mane of gray hair was carried off well by his height, but it thinned his clean-shaven face, burned to an Indian red by the sun, and gave it more of the ascetic than was really its own. Strangely enough it was a pleasure-loving face.

There was power and gentleness and a strong will behind it, but it was not the face of a man who could easily resign the material world or the life of the senses. Only the eyes, deep set, glowing with thought and quick with humor, gave you the complete man. There was a perpetual shadow of sadness in their sockets that could no more be banished by laughter than you could abolish the night by lighting the windows of your house. They were the eyes of a lonely man who had looked through great distances of space and time and caught glimpses of something more permanent beyond.

Without further parley he led us to the mouth of his cave, a jagged black hole in the face of the cliff.

"My house doesn't wear its heart upon its sleeve," he said as he went ahead of us into the dark tunnel, where the deepening of his voice and the chilling of the air gave me a curious sense of symbolical meanings in our passage from the outer to the inner world. He flashed an electric torch before our feet now, for the last glimmer of daylight had vanished.

"I don't hang a lamp in my entrance hall," he said. "It's visited by the sea too often. But there are organ pipes over your head." He threw the light toward the furrowed roof. "At high tide in stormy weather the sea plays me the most glorious music here. My quarters are a little farther along."

For at least fifty yards farther we followed his torch through the narrowing shaft in the rock. Then it turned and went off to the left for perhaps another twenty-five yards, and I thought I saw a glimpse of daylight again. Another sharp turn brought us to our destination. A heavy sailcloth

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was stretched across the cave with a door in it arranged like that of a tent.

"Come in and make yourselves comfortable," said Gregory, holding back the flap, and as we entered he extinguished his torch. It was no longer needed. The evening light streamed through a natural porthole a yard and a half wide in the rock wall.

I stared about me in amazement. The room, as it must be called, was lofty and spacious—about twenty-four feet in diameter and hexagonal in shape.

The facet of the wall opposite the window was lined with books in a massive bookcase of teak. The sunset light played over some beautiful leather bindings. Facing the door by which we had entered there was another door of the same kind in a curtain of sailcloth. Gregory explained that it shut off a continuation of the cavern.

Between this door and the window there was a massive ship's stove with a basket of logs beside it. The chimney had been fitted closely into a crevice above the window. Above the stove was a shelf on which a few photographs were arranged on either side of a pewter pot, the relic of a college boat race. One of the photographs, I saw at once, must be of Marjorie Foley. In front of the stove as far as the table the floor was covered with straw matting and a warm rug.

"I'm rather a follower of the Golden Dustman, you observe," said Gregory. But the house of the Troglodyte was not at all on its defense. It was almost supercilious in its independence.

I looked at one of the books, a delightful edition of—oddly enough—*Emaux et Camées*, with aquarelles by Henri Caruchet. It opened at *Le Château du Souvenir*. I felt as if I had stumbled upon a page of somebody's private diary and I put Gautier back on his shelf with a somewhat inane comment on the good condition of the books.

"If you look out of the window," said Gregory as he knelt in front of the stove and set the fire blazing, "you'll see that we're fairly high up the cliff, looking southwest from the side of a promontory. It's a sheer drop of fifty feet to the beach. The entrance is very deceptive—a steady ascent all the way. We're practically at the top of the promontory. There are only about three yards of solid rock between us and the sky. That's why it's never damp in here. The rains are shed off and there's nothing to filter through. I can get fresh water, though, by going through my back door about three hundred yards into the cave. It's one of those tunnels that are said to run for miles. There's a legend about its going all the way to the ruins of the old monastery, four miles inland. I've never been farther than the spring, but there are times when sitting here alone I hear footsteps—oh, the faintest ghostly footsteps—approaching from the other end."

He stopped and listened. A cold shiver went through me as I pictured him in that eerie solitude on a winter's night, drowsing by the stove, perhaps, till a few pebbles, dropping in the dark cavern beyond, startled his dreaming mind—for one intolerable moment—into a dreadful and fantastic hope.

"This might be a room in one of the lost towers of Tintagel," said Ashton. "It's difficult to realize that it's accidental."

"Accidental?" said Gregory with an emphasis which I noted because I was on the lookout for peculiarities of temperament. "Is anything accidental? Perhaps it's one of those things like the formation of crystals, where Nature works by laws that we don't understand and gives you the effect of conscious art. Perhaps—ah, well, I'm sure she meant this for my table."

He pointed to the table, also hexagonal, in the middle of the room, and I recognized the flat rock of the picture. It had a neatly fitted top now of polished teak.

"Of course I did the carpentering myself," said Gregory, "but the sea gave me the wood. I always imagine that there's a peculiar beauty about wreckage. I suppose it's an extension of the old romantic fallacies about ruins and lost souls. But I'm really sure that a driftwood fire has magic in it. The sea has given it all kinds of strange colors. It's a wonderful flame to dream by on a Christmas night when the winds go roaring over the roof and the flood tide is beating at your door. All the timber in the place has been broken out of ships by the sea. These things, for instance"—he indicated the two snug elbow chairs in which we were then sitting—"and the bookcase. All the timber was left at my door. It only wanted assembling."

"I've a theory," he continued as he made his remarkably neat and skillful culinary arrangements, "that if you wait long enough the sea—by which I mean perhaps the universal tide of things—will bring you all you want. Of course"—he laughed whimsically, for he was talking somewhat at random, with his eyes on a sizzling sea perch—"the fleshy part of you may be dust and ashes before it arrives. But hasn't it struck you as rather a curious corollary to the evolution business that if an immortal being from another planet could have been dumped down on this earth before we had developed anything higher than a jellyfish he would only have to sit down and wait in the right place—so to speak—and sooner or later a newsboy would approach him and offer him his choice between the liberal and conservative press of modern London? None of us really believes that if you filled a sack with the letters of the alphabet you could shake out the text of Hamlet after any number of trials. But, until recently, modern science had come to believe that kind of thing unconsciously, on a large scale, where the protests of the intellect were confounded by the multiplicity of things. I wish that one of those materialistic gentlemen could have been endowed with life for a few æons, dumped down here and told that he had only to wait and trust the jellyfish. He would no more have believed in the advent of London than the men of to-day believe in the life of the world to come."

His voice dropped in the last few words from the light note of the jester to something like emotion. It was only a momentary deepening of the tone, but it stirred me curiously. I wondered whether the quotation in the last phrase was significant and I believed that it was. It was like an incomplete *motif* in music, but it hinted at the depths of his character. Ashton was right about this man's complete freedom from eccentricity. He was rooted in the center of things. Under his almost deliberately worldly manner I thought I had detected a note of mysticism, measured and profound, like the sound of the incoming tide on the rocks below.

But it did not in the least interfere with his efficiency in practical matters. In a very few minutes Gregory had spread as appetizing a supper on the table as any hungry materialist could desire. The sea perch with a few thin rashers of bacon and fried potatoes were delicious. The coffee had a fragrance that perhaps only the camp fire can give it. We had a second course of roasted apples and cream, followed by some excellent cheese, and when we had arranged ourselves round the stove and lighted our pipes I felt that there was much to be said for life in a cave.

It was growing dark now, so Gregory lighted a reading lamp with a green shade, which he placed in the center of the table. Through the porthole one could see the evening star like a sparkle of dew in a rosy space of sky. Two or three sea gulls drifted like petals over a sea that the sunset had smoothed with a delicate film of oily color.

"It's time to close the shutter," said Gregory. "It strikes a little cold in here after sundown. Do you mind not speaking for a moment or two? I've a somewhat shy friend waiting outside."

He went to the window and gave a low whistle. Almost immediately there was a flutter of wings in the opening, darkening the west and giving one a sense of snowflakes against its rich colors. Then a large sea bird alighted on the ledge within. I knew without being told that this must be the sheldrake which I had seen swooping from the cliffs a little earlier. It moved, craning its iridescent green head at us a little, to its accustomed corner, shook out the white, black and chestnut patchwork of its beautiful wings and opened its brilliant-red bill for the good-night morsel in Gregory's hand.

"There!" said Gregory soothingly. "You don't mind visitors, do you, Shelly? You're not a silly old recluse, are you? Not a bit of it! That's right, Shelly!"

And stroking the bird's head with one hand he closed the wooden shutter against the window with the other and fastened it.

Several times after this Ashton and I spent an evening with the Troglodyte. Now that the ice was broken he treated me as if he had known me all his life.

"That's because you're an artist," Ashton commented. "You belong to a species that he understands. At any rate he credits you with the virtues of all the rest of the breed."

There may have been something in this, for Gregory made me promise to come down and listen to his "cave music," as he called it, during the next storm. And so one blustery night I found myself floundering alone down to Wreckers' Cave an hour or two before high tide. Ashton was detained at the house by some business.

I was a little late, for the tide would soon make it impossible to reach the cave, and I was delayed by one of those depressing incidents common enough in some parts of England but rare on that lonely coast. The full moon, scudding through wild clouds, threw fantastic shadows over the wheat fields as I took the narrow path to the coast, and I had overtaken the dark shape that hobbled ahead of me before I realized that it was flesh and blood. It was a bedraggled elderly woman, of the vagrant type, rubbing the ears of wheat between her hands and munching the grain with pitiful eagerness.

(Concluded on Page 81)

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Pat Mar. 20, '06

(Concluded from Page 78)

I gave her good night and passed, but the storm looked so threatening that I stopped and went back to ask her where she thought of getting shelter, for there was none on that road.

"I'm all right, thank you," she said in the dreadful hoarse voice of the human derelict. "I know these parts pretty well. Does Mr. Foley still live here, or his son, can you tell me?"

"Foley?" I cried in astonishment. "Mr. Foley sold his house twenty-five years ago."

"Ah," said the woman, "that's a long time, isn't it?"

"Did you know Mr. Foley?" I said.

She turned her face blindly toward me. It looked swollen and gin-sodden, for one could hardly suppose that she was given to tears.

"Twenty-five years ago," she said.

"Have you come far?"

"London."

I looked at her battered boots.

"Where are you going to get shelter to-night?" I went on. "There's nothing in this direction and it's going to be stormy."

"Oh, I don't worry about that! There's a place—not so far from here—where I can lodge. At the sign of the Beautiful Star of course!"

She laughed harshly.

"Look here!" I said. "You'd better come back to the house with me. I'll find out what can be done for you there."

"There's nothing to be done for me, thank you," she said. "I've come up here for a holiday, and I'm camping out from choice. I've got my lodging and I've got my bedroom candle, see?"

She rummaged in the bundle she was carrying and produced a candle and a box of matches. She spoke with an independence that ended the matter, and turned away abruptly on a path that went inland. But even when I had reached the shore the thought of her forlorn condition seemed to deepen the indifferent roar of the sea and add a wintry sting to the wind.

It was, indeed, a wild night. The breakers came bellowing over the reef like shaggy herds of white buffaloes and I fought my way against the wind with difficulty. Gregory was standing at the mouth of the cave when I reached it.

"You've chosen a good night," he said, "but if you'd tried to get here ten minutes later you couldn't have done it. The tide will be all round the promontory by that time. You realize, of course, that there'll be no way out of this till one o'clock in the morning."

The next wave confirmed his words by driving us hurriedly into the cave. I told him that I didn't grudge a few hours of the night to the kind of symphony he had promised me, and, in fact, though I didn't tell him this, he interested me so enormously that I welcomed the opportunity of knowing him better, whether the music were forthcoming or not.

As I lit my pipe by his stove to-night I felt that I was regaining something that had almost vanished since my undergraduate days, when one used to debate all the atheisms and religions through a cloud of tobacco smoke and within hearing of the chapel organ. Perhaps in natural reaction from his usual conditions, Gregory talked with great animation. It is difficult to suggest the kindling effect that his words had upon my imagination, for the presence of the man and the surroundings contributed so much to it. But I thought that I had never listened to any conversation so entertaining and, at the same time, so profound. He talked of literature—the poetry of Villon and the Diary of an Impressionist by Lafcadio Hearn. Then we drifted into a discussion of human immortality.

I shall not attempt to reproduce the extemporaneous music of his reasoning, but the mind of this man was an exquisite miracle to me. He climbed to unimaginable heights as easily and gracefully as an eagle, looked full upon the sun of truth and then dropped to earth again and delivered his report. Sentence followed lucid sentence, each packed with thought enough to fill a volume and make the reputation of many a modern philosopher.

A single instance of this, though it fails to convey the sweep of his thought, still recurs to me, perhaps because it answered a difficulty of my own. I had asked him why human life should be definitely marked for immortality, if all other forms were to perish; and he replied in a single sentence with a combined picture of the evolution of the human being from the embryo and the evolution of modern civilization from the amœba.

"If there be any truth in that," he said, "how ridiculous it is to talk of anything perishing! How can we set limits to the possibilities of bird or flower or bee or the lowest and most repulsive forms of life when they pass out of our ken? If the jellyfish can be responsible for London, I'm not going to discount the infinite future of Shelly there."

He pointed to the sea bird on the window ledge. Then in another sentence, which I dare not reproduce apart from the glow of his own personality, he set the whole universe vibrating with immortal life, and I realized that he had brooded over the whole problem for himself on a scale that would daunt almost anyone but the initiates of the East and that, at the same time, he had worked it all out as logically as a Huxley.

"The music will soon begin now," he said at last. "I'll make some coffee in the meantime."

A moment later he made an exclamation of annoyance. There was not enough fresh water and he would have to go to the spring in the continuation of the cave to fetch some.

"Don't try to follow me out of curiosity," he said. "There are several branches farther along, and if you took the wrong one I don't know where it might lead you. Here's something to read—it may amuse you—a sort of program I tried to write for the storm symphony. I'm afraid I shall miss part of the first movement."

He laid a manuscript on the arm of my chair and went through the inner door to the cavern carrying a can for the water.

I picked up the manuscript and began to read. Already at the cave mouth down below there were deep murmurings that made a fitting accompaniment. The manuscript told—in words that can never be reproduced—of the thoughts that passed on a winter's night through the mind of the cave dweller as he sat alone by his fire and listened. Here and there I detected the note of the mystic again; and hidden beneath it all, in a musical undertone rather than in the words themselves, there was the constant thought of his tragic loss. Bits of sentences and the general drift of it I still remember.

"It begins with a rustling murmur," he wrote, "like the music in a little shell from the South Seas that I used to carry to church when I was a small boy, so that under the high pew I could listen to the whisper of the lagoon during the litany, or the green-crested humming birds droning round a white cockatoo with a crimson hood during the Athanasian creed, or the trade wind singing through the coconut palms during the sermon."

Then he described the gradual deepening of the music till the breakers marched in a great dim procession; and he saw the awful panoplies of forgotten empires moving from darkness to darkness through the brief splendor of shattering trumpets and blazing banners when they culminated and broke. He saw the barbarous pageants of Asia rolling out of the East. He heard the tread of the troops of elephants, cloaked with cloth of gold. The ivory towers upon their backs were stained with crimson, for in every tower the severed head of an enemy was borne like a gorgeous jewel in triumph to the maharaja. The elephants rolled like ships between temple domes incrusted with emeralds, and an army in turbans of white silk moved with them. The dusky hosts all shouted together for victory, and the elephants lifted their trunks and trumpeted for joy. Yet in a moment the wind of death descended upon them. They flashed like the many-colored foam bows on the onsetting crests of the wave, and like the band innumerable drops of spray they were whirled into the darkness.

Egypt, Greece, Rome, each in its own majesty, moved to its moment of glory and broke with the breaking wave. *Pollice verso!* the amphitheater yelled. The white body of the gladiator was dragged with hooks across the blood-stained sand. The lions roared and ramped in their cages as they saw the women and children, their destined prey, driven before the throne of Elagabalus and pleading for mercy. The doors opened with a sound of thunder and again the merciful darkness covered them.

Then out of that darkness he heard a terrible cry rising as if all the grotesque forgotten dead on all the battlefields of the world were sweeping forward under a storm of tattered flags, all those young men who died for Alexander of Macedon; and all those who died for Cæsar; and all those who died for Napoleon Bonaparte; and all those who died in Flanders yesterday. All round them the night wind was one long wail of women and children. And these, too, lifted up their hands to the indifferent stars and made their prayer and were swept back like foam into the darkness.

I laid the manuscript down for a moment and looked about me. I was tasting the true loneliness of this place now. Rain and hail were volleying against the wooden shutters. The sea was pounding at the cliffs below, and one could imagine this little cavern in the rock to be the only human dwelling place left in the universe. The contrast of its quietude, in the subdued light of the green-shaded lamp, with the tumult outside had a strange effect upon me. It was too extreme a contrast and I began to feel that the place was waiting—waiting for something to happen; and the waiting had an intense quality about it that worked upon my nerves as a burning glass works upon the skin. A man's whole life was concentrated in this one spot and one almost felt it physically. I started at the clicking of an ember in the stove. Then I went to the inner door and peered through the flap into the dark tunnel, listening for Gregory's return.

It sounds absurd, but for the first time since I was a child I felt the strange fear that children feel of loneliness in the dark. I remembered the strange remark he had made to me about the footsteps—and I, too, imagined them, footsteps not his own. The loneliness grew upon me to such a degree that I was on the point of calling into the darkness to find out if he could hear me. But for some strange reason—I have never been able to account for it—I was honestly afraid to do so. As for following him, his warning was quite unnecessary.

I turned back to the room and the awful contrast seized me again. The place seemed to have a will and a purpose of its own that gripped one with an almost hypnotic power. Deep thunders rumbled up from the cave mouth. I picked up the manuscript again and continued reading it.

It told how, as the unseen hand of the storm moved over the stops of that wild organ, an awful *vox humana* rose, the voice "of sorrow, barricadoed evermore within the walls of cities."

It was the voice of those martyred priestesses of our civilization who are sacrificed for our transgressions by thousands and tens of thousands on the reeking altars of every great city in the world. It told how the dreamer in his cavern heard the roar of the traffic over streets that were cobbled with the living breasts of those castaways, our sisters; and how he saw their dead hands weaving the shrouds of nations. Then—for the pictures formed and dissolved like clouds—all their agonies were embodied in the despair of one woman. The waves tossed and flashed and swirled round her. She clung with writhing hands to the slippery sides of a rough black rock. The next savage gray rush of the water would overwhelm her and drag her down. She cried for help, and in answer the sky struck at her with lightning and the darkness blotted her out forever.

Then out of the night of that agony rose those awful voices of hope, more terrible than despair because they are unconquerable—the voices of those mad blind men, the prophets: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"What does it mean," he cried, "this eternal Calvary of hope, this eternal division between our powers and our desires, our bodies and our souls, our deeds and our dreams? 'They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.'"

The earth! The music of that tempestuous surge told of things that were older than the earth, disastrous changes in depths of space where a million suns are only a little haze of silver dust, a feather of light that moves a million miles a day yet seems to hang motionless in a night that is immeasurable. It told of little wisps and wreaths of nebulous fire, a myriad little solar systems, each greater than our own, forming and dissolving forever and forever through inconceivable distances, rushing from darkness to darkness, freighted with little souls, fathers and mothers and children, lovers and friends, hoping, despairing, praying to a boundless mockery, unless the words of the mad blind men were true.

And then at last, as the storm died down and the tide turned, the music of the great deep that underlies every storm and all disaster, and is at one with the calm rhythm of the whole creation, confirmed the words of the prophets by the majesty of its own law, and breathed its own Sabbath upon the mind of the dreamer.

"For the voices of the storm," he wrote, "are only voices of the moment. But the voice of the sea is the voice of the Eternal, saying from the innermost heart of the universe: 'Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.'"

I laid the manuscript down again and at this very moment a sound reached me that stopped the blood in my veins. I heard footsteps echoing faintly in the inner tunnel and I knew with the strangest certainty that they were not Gregory's footsteps. I went to the inner door again and peered into the darkness. The faint sound drew nearer and grew louder—a dragging shuffle quite unlike the resonant stride of the cave dweller. In a few seconds I saw a glimmer of light approaching, and then to my amazement a woman holding a lighted candle over her head approached round a corner of the rock and groped like a sleep walker toward me. It was the woman I had passed in the wheat fields. She stumbled like a bewildered creature into the lamplight.

"Ah," she said, "it's you! I didn't expect to see a fire—and books. Do you live here?"

For a moment I could not answer her. She stood there, drenched from head to foot, in tattered, sopping boots, a most dreadful piece of human wreckage, and in her very humility an awful accusation against the world. I didn't dare to formulate the thought in my mind.

"How did you find your way here?" I said at last.

"Don't you know the other way into the cave?" she said. "I know these parts pretty well. This is where I meant to sleep, but it was high tide, so I came the other way round. I didn't know anyone lived here. I suppose I'll have to go."

She stopped and stared round her like a woman in a trance, drinking everything in with her eyes. Then I saw the tears glistening on her face, which, puffy and sodden though it was, either with gin or the drenching she had got, or else—God knows—from maudlin weeping out there in the night, still retained some traces of beauty.

"Come to the fire," I said. "You must be soaked to the skin."

She shivered and clasped her ragged shawl round her as if she were waking from a dream.

"No," she said, "I'm used to it. I'll go now. I didn't know there was anyone here."

"It's impossible for you to go yet," I said. "The storm is getting worse every minute. The fire and a cup of coffee will do you no harm."

She shuffled up to the chair that I placed for her by the stove and peered at the drowsing sea bird on the window ledge.

"Ah," she said, turning to me with moist dark eyes, "he's sheltering here too. You must be a very kind man."

"I'm only a visitor here like yourself," I replied. And as I spoke she did what I had been waiting for in order to make certain. She drew nearer to the stove and raised her eyes to the shelf of photographs above it.

In an instant the picture of Marjorie Foley was in her hand.

"Who lives here?" she cried, clutching my sleeve.

There was no need for me to answer, for I heard Gregory's footsteps and the next moment he stood looking at us from the doorway.

She faced him, swaying a little on her feet, with a faint smile, exactly like that of a dogged but hopelessly beaten pugilist standing up to the final blow. It was terrible to see that unflinching despair.

"I didn't expect to see you here," she said quietly. "I didn't come here to see you. I wanted to die."

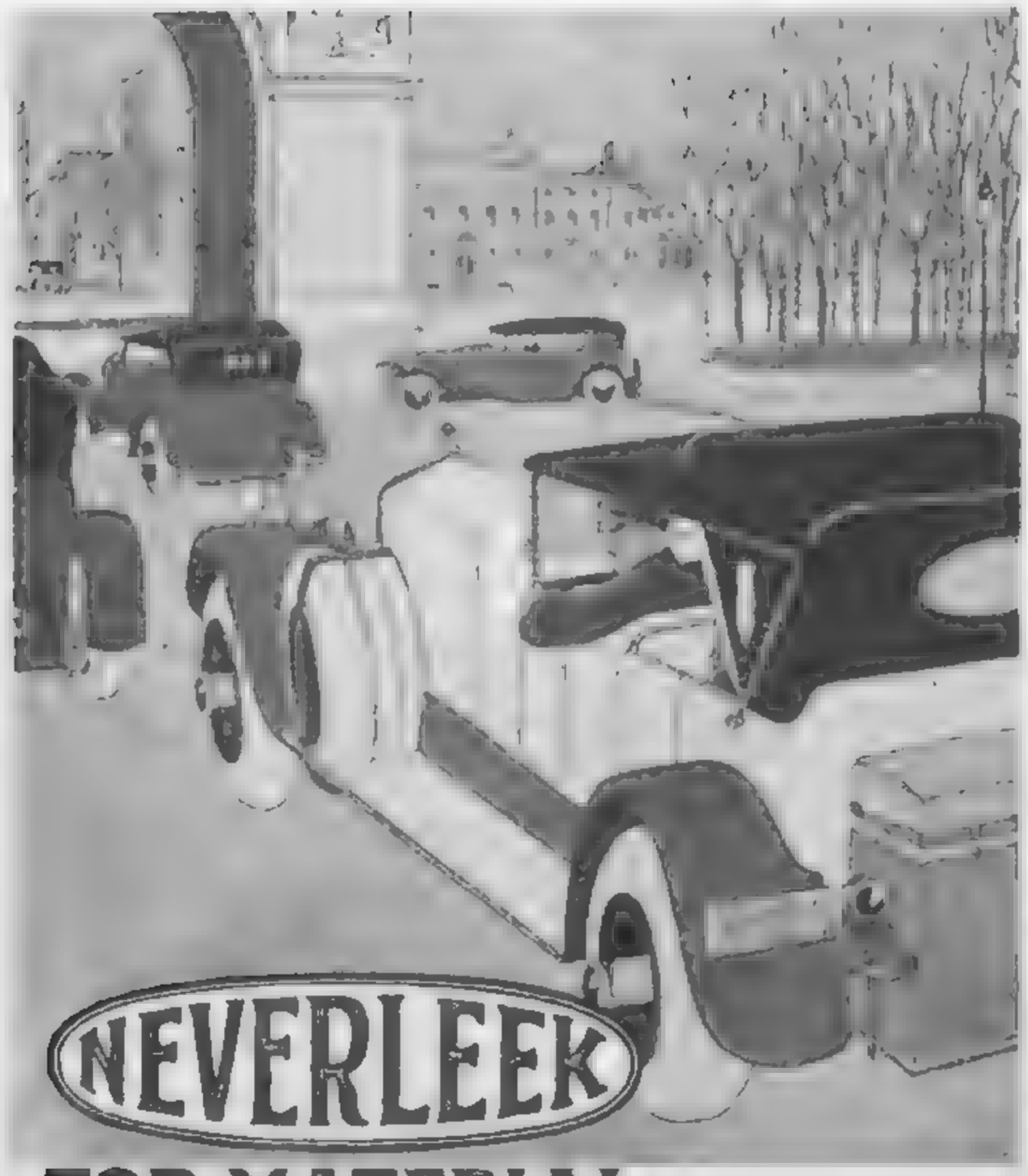
"Marjorie!" he whispered, stealing toward her as if he were afraid of frightening her.

She looked at him silently, still swaying, still smiling that faint, dreadful smile.

Fifty yards away the flood tide surged into the cave with the first great burst of the sea music.

"Marjorie!" he whispered again.

And like a breaking wave she moved toward him. I saw his arms go round her. Then I turned away and hid my face in my hands.



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VIEWS OF A LAYMAN ON BOLSHEVISM

(Continued from Page 9)

such a subdivided Germany no indemnities could be expected. The independent socialists of the Eisner type were separatists. But the Bolshevists were opposed to this, because it meant nationalism in a small state; and they wanted no nationalism, but internationalism of the proletariat.

The national assembly announced a blockade against Bavaria and undertook military intervention. It was supported by the middle class in Bavaria, who were convinced that the conference in Paris would never negotiate peace except with a liberal government that represented the majority in Germany. The blockade by the forces of Noske had few terrors. But the blockade of the Bolshevistic cities by the peasants was a different matter. The peasant of Bavaria looked upon the Bolshevists who had obtained control of Munich as rattlesnakes in the bosom of the beloved fatherland; and he declined to feed the cities until they had cast the pests out. The combination of isolation by withdrawal of train service, siege and starvation was too much. Aided by counter revolution the anti-Bolshevistic troops broke into the city and soon restored order. The experiment had not lasted long enough to do much damage. Many of the Bolshevists were tried for the killing of hostages and some were executed. Since then Bavaria has played her part in the national assembly.

There is an element of retributive justice in the struggle of Bolshevism in Germany because Germany had intrigued with both sides. When the first revolution broke out in Russia Germany promptly established connections with the provisional government, the cadets and the Bolsheviks. Whatever the outcome she would have friends in court. Not only did socialists in Germany aid Bolshevists in Russia; the imperial government of Germany aided them. Germany played every horse in the Russian race. The government felt so secure in its prospect of victory and so certain that the German people were proof against any such agitation that they did everything to encourage developments in Russia, and this despite warnings from Austria-Hungary. After the accession of Bolshevism to the throne of Russia, when the break came with the Allied and Associated Governments following the signing of the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, Germany continued her anti-Entente intrigues in Russia. When later the activities of the Russian agitators in Germany were called to the attention of the German authorities they made light of these efforts; Germany could not be thus corrupted.

Too Much is Enough

After the fall of the German royal house the provisional government called upon the Russians to recall their agitators and allow the Germans to settle their own affairs. The Russians responded by sending in more agitators to support Spartacus. Since then the present German government has been bitter against the régime of Lenine and Trotzky, whom they helped to set up. Germany has declined to blockade Bolshevik Russia; but she has also declined to recognize the present government as the de facto rulers of Russia.

When facing the west, however, Germany has exploited Bolshevism. "Don't push us too far or we will go Bolshevistic, and that will mean the Bolshevism of Europe," has been the threat often hurled at Paris. And this at a time when Noske was shooting Bolshevists in Germany every day. It is not to be suggested that Germany has nursed Bolshevism so that it should not disappear before the treaty of peace was completed. But it is certain that she felt so secure, even when the agitation seemed critically dangerous, that she felt she could afford to employ her peril as a threat. There is a game on in the eastern Baltic states and on the Polish border that has all the earmarks of German connivance with Russian Bolshevism. In all likelihood it is not the German Government, but the Junkers of eastern Prussia. But the responsibility is up to the government. And if the eastern Baltic states and Poland pass into social revolution a grave responsibility will rest upon Germany.

The present situation is one of relative stability. The soldiers' and sailors' councils have disbanded. The peasants' councils never really existed except on paper. There is no agrarian problem in Germany, except to a small extent in Posen; peasants may buy the subdivided estates in eastern Prussia within two years. The peasant owns his land, and farms it in a manner indicating his affection for his individual piece. The German peasant has been capitalistic from the beginning and has had no patience with Bolshevism. The workmen's councils have split into two factions and have little influence. There is still considerable radical agitation, especially in Berlin, Magdeburg and Braunschweig. Conditions are bad in Leipsic, Dresden and Chemnitz, printing and textiles being in a low state; but the psychology of the Saxon does not run toward radicalism.

The coal mines are the site of the tensest radicalism in Germany. The nearness of the bridgeheads occupied by the American and British soldiers represses the spirit of uprising. What will happen in the Ruhr when the troops are withdrawn is deeply concerning the Berlin government. The Bolshevists feel themselves beaten in Germany, and they will continue beaten if material conditions improve. The Germans are essentially industrious, thrifty, efficient and disciplined—qualities that make for resistance to Bolshevism and can be upset only by a tremendous revulsion of feeling. But the mark is steadily falling, prices are rising, supplies are short; imports are restricted, coal is scarce, an early winter has set in, unemployment is everywhere and the stipends of *chômage* are insufficient. The coming winter will be worse than the last in Germany, as in every country in Europe. Organized Bolshevism may not again attempt revolution, but anarchy and chaos may supervene.

The Possibility of Revolution

There is little policing against crime in Germany, but the army of Noske represses any sign of revolution by direct action. This army has a strength of some half a million men. In eastern Germany are nearly as many more, who, contrary to the authority of the Berlin government, maintain a mobilization in readiness for a struggle on the Polish frontier. When the treaty of peace is ratified the army of the country must be reduced to one hundred thousand, though probably twice that number would be tolerated by the Allied and Associated Governments if unrest in Germany caused anxiety. With a hundred thousand men order will be preserved with difficulty in a country with millions of hungry men out of work.

During the summer things have gone well for the present government; but with winter it will be different, and revolution is a possibility in Germany within the next six months. There is no unity among the various factions of the left, except that they all oppose the government. An organized revolution is little to be feared, but dissolution of the structure of society is to be feared, despite the orderliness of the Teutonic nature. And the agitation of cold and hunger is not of the kind to yield to night riders. The mild winter of last year was a blessing to all Europe and an important factor in the maintenance of law and order. The vicious circle of cold dwellings, thin clothing and scant rations is almost unbearable. And if three of the four horsemen of the Apocalypse range roughshod over Germany this winter, the fourth will join them. Organized anarchy is scarcely possible in Germany, but anarchy of disorganization and suffering is possible.

The present government is a coalition government. It is as strongly opposed by idealists like Forster as by radicals like Haase. From the standpoint of each a compromise policy is being followed. Yet there can be no question that it suits the German people in their momentary situation. The country districts vote conservative, the cities socialist, with not a few clericals and democrats to contribute balance, and a sprinkling of war horses to remind the assembly of the good old days before the defeat. The wing represented

(Continued on Page 85)

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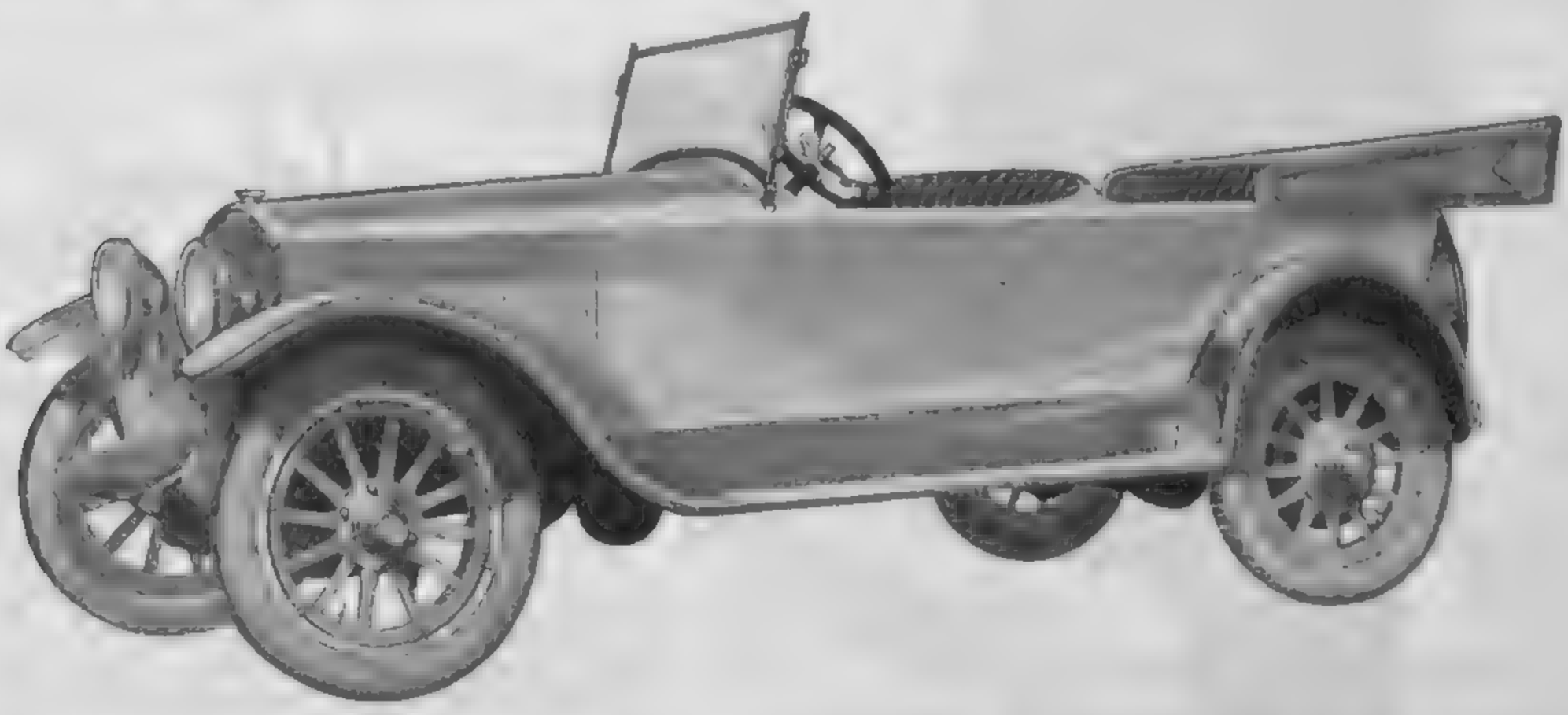

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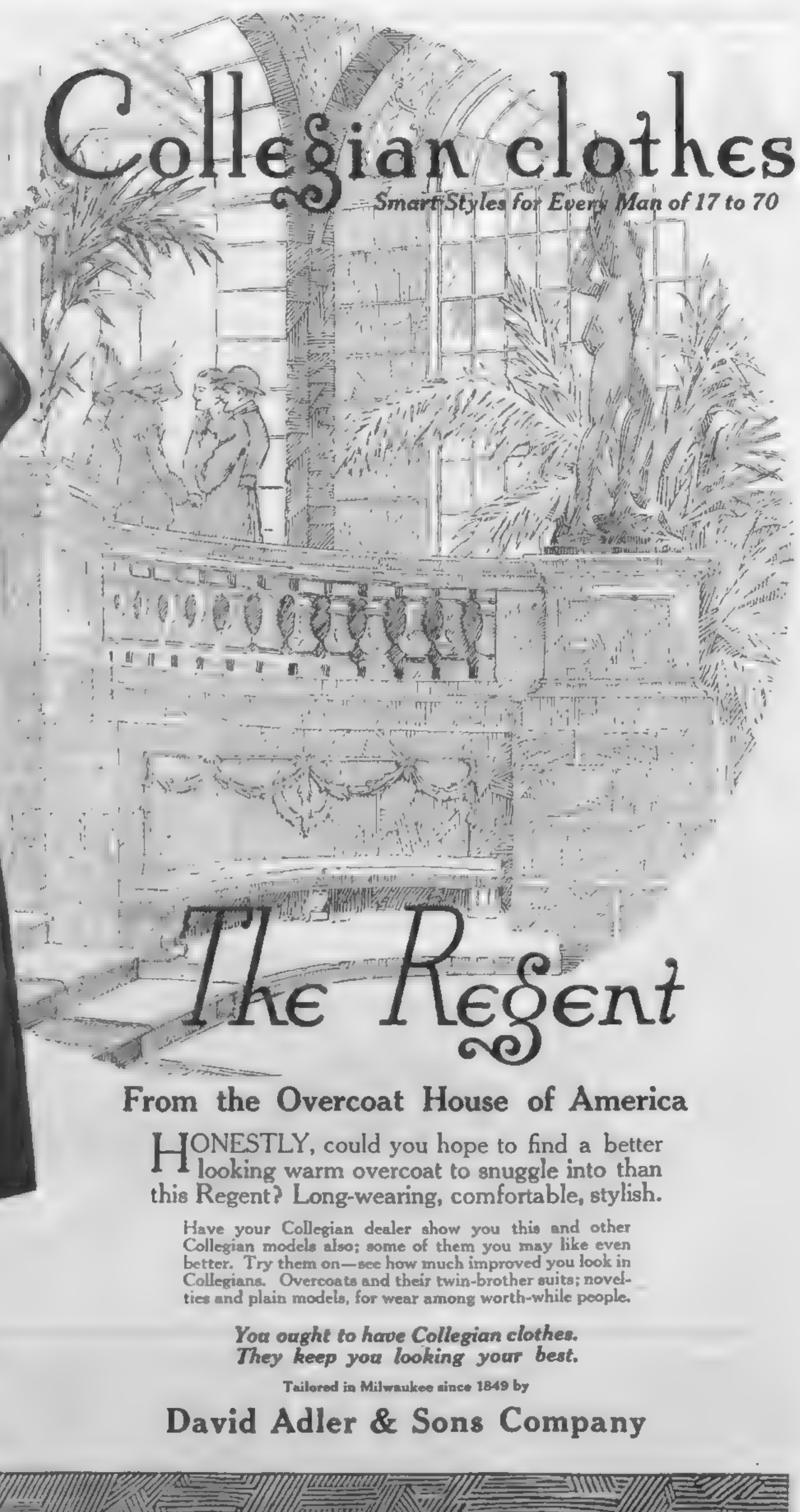

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(Continued from Page 62)

by men like Forster may be expected to come to the front when the period of stalling and compromise is past, for these men have both vision and idealism.

It has been most interesting to observe in Germany the reactions of the different sections of the people toward the idea of the soviet and to communism. The soviet was a purely imported plant and did not thrive in the Teutonic soil. The peasant had no opinion whatever of this agrarian idea from Russia. The city worker of radical type soon lost interest in the soviet as an instrument, and concentrated his propaganda on communism. The radical socialist wanted control of industry by the workers, the moderate socialist wanted nationalization of industry; the form of government was to both of secondary importance. "All power to the soviet" evoked no enthusiasm in Germany. With the clearly indicated tendencies of the majority socialists it is evident that future contest in Germany will revolve about the form of industry, not about the form of government.

The Operatic Soviet

During the short time that the idea of the soviet was uppermost in Germany many incidents occurred indicating how incongruous was the idea to the German mentality. One of the best of these incidents was related of the Berlin opera. When the royal family abdicated the angel of the opera disappeared, since the large annual deficit had been footed by the Emperor. A group of men of means arranged to carry the opera for the time being, and it was kept running. Richard Strauss, the leading conductor, did not appear in Berlin after the revolution, but remained in Bavaria, much to the anger of the people of Berlin. The manager resigned. A new leader had to be selected.

Then the soviet idea came to mind. Of course that was the way to run the opera! Soviets were organized—singers, players, dancers, supes and scene shifters. The ushers were not deemed worthy of participation. When these five soviets got together to elect a new conductor the question of parity of the ballot was raised. Should all have the same vote? Should the highest soprano have no more vote than the high kicker? Should the man who pours out the adoration of Tristan have no more vote than the shifter who merely sets out the bower in which Tristan sings his love to the infatuated Isolde? For days there was a struggle between the principles of Russian equality and the traditions of Teutonic art. In the end equality conquered, and it was decided that all should have equal vote. Then the five soviets got together and elected, unanimously, Karl Muck, in recognition of his valiant services in the United States during the war!

The antagonism between peasant and city worker may develop into a situation of importance. The industrial worker knows that the peasant did not play the game of the nation during the war, it is realized that he raised food not with the purpose of maximum nutrition of the nation, but in accordance with considerations of profit. The workers know that the peasants were not rationed during the war, and were allowed to sell large amounts of food to the classes of means in the cities. The city worker is emaciated, the peasant is hearty. With scarcity of food, high prices and unemployment the city workers may become so desperate as to make raids upon the farms, as has been done in Russia, in the Ukraine and in Poland. Such a state of petty civil war might furnish the occasion for a Bolshevistic stroke. The government is working against this contingency by particular allocation of imported foodstuffs to the industrial cities. It is interesting to note that despite the antagonism of the urban worker to the peasant he did not urge a program of socialization of the land.

Socialism has practically disappeared from the program of the present government. German communism has been merged into syndicalism, and the agitators who continue to make trouble for the government confine their attentions to key industries and have abandoned the general strike. The deflection from Marxianism during the past six months has been a striking phenomenon, though curiously overlooked.

State socialism was developed in Germany by Bismarck at about the same time that the exiled Marx completed the creation of his system. From the first day of the domination of German affairs by Bismarck and through the administrations of his numerous more or less inefficient successors up to the outbreak of the war the socialists of Germany and the social program of the government have locked horns in combat. Germany during these forty years developed state monopolies, government ownership, monarchistic socialism, national collectivism, as the institutions may be variously designated, to a high point. The socialists from the beginning were divided into three groups: Revolutionists, evolutionists, and socialists by political action. The latter constituted the mass of German socialists, and were the Social-Democratic Party, though with many shades of radical opinion. In general the party presented two wings: The one group was inclined to favor each governmental proposal for extension of government ownership or administration, unless of obviously imperialistic design, because they felt that each such step meant a subtraction from capitalism, in the future if not in the present; the other wing felt obligated to test each proposal for extension of national monopoly or control, to determine if the result would represent a more equitable division of the products of labor. The various innovations in collectivism under the imperial German Government were clearly of different orders, though all classed as extensions of the economic functions of the state. The purposes of the different acts of collectivism included the following: Revenue; military safety; continuity of operation; regulation; provision for governmental supplies, as manufacture of paper for post office and for departments; aid of weak industries; stabilization of industries; development of resources that exceed private enterprise; subsidy; health; insurance. Many, possibly most, of the nationalizations in Germany were installed and operated in aid of capitalism or had that result. It was the constant struggle of the socialists in the German Reichstag to include in each collectivistic operation the feature of increased reward for the working classes and diminished reward for capital, together with the attainment of enlarged efficiency in the service of the state. They contended for representation by the workers and limitation of the purely bureaucratic control of the imperialistic government. The program of socialism as a movement was outside of this practical problem, as illustrated in the Erfurt program of 1892. But the Social-Democratic Party in the Reichstag followed a program of opportunism.

New Economic Standards

Now the members of the old Social-Democratic Party constitute the government of Germany to-day. What is their policy? Still opportunism, but with a different criterion. When the present government assumed office they went in with the policy of rapid extension of nationalization of industries, since being in power they could so determine the organization that a larger return to the worker and a smaller return to the investor would be guaranteed.

This program was not put into execution. Within a month they were being accused of compromise and backsliding, of having forsaken the cause of the working classes, of being sold out to capital. The conservatism of the government socialists was what drove independent socialists like Haase and Eisner almost into the arms of the Bolshevists. The revolutionary speeches in Germany in the days of struggle of last winter were filled with denunciations of the majority socialists, who were more reviled than the aristocrats and capitalists. In fact they had abandoned their program; and they have since convinced the mass of the German people that this was a correct policy. It was not merely that they had been sobered by responsibility; they had acquired a new criterion of socialization of industry.

The writer once had the situation explained by a member of the majority socialist party. He began with the trite statement that circumstances alter cases, that the evolutionary socialism of Marx in prewar Germany was one thing, and in a defeated Germany a totally different thing. What policy would best aid the reconstruction of Germany? Not what policy would take the most from capital and give the most to the worker, unless it could be shown that this meant also the reconstruction of Germany in the best manner and in

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the shortest time. It was better that a particular class should fail of full justice at this time than that the interests of the reconstruction of the country as a unit should suffer. Before the war socialists could uphold a nationalization that meant a lowering in efficiency of operations, provided that the workers profited largely thereby. But now socialists, looking into the distant future, could not accept anything that included a reduction in efficiency in operations, irrespective of the relations of the classes and masses. Efficiency in the reconstruction of Germany! That was the criterion of effort in the present, leaving to the distant future, when the reconstruction of the nation should have been completed, the solution of the problem of the distribution of wealth.

The majority socialists therefore were facing each individual problem of government ownership versus private ownership, collective operation versus individual operation, state monopoly versus private monopoly, with the acid test of efficiency, efficiency during the period of reconstruction. If Germany failed, the workmen of Germany would fail, and the international proletariat could not help them. If Germany emerged, the rights and interests of the masses would rise with her. If Germany could resume her position of industrial leadership in two decades she would owe this accomplishment to her workmen and they could then carry into effect socialism of all institutions if the socialization of the people were in the meantime prepared for it. It is a program of deferment and opportunism, based on the results of the war and the present economic and industrial status of Germany. It means, however, for the present, the bankruptcy of Marxian socialism in Germany.

In practical application this program means that the different industries and institutions are to be reclassified into private and national. Shall the policy of nationalization be advanced beyond the point attained by the old government? Shall indeed the policy be withdrawn? Shall certain institutions be returned to private ownership and operation? The immediate questions relate to coal, potash and salt, especially to coal. An understanding seems to exist between the British and German coal miners that coal mines must be nationalized, wages and hours—really earnings—made identical in the two countries and competition in the export of coal eliminated.

Old Theories Abandoned

A commission was appointed to study the question of nationalization of the German mines. The majority of the members had worked for decades for the principle of socialization of industries. After studying the question, however, they reported against the nationalization of the mines, on the ground that the operations would be thereby reduced in efficiency, and that the maximum and most efficient output of coal was a prime necessity in the reconstruction of Germany. This caused an uproar with the miners, who have not yet accepted the decision, and this deadlock between government and miners expresses itself in contagious strikes and low output per man per working hour, the result being the wretched output of coal that is to-day the greatest impediment to the economic recovery of Germany. But the government has had the courage to face the situation, to risk the condemnation of lifelong comrades in socialism, and to persist in the policy in the face of sabotage and strikes, convinced that finally the spirit of industry and discipline of the miners will be recovered and they will accept the policy as in the interest of the country. In general in Germany there has been a revolt against collectivism, due in large part to experiences during the war, when the Germans were under almost complete regulation of every circumstance of life. In the discussions with the majority socialist the writer could not resist the reflection how much this sounded like the platform of the Progressive Party!

The present status of Germany may be summed up as follows: The people as a whole have returned to their moorings; in fact are to the right of the government. The small group of Spartacists and communists have gone over to syndicalism. The socialists in the government are conservative in economics, in fact the economic policies of the government are sounder than in the United Kingdom, France and Italy, and much sounder than in Central Europe. The people as a whole want to work—though both industries and workmen got out of the habit of spontaneous work during the war—but on account of scarcity of basic materials unemployment is widespread. The mark is falling, and lacking foreign credits Germany is not able to purchase the things needed to maintain her people and provide employment. The production of coal is one-third below par in the mines remaining to the country under the treaty of Paris. Short of coal, clothing and food, a hard winter may provoke anarchy through desperation.

The statement that the German people as a whole are ready to work is to be taken in the relative sense. Ready to work in the prewar or in the war sense they are not. The socialist papers continually pound on the theme that work, work and more work alone will pull the country through. Both the spirit and the flesh are weak, as everywhere in Europe. There is the apathy of defeat, the sense of out-of-bearings. The work habit was lost, partly as the result of replacement of individual initiative by external control during the war. The brutalization of war has made men neglectful of their obligations to their dependents. The spirit of strike is psychological and not reasoning, and it upsets the equanimity of the worker's mind. There is a purely physiological element; during the war exertion was excessive and nutrition deficient, and undernutrition continues. The disparity between amount and purchasing power of wage is depressing, and the facility easily to obtain out-of-work stipends only exaggerates this disparity.

Conditions in Poland

The worker does not understand the reasons for the scarcity of basic materials. First it was the blockade, and there is no doubt that continuation of the blockade following the armistice provoked a mental depression. Since the blockade was lifted it is the rate of exchange that is given him as the explanation. The worker does not understand why securities are not sold in foreign countries to buy raw materials. The delay in the ratification of the treaty of peace has acted like a narcotic upon the workmen of Germany. Labor all over Europe is unable to understand this postponement of return to normal trade relations; and the international proletariat cannot be blamed if it conjures up a nightmare of international capitalism.

But all in all, the spirit of work has continuously improved during the last eight months, and to-day there is more spirit of work than opportunity for work in Germany. Suspension of railway service for a week strikes one as a strange way of accumulating a coal reserve, but it at least proves that the government has the courage to face an industrial situation.

In Central Europe we include Poland, the territory that was previously Austria-Hungary, Rumania and Serbia. In the strict sense of the word there was no revolution in the Austro-Hungarian Empire in the fall of 1918; it was a dissolution. Following the retreat through Serbia and the debacle in Italy the military forces of the empire dissolved. Here and there were mutiny and revolt; but more often there were no officers to cast out. The monarch was not dethroned; the throne collapsed. The Emperor abdicated in about the same fashion as the army demobilized. Each soldier took what he could carry and went home; the Emperor took what he could carry and went away from home.

The conditions in Austria-Hungary during October and November may be described as spontaneous confusion. The army of Mackensen was attempting to return from Rumania to Germany, and on the day of the armistice a part of this army was in Rumania and a part in Austria-Hungary. Cleavage into six parts preceded the armistice. The Poles seized Polish Austria. The Czechs seized Slovakia and the portions of Austria outside of Bohemia in which they claimed a preponderance of population. The Rumanian Army, after the internment of the remnants of Mackensen's corps, occupied Transylvania, with considerable territory upon the western slope, and to the south the eastern two-thirds of the Banat. The Serbs seized Bosnia and Herzegovina, were joined by Croatia and Slavonia, and in addition seized the western third of the Banat and the three southern counties of Hungary lying north of the Danube and Drave. The forces of Italy occupied the redeemed country to the divide of the Tyrolese Alps and in the eastward also portions of Carinthia and Carniola, where they come into contact with the Jugo-Slavs. Inter-Allied military forces were placed in Vienna, Budapest, Innsbruck and other cities. The military lines as they stood on the day of the armistice were stabilized for purposes of administration and control, leaving to the conference at Paris the exact determination of the boundaries, especially in the southwestern corner—the boundary between Italy, Austria and the S. H. S.; in the southeastern corner—the boundary between Hungary, Rumania and the S. H. S.; in the northeastern corner—the boundary between Rumania, Hungary, the Ukraine and Poland; and to the far north—the boundary between Czechoslovakia, Poland and Germany; with little Teschen a particular bone of controversy between Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Poland had suffered four separate invasions. At the time of the German armistice one-half of Poland was in the hands of the Germans and one-fourth in the hands of the Austrians. The German and Austrian troops withdrew as rapidly as they could. When they withdrew Russian Bolshevists came in. The provisional government, formed before the withdrawal of the enemy troops, had as its first task the raising of a Polish Army in order to combat the Bolshevists. Pilsudski, a general of talent and distinction, was made head of the provisional government. Later Paderewski made a triumphal entry and was named Prime Minister. A general election was held, despite opposition of the Bolshevists, and this election returned an assembly of mixed complexion. A coalition cabinet was formed. The Bolshevists tried to organize soldiers and workmen's councils, but failed, as the effective mass of the Polish soldiers were in the army and the workmen of Warsaw and Lodz took little interest in the agitation. Attempts were made to form soviets of peasants; but the peasants, to whom division and ownership of the land had been guaranteed, declined to participate and instead supported the national assembly. A limit was set on individual ownership of land and the peasants were given a stated period of time in which to complete the very moderate payments that have been fixed. The program of communism failed to rouse any enthusiasm except among the refugee Russians, of whom several millions were in Poland.

An Increasing Coal Supply

The Russian Government has sent into Poland many agitators, a large amount of money, military forces, and has attempted to organize the refugee proletariat, largely Russian, but without success. The change of government in Poland has had no effect upon the church. Radicals in Poland associated with Bolshevism have stirred up racial antagonism and are apparently willing to risk anti-Semitism in order to produce a cleavage in Poland that might act as the entering wedge for Bolshevism.

The government of Poland may be termed a republic of the French type, the cabinet being responsible to the assembly. Pilsudski represents the moderate socialist. Paderewski represents the nationalists of the middle class, who have never ceased to struggle for the freedom of Poland. Bolshevistic politicians have vainly tried to separate these two men, in order to produce a breach in the government that might be utilized as occasion for social revolution. The Bolshevists have also attempted to array the agrarian and the urban workers against each other, but without success.

The Polish Army numbers about a half million men, including many Poles from the United States who were members of Haller's army. This army has had to sustain continuous active warfare against Germany to the west, the Baltic States to the north, Russia to the east and the Ukraine to the southeast.

The controversy over Teschen was referred to Paris and an American expert in coal mining placed in charge of the field. The Polish assembly has decided against the nationalization of coal mines. There has been improvement in the output of coal and in conditions of transportation. There is great scarcity of machinery and work animals, due to the exactions practiced by the Germans. The crops of last year and of the present year were poor,

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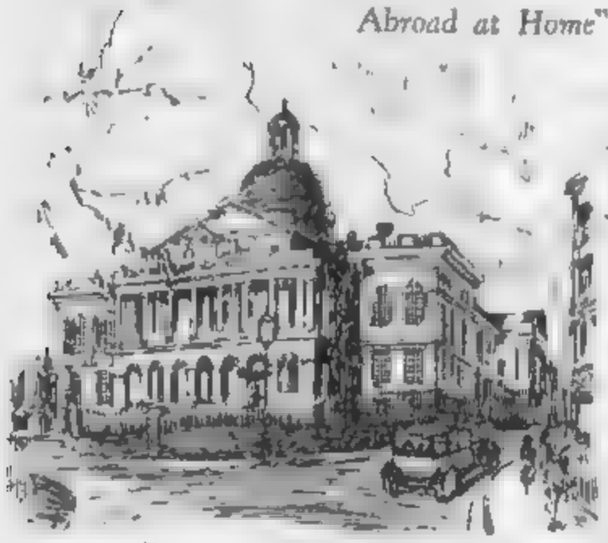

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especially in the eastern parts of the country, and Poland faces a heavy importation of foodstuffs until the next harvest. Poland has large textile plants, but it has not been possible for her to secure more than trivial amounts of cotton and wool on account of the rate of exchange. The problem of currency is the most difficult problem of the country. In circulation are German marks, Polish marks, Austrian crowns and three kinds of Russian rubles, and the best one is not worth ten per cent of the normal. Internally the national feeling is very strong and the government's economic policy is sound; but the external circumstance and in particular the future relations with Germany and Russia are very unsatisfactory.

The Poles are an exceedingly temperamental people and despite strong nationalism they are likely to exhibit political instability if conditions become worse. Though food is scarce and raiment scanty Poland is better supplied with coal than her neighbors, though the conditions of transport do not make it possible for her to make full use of these resources. Poland has the same fear of Germany that the French have, only more so. Their second fear is Bolshevism, that is continuously fomenting agitation. But Poland will not go Bolshevistic unless she collapses nationalistically and industrially; and this the world must not permit, because the hand of Poland holds the gate.

The Coalition Cabinet

As soon as Austria collapsed a provisional government was set up in Czechoslovakia, the territory claimed by them taken under control, an election held for a general assembly, and the republican form of government established under the presidency of Masaryk, a distinguished scholar, supported as Prime Minister by Kramarsh, a two-fisted, big-brained patriot who had spent thirty-two months in prison for opposition to the war. A coalition cabinet was formed, especially well represented on the economic side. For the first two months the new government had to endure violent Bolshevistic agitation. The million Germans in Bohemia were very bitter and let themselves be led into intrigue with Russian Bolshevists. Bohemia is an industrial state and among the workmen were many radical socialists. Gradually, however, the spirit of nationalism overcame the impulse to Bolshevism. To-day, granted a stable Poland to the east and protection from Germany, Czechoslovakia is sound in body and spirit. The large estates in Slovakia have been subdivided and the peasants have at no time exhibited the slightest interest in the idea of soviet. The churches were not disturbed in the political revolution.

There are four kinds of money in Czechoslovakia: Unstamped Austrian crowns, worth less than one cent, stamped republican crowns, worth something more than three cents, coal black money; sugar—white money; both above par. The production of coal is increasing and is the foundation of the future prosperity of the state, since she possesses large industries of iron, glass and porcelain. The Czechs will have this year three hundred thousand tons of sugar to export, and with this white money they will be able to purchase the cotton necessary to resume their extensive textile industries. An interesting development has been the organization of large consumers' cooperative associations. A Hungarian officer told the writer in June that the Bolshevists had "offhandy given Czechoslovakia up." Scarcity of coal cars is the most pressing problem of the winter.

As soon as the Rumanians had expelled and interned the army of Mackensen and extended their boundaries to the lines previously indicated the government, largely through the influence of the intelligent Queen, inaugurated the long-promised agrarian reform. The crown lands and the large estates of the Rumanian squires are in process of subdivision. On paper the project looks sound and free of extortion; but in the light of the historical relations between the upper class of this Orientalized Latin race and the peasants judgment of the pudding should be deferred until it is tasted. The poverty of the peasants is pitiful, due to the merciless extortion practised by the Germans during the two years they held the country. The riches of Bessarabia, of Transylvania and of the Banat, added to those previously possessed in the rich bottom lands of the Danube and in the extensive deposits of oil, make this new nation of nearly twenty million people a land of large actual and still larger potential wealth. The government of Rumania has a great opportunity and faces a large responsibility.

Bolshevistic agitation during the months directly following the armistice was persistent but everywhere ineffective. The Rumanian peasant was deaf to the plea of the soviet. Apart from the railways and oil fields there was no industry in the state to be communized. The status of the church has not been changed. The poorer classes were on scant rations all of last winter, but bore their deprivations without exasperation or desperation. It was Rumania that stood as a bar between Bolshevist Russia and Hungary during the régime of Bela Kun, a strategic situation only equaled by that of Poland.

When the Serbs took over Bosnia and Herzegovina no tears were shed by the inhabitants of these states. The spirit of the S. H. S.—which is the short way of saying the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes—is strongly nationalistic but divided in views as to the form of government. The Croats and Slovenes incline to a republic, while old Serbia clings to the monarch with a fidelity that has not been earned by either the present King or the Crown Prince. The state has a rich agrarian future, though it is dependent upon the outside world for fuel. The Bolshevists have made only sporadic attempts in this country. To the great credit of the Italians it must be said that they have not employed Bolshevism to stir up discord in this country. There is a strong color of Orientalism in these peoples and their psychology does not lend itself to radicalism of any kind. The leadership of the country will probably pass into the hands of the Croats, whose long associations in Austria-Hungary have made them superior to the Balkan Serbs in their grasp upon government and economics.

The Austria that is left is a state of less than eight million people, with a capital of two and a quarter millions. Austria is so bare that one would imagine that her assets are too poor to be taken over even by Bolshevists; but this is not the case. With the dissolution of the monarchy a provisional government was established in October, consisting of a coalition cabinet. As a political revolution it was not worthy of the name. Indeed the job of the provisional government may be said to have almost gone begging. Later a constitutional assembly was elected, and Austria is now a republic. The three chief figures are Seitz, the president; Renner, the prime minister; and Bauer—recently resigned—as minister of foreign affairs. Seitz was a moderate socialist, Renner really a democrat, and Bauer a radical socialist and formerly a friend of Radek. Pending negotiations of peace the country has been technically under occupation by the military forces of the Allied and Associated Governments. As a matter of fact it may almost be said that it has been in a receivership; and the receivers were two representatives of the American Relief Administration, T. T. C. Gregory and W. H. Causey, who have really done more to hold things together than anyone else.

The Plight of Austria

Bolshevistic agitation was continuous from October, most intense while Bela Kun was in control in Budapest and culminating in a riot of considerable proportions in June. The government, however, has been able to maintain its position, and social revolution has not occurred. Whether the people would have resisted social revolution if left to their own devices cannot be stated. Before their own eyes the Austrians have seen negotiations with Hungary suspended by the Allied and Associated Powers when Hungary went Bolshevist and this was too poor a reward for Bolshevism to recommend it to the Austrians.

Questions vitally involving the future of Austria were before the Paris conference—problems of boundaries, confiscation of property of Austrians located in the surrounding national states, responsibility for the war debts, and forced separation from Germany. In addition the Austrians wanted to take two counties from Hungary. These were things that every Austrian wanted to discuss and the agitators who tried to close with Bolshevism the door of discussion received scant attention, even from the laboring classes, whose political convictions were naturally radical. Every temptation to Bolshevism that cold, nakedness, hunger and hopelessness provoked was and is operative every week in Austria.

A particular aggravation to the Viennese lies in the fact that the country districts, confessedly short of food, have declined to divide their little with Vienna, and have cast her upon the charity of the world with little else than her works of art with which to purchase food. For six months Austria was fed with food purchased through credits extended by the United Kingdom, Italy and France. Of course it was true that there was at no time anything to be gained by Bolshevism; but the exasperation and desperation that lead to chaos do not reason.

Two other factors operated to maintain social stability. One was the influence of the church. The Austrians are strongly Catholic and the clergy are conservative. This quality of the Austrian peasant was so well recognized that the Russian and Hungarian agitators never even attempted to form soviets of peasants. The second factor lies in the complacent psychology of the Viennese temperament. The complacency and uncomplaining patience with which two million people during last winter in Vienna endured cold, darkness and hunger were a continuous marvel to the Americans in the city. A famous Viennese physician stated to the writer that it was not complacency but stupidity. This remark recalled the slur once made by Bismarck. The Iron Chancellor disliked both Bavarians and Austrians and once referred to a Bavarian as a transitional stage between an Austrian and a man. A more natural and generous interpretation is to assume a predominance of the artistic over the practical nature. The Viennese do not seem to realize their position; they think only of the glorious past of their city, and do not realize that the discussion in Paris concerns merely whether they are doubly or trebly bankrupt.

Bolshevism in Hungary

The Austrians are unable to understand why they are not permitted to join Bavaria; and the writer, in common with every American, Englishman, Frenchman or Italian who, on the ground, has studied Austria as she is to-day, is unable to understand it. Why should Bavaria desire to take in a resourceless state whose people are clothed in shinplasters?

Partly from South-German sentimentalism; partly to increase South-German resistance against Prussia.

Austrians finally do not understand why nine million Germans and eleven million Magyars, after having under the Hapsburg dynasty ruled badly fifty-five million inhabitants of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, should not be given another chance to govern twenty-five million people of other bloods under a Federation of the Danube. But history is not written that way.

The occurrence of Bolshevism in Hungary has afforded a particularly good opportunity for study of the phenomenon in inception, operation and duration. Hungary was a relatively small state with a highly developed people whose institutions were well understood. There was nothing inscrutable about the social revolution in Hungary, as there was in Russia; and the results are easily evaluated. The Bolshevists of Russia were from the beginning afraid of the experiment in Hungary; and now that it is over they cannot do otherwise than seriously regret that it occurred, because the results have been an eyeopener to every nation in Europe engaged in social reconstruction.

With the spontaneous dissolution of the monarchy in October, 1918, the Hungarian republic was proclaimed by a small group of socialists headed by Count M. Karolyi, who was elected president of the provisional government. He was a member of an old family of Hungarian nobility. He had been opposed to the war and was violently disliked in court circles. The policy of Karolyi was to withdraw all military opposition to Rumania, Serbia and Czechoslovakia; and to throw himself entirely upon the mercy of the conference in Paris, in the justice of whose decisions he had complete faith. When the Inter-Allied Army of Occupation fixed provisional military boundaries at the time of the armistice Karolyi accepted them for administrative purposes and assured his people that these boundaries were administrative and not final.

Karolyi was a high-minded man with a finely developed social conscience, but erratic and impatient in temperament. His views on government and industry were radical. The provisional government of which he was the head was, however, a coalition government, including Bourbons and two men who later were members of the government of Bela Kun. It was Karolyi's ideal to establish a democratic state within the geographical borders of old Hungary; and in his program was included a wide application of nationalistic collectivism. He was ardently in favor of land reform and almost the first act of the provisional government was subdivision of the lands of the crown and of the noblemen—compensation for which was not arranged—Karolyi himself leading in the voluntary relinquishment of his estates.

With the internal policy of Karolyi the Hungarians were well satisfied; with the external policy, however, they were dissatisfied. The Bolshevists during December, January and February made continuous efforts to unseat Karolyi and to provoke a social revolution. They organized soldiers and workmen's councils in Budapest and succeeded in securing a rather large organization which displayed more strength than it really possessed on account of the pacifistic principles of Karolyi's administration. The organization of soviets on the land fell flat. The peasants had the land; that was all they wanted, and the Russian idea of soviet made no appeal to them. Karolyi's opponents continually warned the people that his faith in the Entente would not be justified; that the claims of the Rumanians, Serbians and Czechoslovakians to large portions of previous Hungarian territory would be recognized; and that Hungary would be reduced to a small agrarian state.

Against this all Karolyi maintained his position and staked his entire political existence upon this policy. He conceived Hungary as a geographical and ethnographical unit. During the last two hundred years migrations from the surrounding states, especially from the east, south and north, had occurred to such an extent that the Magyars were in a minority. Indeed the Magyars constituted only something like forty-two per cent of the population of Hungary. Karolyi could see no reason why these peripheral areas should be detached, simply because foreign peoples had overrun and encroached upon them. It was rather difficult for an American to discuss the subject with him, for the reason that such a procedure as he could not conceive possible was exactly what we had done in Texas.

Colonel Vix Pulls a Bone

Matters drifted along until the end of March, the provisional government holding its own and maintaining order and social security. Then a blunder was committed, a bolt out of the clear sky, that suddenly threw Hungary into Bolshevism without any reason or occasion for it. The Hungarians are the proudest and most virile race in Central Europe. Anyone with a glimmer of sense should have known that when the time came to announce the political boundaries of the six nations in Central Europe this should be done to all at one time and under such circumstances as to avoid any appearance of imposition upon a particular people. The French representative upon the Inter-Allied military commission was a Colonel Vix, a man much too young and inexperienced for the grave responsibilities of this key situation. Vix made a bull; as we say in American slang, pulled a bone. It was such a bad break that only slang can express it. Vix announced to Karolyi that the peace conference in Paris had secretly decided to extend the zone of military occupation and that the demarcation line was to be regarded as the future political boundary. The statement was unfounded as the boundaries of Hungary had not yet been fixed in Paris. Vix also gave Karolyi to understand that the purpose of the enlargement of the area of occupation of the Inter-Allied military forces was for military operations against the Russian Bolshevists who were threatening Rumania.

(Concluded on Page 93)

Tapered eye *and* special anchoring keeps handle firmly fixed

The head of a PLUMB Hammer does not "fly off the handle."

The handle "stays put," because handle and head are both designed and built to work together.

The sectional view above shows at a glance how the PLUMB design guards against the danger of loose handles, the bane of all tool users. See how the eye flares out at both ends and narrows in the middle. When the handle is driven in, the end is split and wedged. The wedge spreads the wood, and forces it against the walls of the eye, securely locking it.

This special anchoring of the handle is only one of the features of PLUMB Hammers that make them different from all others. There are also the claws with extra curve and short split, giving greater leverage. There are the nipper-like edges that grip and hold any nail, big or little. There is the large striking face, with weight centered in a chunk above it. There is the famous PLUMB Comfort-Grip handle, that does not tire or cramp the hand. There is the handsome, hand-forged, non-rust finish that preserves the head from tarnishing. And, finally, the mahoganized handle of selected hickory, chemically treated to prevent it from becoming soiled or sticky. Each a reason why mechanics say of PLUMB Hammers, *"They're Worth More."*

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Philadelphia U. S. A. St. Louis

The name PLUMB is stamped on the head of every PLUMB Hammer, Hatchet, Axe and Sledge. Look for this quality mark.

Price of this hammer, $1.. .

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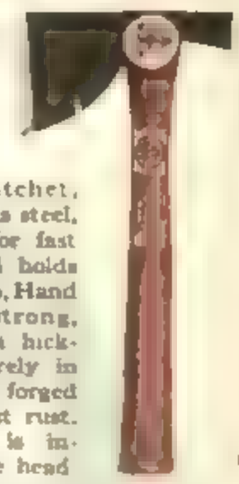

This one piece hatchet, made of special analysis steel, has a blade tapered for fast cutting. It takes and holds a fine edge. The full grip, Hand Comfort handle of strong, springy second growth hickory, is anchored securely in the head. The hand forged finish insures it against rust. The PLUMB name is indelibly stamped on the head. Price, $2.00

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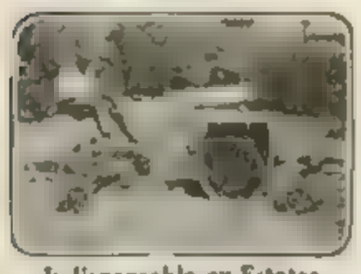
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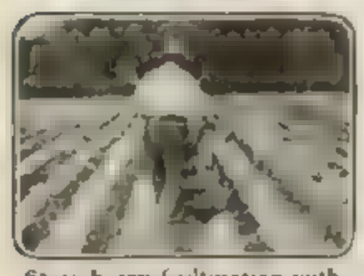
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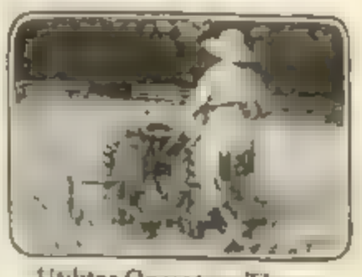
Utilitor Operating Three-Row Seeder

Dependable Power

(Concluded from Page 88)

Karolyi lost his head and resigned, with an appeal from the decision of Paris to the proletariat of the world for justice and support. He literally turned over his power as provisional president of the republic directly to the radical group of communists, who promptly set up a Bolshevistic form of government under the head of Bela Kun, who during a part of Karolyi's régime had been in prison. The appeal of Karolyi had the effect of rousing an intense feeling of nationalism; and the people of Hungary placed themselves behind Bela Kun, simply because he represented for the moment the de facto government.

The action of Colonel Vix was unofficially repudiated in Paris and he was recalled. Vix maintained that Karolyi had misunderstood him. But it seems clear from all the circumstances that a frightful blunder was committed, which roused an intense revulsion of feeling that threw a relatively stable country into full Bolshevism.

The Rule of Bela Kun

Lenine was afraid of the situation. In his reply to the message of Bela Kun announcing the establishment of Bolshevism in Hungary he pointed out that nationalism was incompatible with Bolshevism and unless the nationalism of the Magyars could be repressed Bolshevism had poor chance of success. For a month prior to the resignation of Karolyi pourparlers had been going on between the German Government, the Hungarian Government and the Russian Government, dealing with the military situation in Bulgaria, Transylvania and Bessarabia. It seems to have been prompted by a compromising attempt on the part of Karolyi to cast out an anchor to windward in the military sense, in the event of boundary terms being offered to Rumania such as Karolyi had stated he would never accept. The Bolshevists in Russia were therefore not unprepared for the change. Bela Kun appealed for military assistance. Trotzky replied that the movement in Hungary appeared to them too nationalistic to enlist the military support of the Russian Bolshevists. It is possible that Karolyi had been misled by both the German and the Russian Governments. The end result was a gain for the Russian policy, one more important area of social revolution.

Once in power Bela Kun surrounded himself by a group of radical elements and proceeded to develop two programs: The socialization of industries, and the creation of a large army, with nationalistic aspirations. The latter program was founded partly on a scheme of international intrigue, but was provoked partly in self-defense against the peasant reaction that was early foreseen.

The banks of Budapest were seized and converted into a People's Bank. All the foreign currencies found in their vaults were carefully laid aside. The pay rolls of the industries of the city, whether operating or idle, were disbursed from the bank accounts. When these failed, mortgages were placed against the plants to cover loans from the government. All wages were set high—in figures—and the employees of a plant were kept on the pay roll whether the plant was working or not. For men out of employment at the time out-of-work stipends were established. The city was crowded with refugees—the population was a million and a half—and a huge number of men drew out-of-work stipends while a great deal of the manual work of the city was being done by women, just as during the war. All manufacturing plants were nationalized and placed under the control of soviet councils. The mines were nationalized, and promptly responded by reducing their output. Securities, jewels and valuables of all kinds were requisitioned and seized, though of course many were concealed.

The food supplies of the city were allocated on the basis of successive priority of army, proletariat and middle class. No food was allocated to the rich, because it was felt that they would secure it through illicit traffic, which is exactly what did happen. A moderate stock of food that had been collected by the provisional government alone made this program possible. A huge army of bureaucrats was organized to carry out the innumerable steps in the administration of the socialized industries, in the allocation of the minimal supplies to a maximum of population and in the distribution of the rationed commodities. Conditions became progressively worse, production fell in every line despite unlimited labor, corruption was rampant in the allocation and distribution of every commodity, and the situation finally lost even the appearance of sincerity.

At a soviet congress held late in June reports were read of referees who had been appointed to make surveys of the situation in the different programs of the communistic government. These reports were nothing less than black. For the coal miners it was reported that though one hundred thousand men were ostensibly employed in the mines the production was very low because the individual output per hour varied from seventeen to thirty-eight per cent of the prewar output and was only half what had been secured under the provisional government. Eight hundred banks had been taken over and the looting of their assets seems to have been the most successful feature of the régime. The reports on manufacturing were very discouraging. When questioned as to the reason for low production the referees stated frankly that there was no discipline among the workmen, that they had no desire for work, no sense of responsibility for the success of the new system, and that it was impossible to imbue the workmen with the sense of altruism necessary in a communistic state. They had in short been unable to convince the workmen that it was the duty of each one to work as much as he could, instead of which each one was working as little as anyone else.

A Blank Outlook

The referees saw no hope of any improvement unless they returned to wage by the piece, with bonuses for overtime and overproduction. The minister of finance complained that lack of paper and ink prevented him from printing paper money as fast as the country needed it; and for the twenty-heller pieces it was shown that the cost, if they were printed with the ink and paper that had previously been used for paper money in the empire, would exceed the currency value of the piece!

Lastly and worst of all, affairs on the land were going from bad to worse. The Bolshevists had taken the large estates and the lands of the crown, whose subdivision had not been completed, and had converted them into communistic guilds for coöperative farming by peasants. Differences had risen between the guild workers and the small peasants, culminating not infrequently in riots. It was announced that the program of socialization of the land had been definitely abandoned, but that a limit of a little over a hundred and forty acres—the average American farm contains less than a hundred and forty acres—had been set, with the idea that such a size of farm would give the peasant all he could do and still limit him to the smallest amount in the employment of laborer or subtenant. It was regretfully admitted that the peasants possessed none of the consciousness of the proletariat, but were on the contrary purely capitalistic and imbued with the idea of selling their produce in a free market at the highest prices, saving their profits and doing with them what they pleased—especially buying more land. This promoted discussion as to how the government was to force the peasants to produce foodstuffs for the city of Budapest at prices within the reach of the woefully depleted soviet crown, which discussion led to no result.

Opposition to Bela Kun began to organize before he had been in control a month. This opposition was in two groups. The labor unions of Budapest—meaning by that the trained artisans—very soon saw through the whole fiasco and quietly organized to prepare a counter-revolution and restore a stable government as soon as opportunity afforded. They were, however, at great disadvantage, because Bela Kun had liquid fire, gas, machine guns and hand grenades from the arsenal; and the counter-revolutionists had only rifles. The second group of opposition was the peasants. Apparently without any organization, merely as the expression of spontaneous impulse, the peasants began to boycott Budapest. Foodstuffs could be obtained from them only by military requisition, which the peasants often resisted to the point of bloodshed. The peasants continued to supply food for the national army, and this Bela Kun did not dare to deflect to the civilians of Budapest. The peasant regarded the national army as an instrument for the restoration of the political borders of Hungary, not as an instrument of Bolshevism.

Mr. Hoover's Effective Protest

With each week the stocks in Budapest receded, the rations grew smaller and smaller, the death rate rose higher and higher; being summer the lack of coal was more felt in industries than in the home.

The spirit of nationalism was so strong that the army was able to carry out a successful offensive in Slovakia and to beat back an invasion by Rumania. These two campaigns enabled Bela Kun to hold on longer than he would otherwise have done. An officer in the Hungarian Army and a trade-union leader told the writer in June that the blind nationalism of the Magyar in a blockaded, isolated Hungary was the only and last support of Bela Kun; and that the trade-unions could overthrow the Bolshevist government any day if they had something to put in its place and had food for the people of Budapest.

The break came late in July. Bela Kun was overthrown with his entire government, and a moderate socialist government established under the leadership of Peidll. It has been frequently stated that the Rumanian Army unseated the Bolshevist government in Budapest. This is incorrect. The trade-unions of Budapest accomplished this counter-revolution and should receive credit for it. Almost the first act of the new government was to order cessation of military hostilities against Slovakia and Rumania; and as soon as this was done the Rumanian Army rushed posthaste for Budapest, which they seized without opposition.

With the consent of the authorities in charge of the Rumanian Army—or at least without opposition from them—a reactionary counter-revolution was brought about, implemented through officers of the old royalist army. Having overpowered the moderate socialist government the new government called Archduke Joseph—a Hapsburger—who proclaimed himself dictator and promised a coalition ministry and a call for the election of a national assembly. The archduke had waived his hereditary rights in October, but the new government was obviously of reactionary tendencies.

There was, however, something more behind this. There is evidence that the idea was the beginning of a Hapsburg confederation of the Danube, to include Austria. The Germans instantly charged the movement with being anti-German, made certain to them by the fact that the Archduke Joseph had throughout the war resisted control by the German high command and had withdrawn the Hungarian troops from the battlefield of Piave, contrary to the plans of the combined general staffs, with the result of debacle.

Be this as it may, the appearance of a reactionary Hapsburg archduke upsetting a moderate socialist government that had expelled Bela Kun and his crew of Bolshevists and were in process of setting up a republic was entirely too strong for the sensibilities of Mr. Herbert Hoover, who was at that time making a tour of survey of Central Europe.

Mr. Hoover's protest was promptly followed by the withdrawal of the archduke and the restoration of a coalition cabinet pledged to submit to the people of Hungary the call for the election of an assembly that shall determine the character of future government. This has since been confirmed by the peace conference in Paris; and the present premier of the provisional government, Freidrich, is apparently on the way to carry out this mandate, though acting in a manner to cast doubts upon his sincerity. Good judges of Hungarian sentiment believe that an open election in Hungary would result in the selection of a constitutional monarchy, as was the case in Norway, following her separation from Sweden.

When Bela Kun and his associates reached Austria they happened to have with them the pounds, dollars, francs and lire that they had found in the vaults of the banks when these were taken over. It was apparently their intention to nationalize the paper money of Hungary but to internationalize the foreign money. The amount was in the neighborhood of a million dollars. These funds were taken from them, converted into foodstuffs and immediately sent to feed the hungry masses of Budapest. Thanks to this device the members of the government of Bela Kun have retired to private life presumably as poor as on the day when they converted Hungary into a Bolshevistic state.

Hungary's Possibilities

Not so with Hungary, however; she is much poorer. The first of August found Budapest a collection of public buildings, factories and dwellings, plastered with paper money but devoid of liquid assets, inhabited by people who were hungry, without employment but disillusioned of communism.

Hungary has a rich soil, plenty of water, a good railway system and a virile people. She has been depleted by war, emasculated by defeat and exploited by Bolshevism. But she has the potential future of a prosperous agrarian state.

The states of Central Europe have been injured by the continuation of the blockade blockade in fact if not in theory—by restrictions based on the idea that Russia must be blockaded by control of imports into the states located to the west of her. The Allied and Associated Governments do not give evidence of being sufficiently appreciative of the efforts that Central Europe has made to protect Western Europe from Bolshevism. If the money spent in military intervention in Russia had been loaned to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania and the S. H. S. the stabilization of society that could have been accomplished therewith in these countries would have done far more against Bolshevism than military intervention in Russia has been able to accomplish.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by Doctor Taylor.

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GOODYEAR

You Can Rely on Them

Think what the tubes in the big Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires have to stand.

Yet three of these tubes traveled on their original air all the way from Boston to San Francisco with the Goodyear Transcontinental Motor Express.

What tribute to their reliability and staunchness! Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes for passenger cars, like the larger tubes for trucks, are made of pure gum strips, *built up layer-upon-layer.*

They cost but little more (an average of sixty cents) than tubes of less merit. Surely it is false economy to risk, for so small a sum, a costly casing.

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes come packed in a waterproof bag. More Goodyear Tubes are used than any other kind.

HEAVY TOURIST TUBES

BIG-TOWN STUFF

(Continued from Page 19)

Hanging to Jud's stirrup leather with one hand and with the other clinging to his hat, Solly was racing toward the Durkin ranch house, taking three steps at a time!

III

"HELLO, girlie!" said Mr. Beals. He had just ridden up to the gate and dismounted. Grasping Connie cordially by the hand he clasped her elbow at the same time with his other hand. It was a form of greeting to which Connie as yet had not quite accustomed herself, and she colored slightly as he gave both the hand and the elbow a gentle squeeze.

"Pa in?" asked Mr. Beals with easy brevity.

Mr. Durkin was in the winter calf shed. "He's waiting to see you," said Connie.

Mr. Beals lingered a moment.

"Hang round a bit, kiddo," he suggested; "maybe you and I c'n get in a little walk or something later."

Connie's color deepened as she turned to go indoors. She was wondering tremulously what Mr. Beals would have to say to her on that walk.

After that first evening, the half hour in Solly Blumberg's darkened doorway, Mr. Beals had attempted no further familiarities. As rapid a worker as he was, perhaps he had convinced himself that in some instances too much rapidity is a detriment rather than a help. Whatever the case, his manner toward Connie now gave no cause for complaint. Beyond addressing her by her first name and squeezing her hand or her elbow he had attempted nothing. On her part Connie wondered what she'd do if Mr. Beals tried again to kiss her. She knew that unless she was engaged to a young man to allow such liberties wasn't right, and though she had indeed seen much of Mr. Beals during the week he and she were not engaged. True, many of his remarks seemed vaguely to forecast the expectation, but so far nothing more definite had been said. Nor was Connie quite sure yet just how she regarded him.

Of course, to live in Chicago or New York seemed a great inducement—something, at any rate, that inclined her greatly in his favor; besides which, was there not also the notable position his wealth would give? To be sure, Mr. Beals disavowed frankly that his wealth was anything unusual, but then, as he'd pointed out, a man needn't be a Carnegie or Rockefeller to get a good time out of life. On a couple o' millions, as he said, a fellow could have about all he wanted. "Yeah—if you're careful, y' know."

Connie agreed with him. It was as he said—why pay ten thousand bucks for an auto when you c'd get as good a one as you'd want for half? Or take one o' those strings o' pearls all the dames in New York were wearing. Why pay—well, forty thousand when for nothing like that you c'd get one you couldn't tell apart? Why, indeed?

"Forty thousand for just beads!" Connie had exclaimed. Afterward, though, she'd regretted showing him her ignorance.

"Forty thou's nothing f'r a necklace," Mr. Beals had murmured idly.

She wondered if, when they were engaged, he'd give her one. It would have a diamond pendant, she hoped. She had seen a picture once of one like that. The picture was in a magazine, and the girl wearing it had on a low-necked dress. She herself never had worn low neck. It would probably take her a while to get used to it. Probably, too, it would take her a while to get used to a lot of other things. One of them was having a house five or six stories high. Another was having the house full of help. She wasn't quite decided yet whether she'd have a lady's maid. In New York, too, they had house help that were men. Butlers, they called them. She'd never seen one, but maybe Mr. Beals would insist on having him. A chauffeur they'd have, of course. He'd be necessary as they would be going out every night to dances or the theater or something. Of course, though, with all that help about it'd be a lot of people to feed. Probably they'd keep a cook, and she understood too that in New York the help ate by themselves, so she wouldn't have to bother much about the kitchen or seeing they got enough to eat. She wouldn't have to bother either about dusting and sweeping and making beds. She would have most of her time free to read and go shopping and visit art galleries and take in concerts and matinées. In the winter she and Mr. Beals would go south or probably to Europe or ——

"Connie! Oh, Con-n-nie!"

It was Mrs. Durkin. Her sleeves rolled up and her arms gleaming with soapy water, she appeared abruptly at the door. Connie untwined her fingers in her lap and rose.

"Yes, mother," she murmured.

"You come help wash the dishes!" directed Mrs. Durkin.

Mr. Beals was hardly one to waste time in preliminaries. Out in the calf shed he got down to business promptly.

It was curious, but the same reason that had caused Solly Blumberg to invest in those kid-topped Number 9½C Bals was the reason that had brought Mr. Beals to Rodeo. It was the Lavendar oil fields. Oil stocks were Mr. Beals' specialty. To be sure, the project he was interested in had nothing to do with Lavendar; the property was seventy miles from there. But then, this made little difference—at any rate to Mr. Beals. So long as the clients he approached had heard of Lavendar and the millions made there overnight, that was quite sufficient.

It was not just stock, however, Mr. Beals was selling now. What he was selling was what Mr. Beals called "units." The Sargent-Martin Company, Mr. Beals' firm, had bought a tract of land, each acre of which had been subdivided into plots twenty feet by twenty feet in dimensions. These were the units. There were approximately one hundred and nine in each acre, and eighty acres in the section. If oil was struck anywhere in the eighty acres each acre would share in the proceeds.

Millions? Why, out of a mere fraction of eighty acres men have made riches beyond the dreams of avarice. Mr. Beals, in fact, could mention case after case.

"Figure it f'r yourself, Mr. Durkin! For every dollar you'd 'a' put, say, into Standard Oil, you'd 'a' drawed down to date twenty thousand bucks! Or take Lavendar, right alongside us. A year ago, f'r twenty bones you c'd 'a' bought any acre anywhere, and to-day you'd be a millionaire! Yeah—an' here am I now, offering you these units at on'y ten dollars a unit! Why, just think of it!"

It was exactly what Mr. Durkin was doing. The Adam's apple in his lean attenuated throat rose and fell like the poppet valve in a water ram.

"You goin' to stay to dinner?" he inquired.

Mr. Beals' eager, pleasant interest suffered a momentary abatement.

"Well, I might if you say so," he hesitated, "only I'd hoped you'd close this morning. There ain't many of these units left, y' know; and besides, when the head of the firm he gets here he's a-going to put the price up to twenty bucks!"

The head of the firm, it appeared, might arrive any day, and Mr. Durkin's Adam's apple again undulated spasmodically.

"I'm going to close; I'm going to close! We'll go right down to the bank after dinner," he was saying when there was a rattle of hoofs outside, the gate was flung open with a bang and Mr. Durkin heard the well-known accents of Solly Blumberg rise abruptly. Solly's tone was animated.

"Vere is he? Vere is the loafer? Show me!"

"Why, what can be the matter?" Mr. Durkin exclaimed.

Solly appeared suddenly at the door. His entrance was abrupt if not breathless; but the instant his eye fell on Mr. Beals he halted and, thrusting both thumbs in his armpits, he loudly sucked his teeth.

"Vell, young feller," inquired Solly, "you make a svindle off Durkin also, do you?"

IV

THE morning was going on. The steam from the soapsuds in the dish pan filled the kitchen with its acrid odor, but Connie's mind had wandered far. She was oblivious of the kitchen, the kitchen's surroundings and her mother's restless energetic presence. Mrs. Durkin's comments, too, as she rinsed the dishes and stacked them on the dish board for Connie to wipe, fell unheeded on Connie's ears.

Her jaw set, Mrs. Durkin's air was vindictive.

"Guess we'd better be getting one of them butlers to wash these here ranch dishes. Mebbe if your pa, too, had one of them thousand-dollar watches I've abeen hearin' about he'd get round to his meals on time, his work included!"

Silent still, Connie took the plate Mrs. Durkin thrust at her.

It would be a double-ring ceremony, she'd decided. By that time they'd be moved into the new ranch house her father had begun planning to build, and they would have the wedding on the east veranda. Afterward, as it would be a noonday wedding and there would be ample time to catch the eastbound limited, they would have the wedding breakfast on the lawn and dance till it was time to go. The limited, of course, never stopped at Rodeo except on special orders, but then Mr. Beals, with his Wall Street connections, could arrange that. When the time came to go her bridesmaids would help her put on her going-away dress. The dress would be a navy blue tailor made, navy blue setting off pearls so well, and with it she would wear a toque, white kid gloves and gun-metal slippers. The motor would take them to the train—the motors, rather. The large seven-seated touring car her father already planned to buy would carry the bags, and she and Mr. Beals would go in her own runabout; that or the sedan, she hadn't decided which yet. On the train Mr. Beals would, of course, have his private car, and ——

"Land o' Goshen!" Mrs. Durkin said abruptly. "What's that?"

She went hurriedly to the door and looked out.

"Well, I declare! If it isn't Jud and Solly Blumberg lookin' as if the place was afire or suthin'! What's the trouble, Jud?" she called.

Jud called back he was looking for Mr. Durkin and, having indicated the calf shed, Mrs. Durkin returned to the sink. Connie was still wiping the dishes dreamily.

"See here," Mrs. Durkin said abruptly, "what happened between you and Jud this morning, Connie?"

"Nothing, mother," Connie answered absently. "Jud just asked me again to marry him, and I said no."

"Well, I knew something was wrong with him," Mrs. Durkin rejoined vindictively. "He's just clumped into that calf shed where your pa and that New York dude is looking like he was going to eat someone alive!"

When Mrs. Durkin looked round again Connie had disappeared.

"What's the frame up?" demanded Mr. Beals.

As he had beheld Jud and Solly abruptly enter the New York-Chicago-Wall Street man had started visibly; then, backing away a step or so, his hand had wandered toward a fork handle that stood there conveniently. But as neither Jud nor Solly offered open violence Mr. Beals withdrew his hand from the fork.

After his first remark to Beals Solly had turned instantly to Durkin. Now, his hands, elbows and arms working in active concert with his tongue, Solly was exhorting the rancher energetically and, his lip curling, Beals spoke again.

"Say, you little kike," said Mr. Beals, "say what you got to say to me, why don't you?"

"Sure, I say it to you!" Solly responded promptly. "A svindle like you he makes a get-rich-quick of my friend here, Mr. Durkin, and takes his money avay! Loafer, a lowlife, you are!"

"Solly!" Mr. Durkin exclaimed, aghast.

Then another voice, vibrant, tense, outraged, cut in on them all.

"Mr. Blumberg, how dare you!"

Connie had appeared.

Her eyes snapping, her breast heaving tumultuously, she brushed past Jud without so much as a look at him. Evidently she understood the situation—its hostility to Beals, at any rate—for she went directly toward him.

"What is it?" she asked. "What has happened?"

Mr. Beals shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"Don't ask me! That little kike there seems to have something on his chest, only I don't care about that. I didn't come here to get insulted!" said Mr. Beals; and, the way clear, he was starting toward the door when Connie laid a hand on his arm.

"Wait, Mr. Beals." She turned to Solly. "Why did you insult Mr. Beals, Mr. Blumberg?"

Solly gazed at her in momentary astonishment.

"Insult him? Me? All I tell him is he's a get-rich-quick that makes a svindle of your father. Insult a feller like him—you couldn't!"

Connie turned to Jud.

"Did you have a hand in this too?" she asked.

"It's as Solly says, Connie," Jud answered quietly. "This man has been up and down the range sticking everyone with his worthless oil securities."

"Worthless?"

"Yes, Connie."

Connie gazed at him a moment steadily.

"How do you know they're worthless?" she inquired.

There was a pause. During it Solly might have been heard to gasp.

"My Gawd!" Durkin exclaimed, gaping.

His castle crumbled, he sat up among the ruins suddenly, his face lighted with a gleam of reawakened hope.

"Yes, now you come to speak of it," said Mr. Beals, "how do you know, you little kike?"

Solly didn't know. His eyes roaming floorward skidded uneasily toward the door.

"Vell," he mumbled, "even if I don't know, you make a svindle of Durkin if he lets you." Then he turned to Connie. "Sure, he does!" he said, but Connie let him say no more.

"I don't believe it!" said Connie deliberately, and going to Beals she held out her hand to him. "Come, Eddy, take me out for a walk as you promised," she smiled. And Jud and Solly gasped.

"Connie!" Jud exclaimed.

She turned on him, her hands clenched at her sides and her face flashing.

"Jud Evans, don't you ever dare speak to me again!" she said.

Then, with Beals at her side, grinning covertly, Connie walked out of the calf shed, leaving Jud and Solly staring at each other, defeated.

That evening wayfarers in Rodeo saw that the New York Racquet Store was dark and silent. A square of pasteboard was tacked on its door, and those who climbed the stairs read on it a statement printed in scrawling, tilted lettering:

"NoTIs. tHIs sToRE cLosED.
s. bLuMbERg, pRop'R."

SOLLY had gone. Before the night passed it was reported he had left the town, if not for good at least for a lengthy period. The understanding was that he'd had trouble with Mr. Beals, the wealthy Wall Street man, and that in consequence of it Mr. Beals had put the matter in the hands of his attorneys. One thing was, at any rate, certain—Solly had disappeared. Not even Jud Evans knew where he had gone.

It was a shock to Jud when he learned. There was to be a dance that night in the loft overhead, and though Jud wasn't going to the dance at half past five he rode into town and made his way to Solly's. At the door he found the man who played the cornet in the Rodeo orchestra. He had come early in order to sweep up the loft and get ready, but the loft was locked and nothing was to be seen of Solly. Jud and he read the sign tacked on Solly's door:

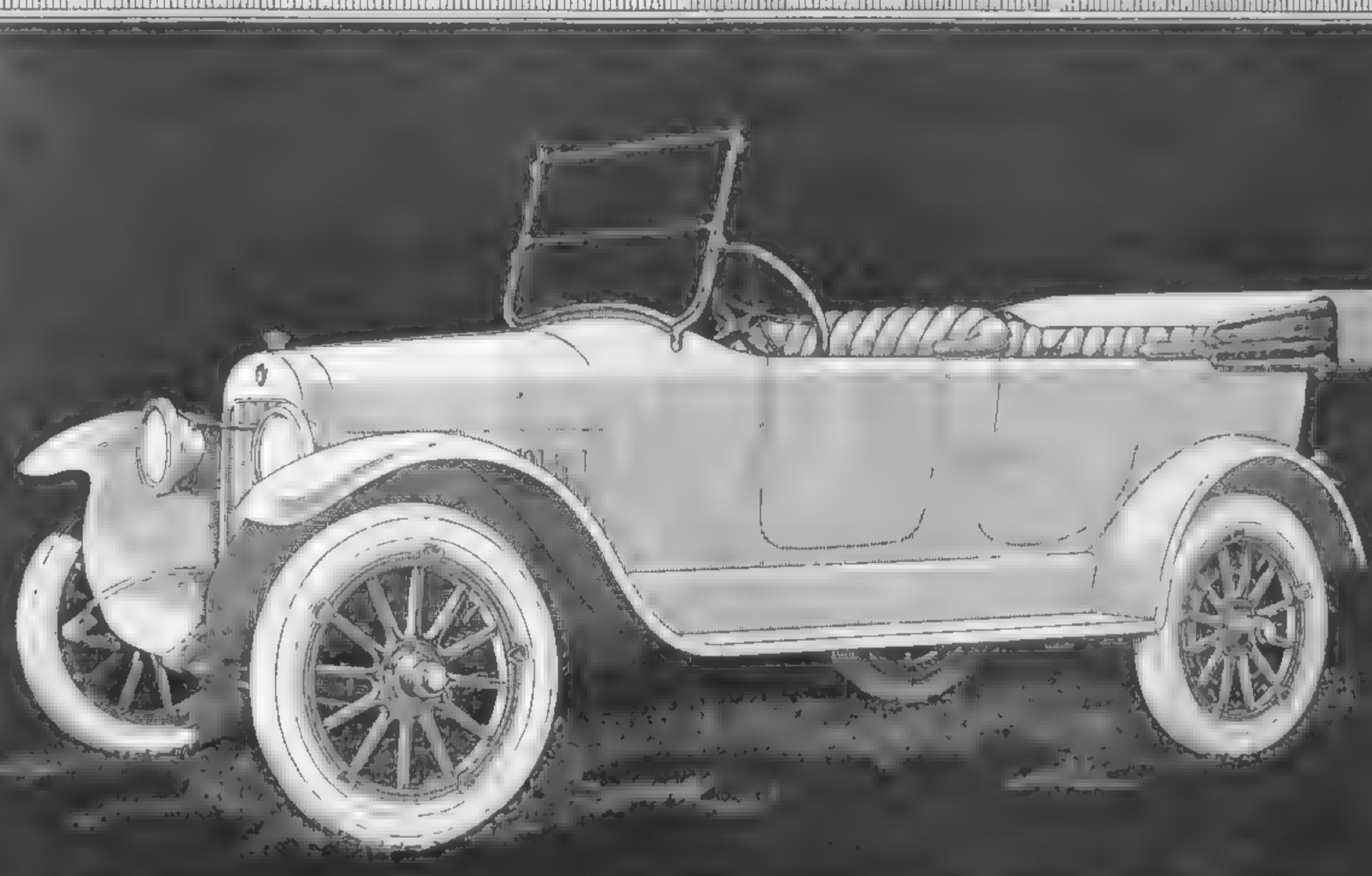
"NoTIs. tHIs sToRE cLosED."

"That's queer," the man remarked; "he was here half an hour ago."

Jud was troubled. On the road a while before he had passed Beals and Connie together. Connie's eyes had fallen when she drove by, and she had not spoken to him. However, that Solly would run off and leave him alone to face the music Jud could hardly believe. Solly was not the one to desert a friend. Neither was he the sort, at the first hint of trouble, to turn tail and run.

He was right. Solly had not deserted him. Neither had he fled to avoid trouble. Instead he had gone hunting it. His jaw set and his eye murky, Solly had gone westward on the five-nineteen.

(Continued on Page 99)



Two Kinds of Economy in the Post-War Maxwell

THE Post-War Maxwell inherited from its 300,000 predecessors two traits that captivate the person who likes continuous, uninterrupted, comfortable and low cost mileage.

One is its freedom from repairs. It runs on and on. Give it gas, oil, grease and water and it will deliver an amazing amount of mileage.

The second is the low price you pay per mile. Its thrifty engine makes gas go a long way. Its 2000 pounds of weight assures long tire wear.

Such kinds of economy came from years of study and the experience which 300,000 previous Maxwells have taught.

The notable improvements and refinements to be found in this car have caught the attention of many who figured that high efficiency meant high price.

The public has served notice that it does appreciate value.

That is why 40,000 persons will have to go without a Post-War Maxwell this year though 100,000 are being built.

Price, $985 f.o.b. Detroit.

MAXWELL MOTOR CO., INC., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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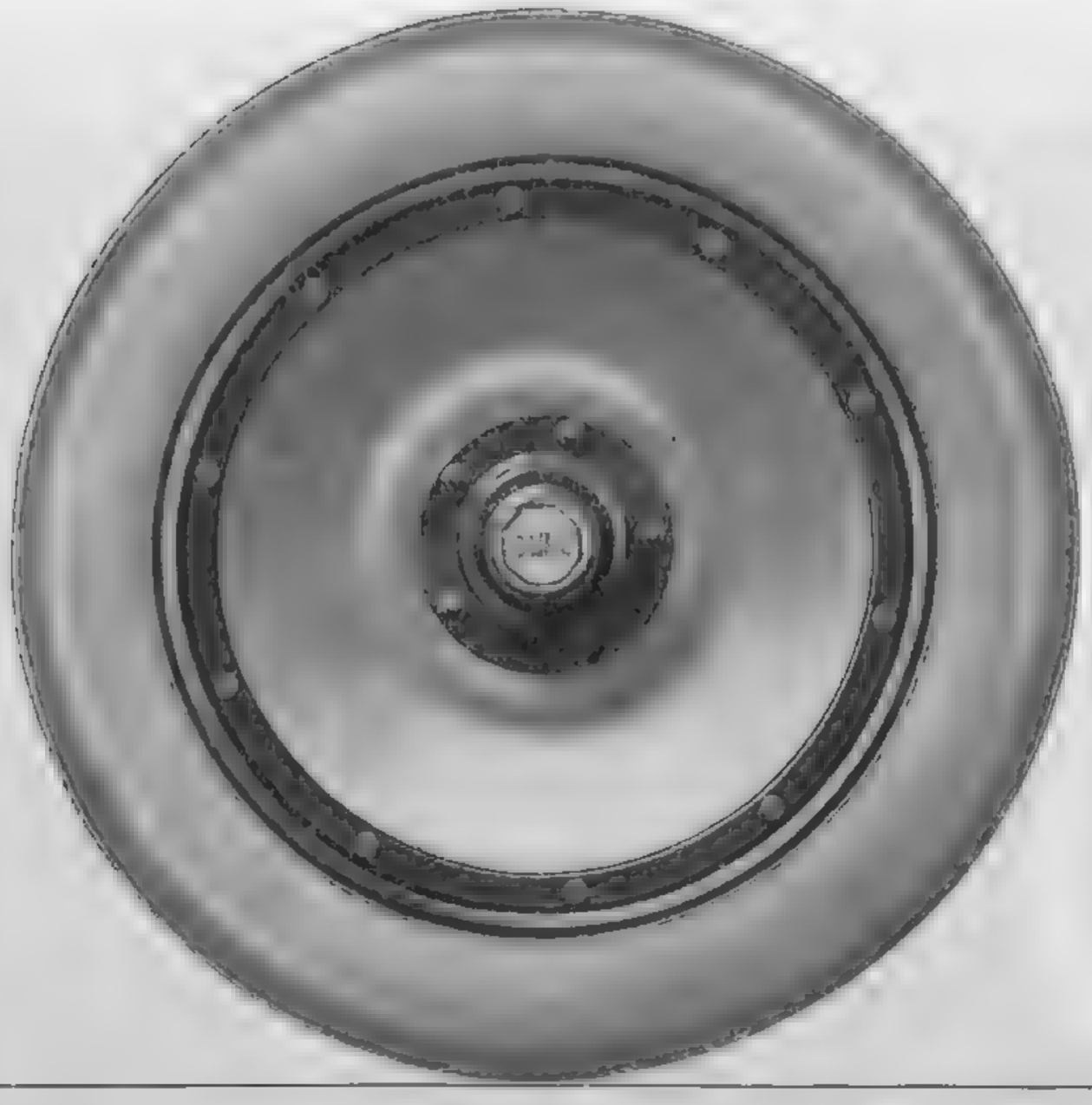
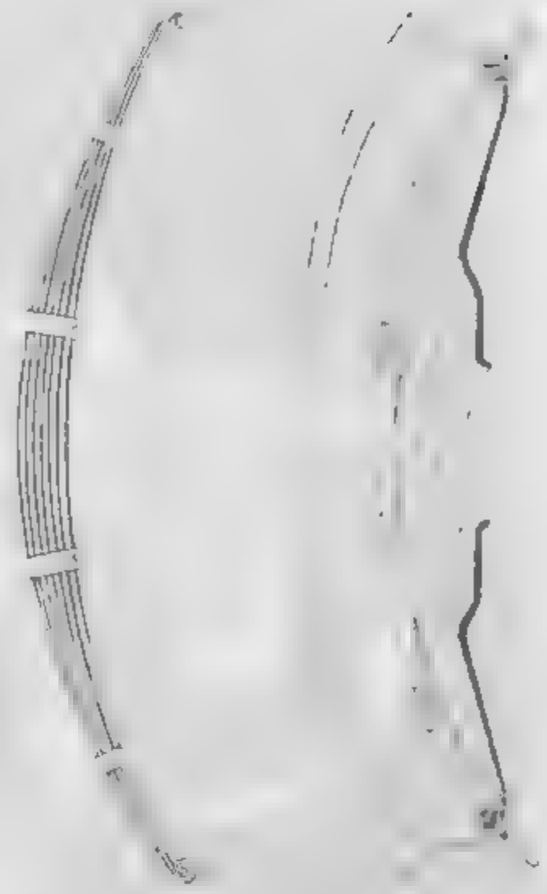




The Motor Car Spring and a Sectional View of the Disteel Wheel

Facts You Should Know About the Wheels of Your Motor Car

A motor car wheel should be so designed and constructed that road shocks cannot be transmitted directly to the bearings and the delicate mechanism of the car.

In the illustration at the top of this page is shown a motor car spring. That spring is thicker, heavier at the center than it is at the ends.

The spring is tapered.

It is tapered because it *is* a spring. The taper distributes and diffuses the strains.

The spring is dished.

That means it is curved slightly, which also serves to distribute and diffuse the strains.

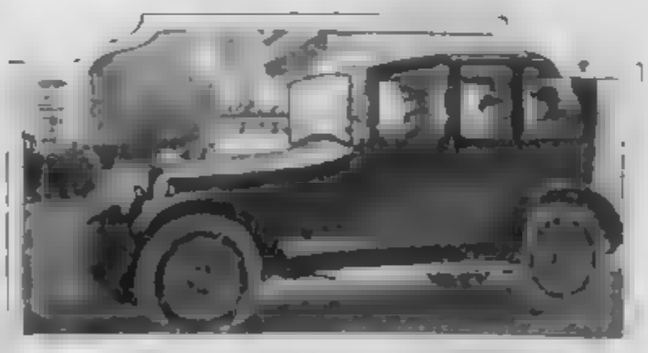
Another example—In precisely the same way as the muffler of your car breaks up, diffuses and nullifies the noises that come from the exhaust of the motor—the wheel of the motor car can and must break up, diffuse and nullify the road shocks before they reach the hub, the axle and the bearings of the car.

The spring is made of steel.

Disteel Wheels are made of steel.

That Disteel Wheels add immeasurably to the beauty and distinction of good motor cars is, of course, universally accepted. However, from the viewpoint of mechanical excellence and in conclusion of the foregoing statements, we ask you to remember that—

Disteel Wheels are Tapered, Dished and Made of Steel.



Wheel Talk Number One

Being the first of a series that will appear at regular intervals in this publication. In this series we propose to tell some simple, basic truths about motor car wheels for the information of motor car owners and for the development of more economical and more comfortable motoring. We propose to outline, not only the principles of the scientific designing, engineering and construction of motor car wheels, but, also, those essential features which the car owner can and should demand of his wheel-equipment. If by these wheel talks we assist in raising the standard of wheel construction, we shall feel that we have been abundantly repaid.

Detroit Pressed Steel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.

Disteel Wheel Plant, Cabot Avenue — Automobile Frame Plant, Mt. Elliott Avenue

New York: 1846 Broadway at 61st St — Chicago: 732 Michigan Avenue
Boston: 925 Boyleston Street — San Francisco: 326 Rialto Building

DISTEEL WHEELS

The Wheels That Complete The Car

(Continued from Page 96)

The arrival and departure of the five-nineteen is a daily event in Rodeo. The train is the one big train from the east that stops there, and regularly each evening those with time on their hands saunter down to the track to see it come in. A few minutes before it was due Solly trudged down a side way leading to the track, but that he had not come down to see the train come in was evident. In his hand was a traveling bag; and, setting this on the ground beside him, he peered cautiously round the side of the station freight house, his eye roaming over the throng strung along the platform. As if assured that the coast was clear, Solly leaned back against the freight house, his air absorbed, and reflectively sucked his teeth. A spume of black smoke jetting above the sky line told that the train was already drawing near.

The engine, with its long line of day coaches and Pullmans, had swung into view round a bend in the hills when a buggy drawn by a bald-faced pinto rattled up to the platform. The buggy was the Durkin buggy. Connie was driving it and, beside her, his arm thrown negligently over the seat back, was Beals. He and Connie were laughing and talking together, and the instant Solly saw them he snatched up his valise and scuttled out of view. Before he halted he had put the length of the platform between himself and Beals.

"The lowlife!" he mumbled, and the instant the train stopped he clambered hurriedly aboard.

The car Solly entered was the last in the line of day coaches and, finding a vacant seat, he huddled out of view. Mindful of the time when he had been robbed on a train of every cent he had in the world, he felt in his pocket to make sure his wallet was safe; then he glanced from the window guardedly.

Think what you like, Solly had no fear of a personal encounter. He had, however, reasons for remaining unseen from Beals. As the train started on, though, curiosity appeared to get the better of Solly's discretion. His head was halfway out of the window by the time the car was abreast of the station.

Beals and Connie had left the buggy. Grasping Connie's elbow, Beals stood at the platform's edge, his eyes roaming over the heads of the moving throng. Connie's eyes wore in them, too, the same look of expectancy. Then as the train gathered way Solly saw Beals give a start of recognition, at the same time waving a hand in greeting.

The moving train cut off Solly's view of them then. The next instant, just as he was withdrawing his head, Solly gave a gasp.

The passengers alighting at Rodeo were making their way along the platform, and among them was a big, heavily built man with a round jovial face. He wore a suit of soft black stuff and a soft black hat, a costume such as the well-to-do countryman affects, the country politician especially, and he was beaming genially upon everyone.

"Vat!" ejaculated Solly.

He stared at the man a moment, his mouth agape, his eyes protruding. The next instant, with a loud cry he leaped to his feet and, abandoning the bag on the floor, charged down the aisle toward the door.

"Stop the car!" he shouted. "Stop the car!"

The aisle was crowded; the train was already well under way, and ere Solly reached the door the ground beside him had begun to whiz past at dizzy speed. For an instant, though, it looked as if Solly meant desperately to risk his neck in a leap. He had, in fact, swung himself down to the lower step when a hand reached out and yanked him back to safety.

The trainman who'd done it thrust Solly inside the car, his air, as he did so, irate.

"What's the big idea?" he demanded, and Solly shrugged his shoulders sulkily.

"I saw a feller which I know," he mumbled.

The train hand bubbled with indignation. If Solly had seen a hundred people he knew, that gave him no license to leap from the train and break his neck.

"Sure, no," Solly responded morosely. "Only this here feller he's a feller for five years I am looking for. Him and another dip, a picket-pocket, they get my money on this same train."

Mumbling and shaking his head, Solly returned to his seat. The train, however, had stopped at Lavendar, forty miles west, and was starting on again when Solly with another cry leaped to his feet once more.

"Vat!" he ejaculated anew.

Then, conscious that the other passengers were staring at him curiously, he huddled down in his seat again, his hand clutching his pocketbook. He had just remembered where he had seen Mr. Beals before.

Having greeted the friend he'd come down to meet, Mr. Beals turned to Connie.

"Meet Mr. Sargent, my partner," he directed.

Connie colored shyly. It was quite an event to her to meet one so distinguished as the head of the big Wall Street firm, and she acknowledged the introduction timidly. She was quite surprised and pleased, though, to find that, as Mr. Sargent lifted his soft black hat and gave her hand a cordial squeeze, the great financier seemed as simple and democratic as any of the townsmen in Rodeo. Once she had met the congressman from the Rodeo district, and Mr. Sargent instantly reminded her of him.

"Pleased to know you, miss," he beamed, adding: "Glad to know any little lady of Eddy's here."

Then he squeezed her hand again.

Connie was going with Mr. Beals to the dance that evening, so she waited while he had a few words with his partner, a moment's business.

"Say," said the financier, once they were out of earshot, "where did you cop off the swell little fluff?"

"Yeah, kind o' nippy, what?" Mr. Beals responded complacently. After this, though, he and his partner at once got down to business.

"Look here, Bull," Mr. Beals said hurriedly, "you an' me got to clean up quick round here. This girlie's old man, a boob named Durkin, he's got a little piece of money, and the minute we get our hooks on it we'd better blow!"

"What's up?" asked the Wall Street financier.

"That's why I sent you the wire," answered Beals; "I've landed a bunch of the other boobs, but you've got to make this Durkin, and make him quick!" Then he glanced about him hastily. "There's a rube here, Bull—him and a flat-foot kike—they're friends, and the rube's soft on the little dame there. Well, to-day him and that kike jumped me!"

"Say!" said his partner sharply. "Didn't I tell you to go light on this skirt stuff?"

Mr. Beals looked aggrieved.

"Aw, chuck it," he said; "you'd 'a' strung it along yourself if you'd saw how easy it come!" Then he grinned complacently. "Say, it's a crime, Bull, the way these hick janes fall for the big-town stuff!"

VI

THE music paused abruptly. It was a fox trot, the same air the piano, the fiddle and the cornet had played at the dance the week before; and as the music ended with a final crash of jazz Connie gave a gasp. Her cheeks were aglow, she was breathing swiftly and a lock of her wavy hair, too, had strayed out of place, falling over her eyes. All this, however, was due not just to exhilaration. She was dancing, not with Mr. Beals but instead with Mr. Beals' partner, Mr. Sargent. Exertion rather than exhilaration was the cause of Connie's breathlessness. Mr. Sargent mopped his beaded brow. Warm as he seemed, his admiration was not any the less expressive.

"Gee, girlie!" he exclaimed. "You sure 'know how to spiel!"

Connie made no reply. She had just become conscious of a face staring at her across the dance hall. The face was Jud Evans' face, and she had never seen it so grim, so grave. Somehow, though, as she saw him there, Connie warmed instinctively with a little thrill of relief. She could not have told why, but she was glad Jud was there.

A great deal had happened in the last few hours. During the dance Mr. Beals had disappeared. Where he had gone Mr. Beals had left no intimation, but Connie rather suspected where it was. Both he and his partner, Mr. Sargent, at her invitation, had dined at the ranch, and after the dinner both the financial men had talked business with her father. Durkin, however, had again become a prey to mingled hope and fear. The three thousand dollars he possessed represented the savings of a lifetime, and before he turned it over to Beals and Sargent he wanted a little more time to think about it. As Connie reflected, Beals was probably outside talking with her father. Mrs. Durkin, somewhat to Mr. Beals' disgust, had insisted her husband should go with Connie to the dance.

Mr. Beals as yet had made no declaration. Even that walk she'd taken with him had been productive of nothing definite. During it Mr. Beals had confined himself principally to nibbling his fingers and replying to her in monosyllables. Even when the arrival of his partner had seemed to raise his spirits buoyantly, they seemed again to have subsided when her father hadn't handed him the money to invest.

Connie had begun to wonder about that. If Mr. Beals meant only as a favor to make her father rich why had he been in such a hurry to get the money? Why, too, had Mr. Sargent, with his huge fortune, seemed as eager as Mr. Beals?

Regarding the Wall Street magnate, Connie's first impressions had not changed. She had, indeed, never met anyone more genial and democratic. His geniality had, in fact, become so marked that she had now begun to regard it and him with wonder.

Connie was again pondering whether all Wall Street magnates were as genial and effusive when she felt Mr. Sargent's hand grasp her by the elbow and at the same time give it a persuasive squeeze.

"Say, girlie," the magnate suggested, "what d'you say if you and me steps out for a little air?"

It was not merely the question, it was the swift flood of memory it invoked that made Connie start abruptly, and after a quick glance at Mr. Sargent's beaming face she dropped her eyes.

"I think I'll find father," she said abruptly.

"Sure; mebbe he's outside," Mr. Sargent suggested and, his hand still grasping Connie's elbow, he guided her toward the door.

It had grown late. As she and Mr. Sargent reached the door she heard a train whistle at the creek crossing above the town. The train she knew must be the regular eastbound night express that went through Rodeo at eleven-thirty and, freeing her elbow from the financier's detaining hand, she hurried

(Concluded on Page 103)

Hanging to Jud's Stirrup Leather With One Hand and With the Other Clinging to His Hat, Solly Was Racing Toward the Durkin Ranch House, Taking Three Steps at a Time!

Put these Good Meals on your pantry shelf

Open any package of "Council" and you'll find a "Council" treat for any meal.

The tempting variety of good things under the "Council" Brand has helped solve the living problem for thousands of housekeepers — with better living and better economy. Housekeepers find that a supply of "Council Meats" on the pantry shelf gives them good things to serve for family meals without the bother of preparing and cooking.

Think what a convenience it is to be able to go to the pantry shelf and select a wholesome meal that is all ready to serve. Something ready for the family or unexpected guest. There is no waste to "Council Meats." Nothing to prepare or trim or throw away. They are all good, solid food—that's part of their economy. Ready to serve for breakfast, luncheon or supper. Have your grocer put an assortment on your pantry shelf, and you, too, will know the convenience and economy of "Council" meals.

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OVEN BAKED BEANS

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START the day with a dish of Kellogg's Krumbled Bran—the *new* cereal food that neither looks nor tastes like ordinary, flat, unpalatable bran. *This new food is ready to eat at breakfast, just when it will do you the most good.*

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You never saw bran like this. It is krumbled, like Kellogg's Krumbles, and has a rich, appealing flavor, like Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes. Let your children eat it regularly. Once you know how good it tastes, and the good it does, you will make it a rule to have it for breakfast every day.

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Buy a package of Kellogg's Krumbled Bran of your grocer. You will be agreeably surprised at its *different* appearance, while its rich flavor and palatable quality will please you.

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Caution—Always be sure you get the "waxtite" package which bears this signature—

W. K. Kellogg

KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK - - MICHIGAN

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(Concluded from Page 99)

down the stairs. Her escort thudded after her, wheezing a little as he followed.

The street was silent. Down the way a light as usual gleamed in the window of the What Cheer Restaraw, and in front of it, hitched to the rail, there was the usual row of drowsing ponies.

There was no sign, however, of her father, and she was turning to go up the stairs again when Mr. Sargent's hand grasped her by the elbow.

"Gee, girlie!" he exclaimed. "You sure are a bit of the real goods for a jay burg like this!"

Then in the dark she felt his arm slip round her, engulfing her much as a fly might be engulfed in a mass of shaking jelly.

A cry, a muffled exclamation escaped Connie in her sudden fright. Then silently, fierce in her desperation, she fought to free herself. Her strength, however, was no match for his, and she felt herself slowly drawn toward him. Then, just as the fat leering face was pressing close to hers, Connie was suddenly conscious of two figures darting through the dark toward her. One came from the doorway of the dance hall; the other came racing across the street.

"Jud!" cried Connie, and the next instant she felt herself torn from the fat jellylike mass that engulfed her, and saw it in turn hurled staggering across the walk, where it subsided in a heap in the gutter.

"Oh, Jud!" cried Connie. "Jud!"

Jud, it appeared, though, had little time to give to her. Out of the dark that second figure had appeared, and as Jud beheld its short roly-poly figure, its derby hat several sizes too large for it jammed down over its ears, a cry escaped him too:

"Solly!"

It was Solly in fact; but Solly, it appeared, had no time for explanations.

"Vat happens?" he demanded.

When Jud pointed to the figure now scrambling to its feet in the gutter Solly seemed to grasp the situation at a glance, and launching himself like a projectile across the sidewalk he fell tooth and nail on Sargent.

"*Ganef*, thief!" he cried.

Sargent didn't tarry to argue the accusation. With the storm of kicks and blows raining on him he took to his heels, Solly pursuing him. They had no sooner passed out of sight, though, than Solly reappeared, heading back toward Jud and Connie.

Connie was clinging to Jud's arm, shaking like a leaf.

"He gets away from me," said Solly breathlessly, and in the same breathless way he demanded swiftly of Connie: "Quick! Vere is your pa?"

Connie was too shaken to reply. It was Jud who answered:

"It's all right, Solly. Beals hasn't got his money yet."

To Jud's astonishment Solly clutched him by the coat and fairly shook him.

"Quick! Vere is he, I ask you? Ve ain't got a minute to lose!"

Jud indicated the back of Solly's store building. Durkin was round there having a quiet smoke, and as Solly heard he darted off, his coat tails streaming in the wind behind him.

"Oh, Jud!" said Connie, and with a little wail she laid her head on Jud's shoulder, clinging to him.

VII

IT IS a shock even to the hardiest to awake abruptly to the fact that the bright fabric they have built, the castle of their dreams, has been a dream and nothing else. As Connie, though, clung quivering to Jud she rejoiced that her dream had been only that. In many ways, now that she had awakened, it seemed to her a great deal like a nightmare. Connie, however, may have been exceptional. Not everyone would have the fortitude to rejoice at the awakening as she did. In Rodeo, at any rate, there were two others who certainly didn't.

Midnight had struck and passed. In the loft over Solly Blumberg's New York Racquet Store the strains of a final fox trot had slid dexterously into the less jazzlike tempo of Home, Sweet Home, and as the last merrymakers went their ways and silence fell upon the cow town a light in one of the upstairs windows of the Merchants' Hotel across the way gleamed and flickered in the darkness like a penitential taper. Aside from that, though, the atmosphere within the room was anything but reverent.

"You fat boob!" said Mr. Beals.

It was Mr. Sargent, his eminent Wall Street associate, he addressed. Across the room that individual sat propped up on a chair, his right eye discolored, his upper lip swollen and protuberant, and his appearance otherwise physically and mentally painful. Solly's onslaught, if brief, evidently had been effective.

Movingslightly, Mr.Sargentalsogroaned, and at this Mr. Beals spoke again. It was not in compassion, however:

"You got a nerve, telling me to go light on the girlie stuff. Mebbe these hick janes do fall for the big-town stuff, like I said, but you fat wallop—d'you think they'd fall f'r a bag, a wheezy blimp like you?"

Again Mr. Sargent moved, groaning also.

"Aw, cut it out!" he mumbled.

But Mr. Beals was in no mood to be denied.

"Cut nothing, you fathead! Here am I now, with my hooks as good as fixed, you might say, in that boob's three thousan' buttons, and what'd'you up 'n' do? You spill the beans! You spill the beans!" jarred Mr. Beals, his lip curled in vengeful disgust. Leaning back in his chair he heaved a final withering insult at the unfortunate. "You'd oughter seen yourself cavorting round that dance floor. I don't wonder it gave that fluff the wizzies. You looked like a keg of bock; a keg of two-seventy-five per cent bock," he put in with an added touch of artistry. "Yeah, rollin' round on casters!"

But this was too much. Mr. Sargent heaved himself to his feet pathetically.

"You hadn't ought to talk like that, Eddy," he complained. "That ain't no way f'r one business man to talk to another—handin' him the raz!"

Mr. Beals merely laughed. The laugh was harsh.

"Call yourself a business man? You'd oughter be back where I took you from—liftin' leathers off of sleepers on a park bench!" he was saying, when suddenly he stopped.

"What's that!" Mr. Beals whispered fearfully.

A hand had just tapped upon the door. A voice outside was calling: "Mr. Beals, Mr. Beals!"

Mr. Beals turned quite white. So had Mr. Sargent.

"Pinched!" whispered Mr. Beals.

His partner did not seem to hear him. He was already at the window, measuring the distance to the ground below as if he meant to jump it.

"Mr. Beals, are you there?" the voice outside inquired, and now Beals stared at Sargent agape.

"Durkin!" he whispered stridently.

It was Durkin indeed. His air wondering, Mr. Beals first peered through the keyhole as if to make sure Durkin was alone; then, as if assured he was, he unlocked and opened the door. His companion as the door opened possessed himself of a convenient chair, dandling it as if estimating its possibilities as a weapon. There seemed no need of a weapon, however.

Durkin's intentions were manifestly pacific. Hat in hand he stood smiling at the two. The smile, perhaps, was somewhat agitated, but still he smiled.

"I've brought the money for the stock," he said.

Mr. Beals was the first to recover.

"Come right in! Come right in!" he invited. He managed somehow to preserve a calm exterior, but how he did even he could not have told.

Mr. Durkin entered, and Beals closed the door behind him.

"You say you have brought the money?" he inquired, and Durkin said "Yes."

He also inquired: "Have you the certificates, Mr. Beals?"

Mr. Beals certainly had. He had nearly two thousand of them, each certificate representing an unsold unit of the eighty acres of them.

"Have you—er—why"—inquired Mr. Durkin, seeming to have difficulty anew with his Adam's apple—"why—er—have you eighteen thousand dollars' worth?"

Mr. Beals laid down the book of certificates he held. It was to be observed that as he did so the leaves of the book rustled slightly, much as the leaves of Vallombrosa must rustle when a breeze stirs them.

"Eighteen thousand?" inquired Mr. Beals. "I thought it was three thousand bucks you had?"

Mr. Durkin's eyes dropped modestly—that is, modesty may have made them drop. They dropped anyway.

"Why—er—you see," he said in the same hesitant way, "the opportunity—millions—you know, yes—your kindness, I mean—eighteen thousand, if you would let me have them."

Let him! Eighteen thousand dollars! Mr. Beals with an effort stifled the desire to ask whether Durkin was trying to josh him.

"Have you got it on you?" was what he did ask.

Durkin not only had it on him but he displayed it. A slight disturbance originating in the corner where Sargent stood interrupted at this instant and, quelling Sargent with a savage glance, Mr. Beals also quelled in himself a momentary impulse to snatch the money, leaping as he did so through the doorway or the window. Eighteen thousand dollars at ten dollars a unit makes eighteen hundred of them, and with a fountain pen that quivered visibly as it scratched the paper Mr. Beals filled in the certificate. This he handed to Durkin.

The ranchman inspected the certificate. His Adam's apple as he did so again exercised itself visibly, but having placed the certificate carefully in his pocket he asked whether Mr. Beals would oblige him also with a receipt.

Mr. Beals would have been pleased to hand him a dozen receipts. Writing hurriedly, he filled in the receipt and handed it to Durkin. At once the ranchman counted out the eighteen thousand dollars and laid it on the table. Then he stepped to the door.

"Good night, gentlemen," he said.

The door closed; he was gone.

A momentary pause ensued. It was broken by a simultaneous movement on the part of Mr. Beals and his partner. Mr. Sargent was the nearer to the table, but Mr. Beals was the quicker. Though Mr. Sargent propelled himself through space like a missile, Mr. Beals forestalled him.

"No, you don't!" he observed, and he laid a hand upon the bills in time to prevent Mr. Sargent from snatching them.

There was another pause. They stared at each other, their eyes marveling.

"Can you beat it?" breathed Mr. Beals.

Mr. Sargent couldn't. He made no attempt to do so either. After an effort he managed to speak, though his voice was thick, wheezing.

"Make sure it ain't phony," he uttered, his face tortured with a swift doubt.

Mr. Beals instantly and feverishly made sure. The bills were genuine; he had experience enough with the phony to assure him of that. His eyes wondering, he divided the money into equal amounts and handed one to Sargent; the other he pocketed. The marvel, the wonder in his face grew momentarily.

"I don't like it, Bull," he said. "It don't look good; it's too easy!"

The fat man essayed another wheeze.

"We'd better make our getaway," he was saying, when the door opened quietly and, looking toward it, Sargent and Beals descried a small rotund personage with a derby hat several sizes too large for him, standing there, intently regarding them.

The intentness of the small man's gaze was somewhat intensified by the fact that he was looking at them over the barrel of a revolver whose bore was as large as a water pipe.

"Hands up vith you, lowlifes," said the small man.

Behind him, in the hall, were to be observed some ten or twelve other persons. Among them was the boob, Durkin. Among them was also the hick, the hayfoot, Jud Evans. The small solemn person with the pistol seemed, however, to be accorded the privilege by popular consent of officiating as master of ceremonies.

"Hands up vith you, lowlifes!" he repeated.

Both Mr. Beals and Mr. Sargent elevated their hands. In the fat man's hand was still the packet of bills Beals had just handed him. He'd had no opportunity to hide them and, leisurely crossing the room, the small fat man reached up, pulled down the hand with the bills in it, then took them. As the pistol during this transaction was pushed up under Sargent's nose, Sargent wisely offered no resistance. Somewhat to his astonishment the small solemn person with the gun counted off seven bills from the top of the pile, then, going back to Sargent, he handed him the residue. Afterward he crossed the room to Beals and, reaching into Beals' pocket, he removed from it Mr. Beals' assortment of bills. From this he also extracted a number of bills, but as all Beals' money was in one-hundred-dollar bills, not fifties, like Sargent's, there appeared to be a hitch.

Taking three of them, which he pocketed, Solly handed the fourth to Beals.

"You got change?" he inquired.

Mr. Beals could contain himself no longer.

"Say," he snarled, "what's the big idea?"

Solly indicated Sargent with his thumb.

"You and him here, five years ago, you svipe my pocketbook. Six hundred seventy-eight dollars forty cents, I have in it; also my mileage book, costing twenty-five dollars. You pay me now, seven hunnerd, understand?"

Mr. Beals understood, but he had no change. Solly accordingly made change himself. This he handed over to Beals, along with the remainder of the bills.

He had no sooner done it, however, than an extraordinary change came over him. The revolver he lowered, and, his face smiling, his air ingratiating, he turned to Beals.

"Say, feller, you vouldn't like to sell me a few of them units, vould you? For seven hunnerd dollars that makes seventy units, vat?"

Beals fairly jumped. At the same instant his partner emitted a strangled wheeze.

"What!" they cried together.

"Is it a sale? Cash I offer," said Solly eagerly. The two did not reply and Solly smiled at them anew.

"Say," said Beals hoarsely, "what's the graft?"

Solly smiled amiably.

"No graft, young feller. This afternoon only, another feller which owns the eighty acres next them units you sell, he bores a well and it comes in a gusher." Then he sucked his teeth and again smiled urbanely. "A gusher from ten thousand barrels a day."

It was so. That was the first thing Solly had heard when he reached the place where the Beals-Sargent eighty acres was located. Beals had spoken better than he knew when he'd alleged there were millions in it. There were. Having assured himself that Beals and Sargent actually owned the eighty acres of what they'd thought was mere rock and sagebrush, Solly had made a jump for the first train back to Rodeo.

With a sudden, savage, crafty spring Beals leaped at Solly and snatched the revolver from his grasp.

"Out of the way!" he cried, leveling it at Solly and the others.

Solly calmly sucked his teeth.

"It ain't loaded, feller," he remarked calmly. "If you look you see also it ain't got no hammer."

Beals with a curse flung it to the floor. Then he leaped to the door and, as the little group out there parted before him, he rushed along the hall, leaped down the stairway and was gone. Solly waited till he heard the door below slam, then he turned to Sargent, at the same time jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

"Beat it," directed Solly.

Mr. Sargent did so.

The stars blinked and twinkled overhead and in the crisp clear night air the bald-faced pinto, the buggy lines loose upon his back, plucked a mouthful of herbage as he straggled homeward across the creek flat.

"Oh, Jud," said Connie, "can you ever forgive me! It wasn't him, it was all that stuff about New York and Chicago with which he filled my head—big-town stuff, he called it!"

Jud laughed lightly.

"I wouldn't worry over that, Connie. You can go there any time you want now!"

Connie wasn't sure she wanted to go. For a moment, silent and thoughtful, she nestled against his shoulder.

"If I go," she murmured, "it'll only be with you."

The bald-faced pinto decided he would help himself to another mouthful of grass. In the east the first pink flush of dawn was breaking.

A Romance of Business

Truth is stranger than fiction because truth does not have to be probable.

HAD a writer of fiction written a story about the phenomenal growth of the Mason Tire & Rubber Company, he would have been complimented on his imagination. But that story is written in solid fact — in brick and steel — and in the more solid good will of American motorists.

Three years ago the Mason Company began with the small but well-equipped plant shown in the circle. Today the Mason factory ranks among the "big six" of the Akron district, with equipment second to none.

The secret of Mason success lies in the belief that —

No material is too expensive, no workmanship too skilful, no detail too unimportant, when it is a question of producing a tire that shall give *service*

A little more than three years ago the first Mason Fabric Tire was built. The first Mason Heavy Duty Cord is less than two years old. Their nation-wide use today speaks more eloquently of the service rendered American motorists than anything we could say.

So sure is Mason quality that every Mason Tire carries its guarantee from defects of material or workmanship for the life of the tire. There is no mileage limit; rather, the guarantee is of satisfactory service; and we pin our faith to the mileage that is built into every tire, whether it be Heavy Duty Cord, Maximile Fabric or Heavy Duty Solid.

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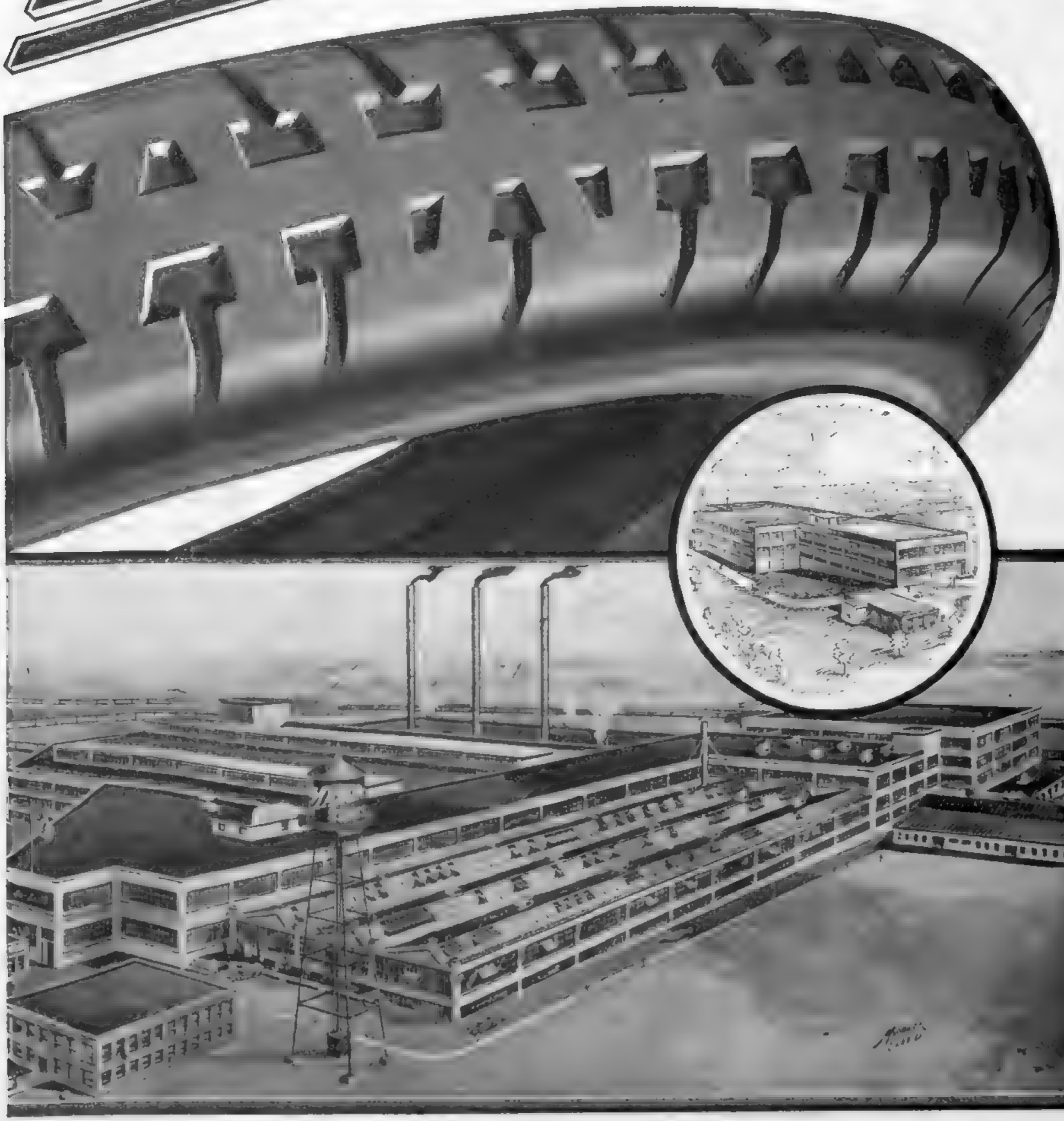


SITTING ON THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 11)

dumb sympathy. The boy mechanically rolled a cigarette and the man lit a pipe. They smoked thus, unable to speak to each other.

At last Calvin tossed away the butt and fumbled again for the makings.

"You know, pa," he began, speaking low and swallowing hard, "course I got lit—I don't deny that. Most everybody did—officers and men too. It would've been all right if I hadn't got funny with our second looey. But it didn't amount to anything. He never laid it up against me, nor me against him. He was new to the company then and kind of a smart Aleck. After, he was a regular fellow and we all liked him. And I wasn't in jail. Guard house—that's all. And after—look, I got my sergeant's stripe, an'—an' my medals. An' as for shootin' craps, everybody does it, honest they do!"

His voice dropped into hopeless silence with the injustice of it. How explain to that inexorable woman within how trifling these matters were and how little concerned with the true worth of a man? But another question came to him:

"How'd she ever find it all out anyhow?"

"Lin Sparklin wrote it to Harve. You bet Harve spread it!"

"Lin Sparklin! He got into my outfit with them other replacement birds! The little yellow pup! That's why he was always trailin' me—an' I never guessed a thing. But look here—Harve—wasn't Harve drafted?"

"Doc Kelley—you know, he settled here just before you went—he was doctor to the draft board an' he let Harve off. Said he had weak lungs."

"Weak lungs—that big stiff! Say, his lungs is as tough as rawhides! Say, pa, I was countin' on the draft ketchin' Harve."

"He went off and worked to a shipyard up in Wilm'gt'n and made big wages. Now he's been back some time—'lows he's goin' to buy the Wilder farm."

"Why—why—look at here," stammered Calvin, rendered dizzy by this succession of body blows. "I been savin' every cent expectin' to buy that farm myself and settle down there when me and Janie—— Say, pa, has Harve been hangin' round Janie sence he got back?"

"Right consid'able, 'cordin' to Rosy," admitted Mr. Price reluctantly.

Calvin rose in haste.

"I'm goin' over to Collisons'," he said, flinging away his unlit cigarette. "This ain't no time to fool. Anything might happen to me now and not surprise me."

He vanished in the night with great strides. The Collison farm was the second beyond the Price place on the road from town and no farther than a five-minute walk, provided the walker has long legs and moves at the double. Calvin doubled as he had never done at drill and had cut the five-minute allowance by twenty per cent when he stopped in the shadow of the drooping maples that were set close round Janie's home. A faint vague patch of white showed that someone was in the hammock swung under the trees in the side yard.

"Janie's sittin' out there," thought Calvin, and went toward her, moving as noiselessly as a shadow among shadows over the smooth grass of the yard in the darkness.

Then close by that patch of white he heard a man laugh, a low satisfied laugh, half mirth and half amorousness, and a man's voice murmured warmly: "Janie, honey, you're sure some little tease."

Calvin stiffened in his tracks, silent, listening. The voice went on:

"Bob Wilder and I'll have that deal fixed up in another week or two—it's only Mis' Wilder makes him hold out for a big first payment—and soon's we do—why, somebody'd better be gettin' her weddin' outfit ready."

The listener could not have moved if he wished. That was Harve Sparklin speaking. What would Janie answer? Presently came her high lilting voice, clear though half hushed as befits a love scene.

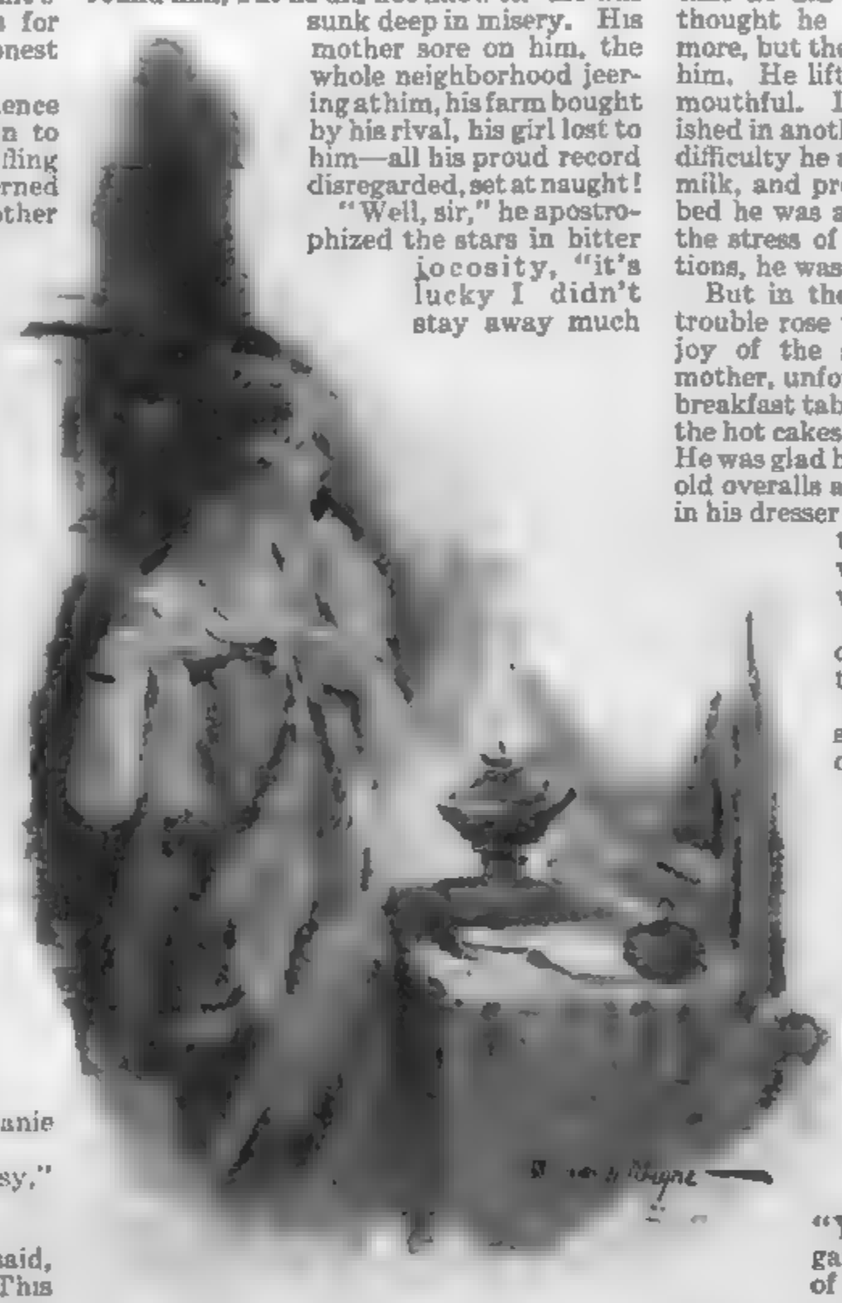
"I've got all my house linen now," said Janie, proudly acquiescent. "Two dozen of everything, and I'm going to work initials on 'em too."

"What you goin' to work on 'em—S or C?" asked Harvey fondly.

Calvin could not hear her answer, but it must have been satisfactory to the other. A sickening certainty grew in his mind.

"They're kissin'," he told himself. He began cautiously to move backward. He had no wish to rush in and take his rival by the throat. Following so close on his reception at home, this was overwhelming. He only desired to get away—out of sight and sound of everyone.

And after a while he was out on the road again, walking a little unsteadily, his head bent, his strong arms hanging listless. Dew-wet grasses switched against him and the night sweetness of white clover floated round him, but he did not know it. He was sunk deep in misery. His mother sore on him, the whole neighborhood jeering at him, his farm bought by his rival, his girl lost to him—all his proud record disregarded, set at naught!



"Oh, You Cal!" She Murmured. "Wait Till You See Me in This! I Don't Make Myself Any Promises, But ——"

"Well, sir," he apostrophized the stars in bitter jocosity, "it's lucky I didn't stay away much longer or the sheriff would probably been after me with a noose."

He paced back and forth in the night for a long time. Each moment his depression deepened. What was the use of anything?—that's what he wanted to know. It was his first meeting with real injustice and misunderstanding and he had nothing with which to combat it. It overrode him, flattened him. If he had wanted to cry for joy when he got off the train, now he had great ado to keep from crying the hot painful tears of hurt boyhood for sheer sorrow and desolation. That was it—the world was a place of desolation. He thought longingly of the whistling machine-gun bullets of the Argonne that he had felt himself so lucky to have escaped.

"Might just's well have hit me and had it over with," he told himself. "Maybe the folks wouldn't 've been so down on me then. Cert'ny would've saved me a lotta trouble."

It was late at night when he went back to the house and all the lights were out. He found the kitchen door unlocked and crept softly up the back stairs to his old room. Someone had left a lighted lamp there, turned low, and on his pillow was a square of folded paper so that he could not miss it. He opened it and read:

"Calvin, don't you care about Janie. She's as cold-hearted as an ice-cream cone and always was. She can't love any man honest and true. She's just after the one everybody's talking about and making a fuss over. You're a hundred times nicer than Harve Sparklin and if she had any sense she'd know it. I mean every word of this. Your loving cousin,

"Rosy."

He gave a deep sigh and tore the note to bits.

"Rosy's a good little kid," he thought, but found no consolation there. What could even the best of little kids know about his devastating heartache? He turned the flame of the lamp higher and his eyes fell on something else—a plate of cake cut in big squares and a tall glass of creamy milk. Rosy again! She had remembered that he did not eat his supper. He had thought he would never be hungry any more, but the spicy odor of the cake allured him. He lifted a hunk of it and bit a big mouthful. It was good. The hunk vanished in another bite. Without the slightest difficulty he ate the rest of it and drank the milk, and presently when he dropped into bed he was a little comforted. Worn with the stress of so many unaccustomed emotions, he was asleep in a second's time.

But in the morning when he woke his trouble rose with him and blotted out the joy of the sunshine. The sight of his mother, unforgiving and reproachful at the breakfast table, turned to ashes the taste of the hot cakes which Rosy piled on his plate. He was glad he had put on civilian clothes—old overalls and shirt found worn but clean in his dresser—and he followed his father to the barn when the older man went out to start the day's work.

"You give me somethin' to do," he said—"the hardest thing you got."

"Well now, Cal," remonstrated William Price, "I reckoned you'd want to lay off a day or two—go in town and see all y'r old friends."

"I don't want to see nobody," declared Calvin—"not here. Here, you let me clean out the stables. I want something hard and dirty to work at."

William Price sighed. He felt the injustice to his son, but he had been too long under his wife's thumb to gainsay her. But he tried with all the difficulties of an inarticulate nature to make his own position clear.

"You know how it is," he began apologetically. "Your ma—of course she's about the best woman ever lived—but she takes religion mighty hard. She's been regular rampant ever sence"—he paused and then went on delicately—"ever sence she got the word about you takin' too much—in France. I kep' tellin' her there must be some mistake—there must've been some of these here what they call knock-out drops in it or something. But all the old hens in town got a holt of it and they been ridin' her. Your ma has always helt her head too high to please a lot of 'em. An' the minister too—he's been round prayin' for our errin' young brother." He paused again and spat hard as if to get the phrase out of his mouth. "So there wasn't no holdin' y'r ma. Why, Cal"—he came close and whispered—"she got after me so hard I—I signed the pledge."

Calvin's eyes bulged. Here was news indeed! That he would never sign the pledge was the one stand he had ever known his father to make against Mattie Price's insistent morality.

"You never, pa!" he exclaimed.

"Fact! Oh, well, prohibition was comin' and I—I figgered mebbe if I did it might make it a little easier f'r you."

"Well, sir!" Calvin could say no more—could make no adequate comment on the situation. He took a pitchfork and went toward the stable and his father went off to hitch a horse to a cultivator.

"Oh, Cal," he called back, "when you're through with the stables hitch up the other light cultivator and come down to the south field."

The boy worked intermittently, stopping now and then to think over what his father had told him. So every one in town thought he was a ne'er-do-well and a jailbird, did they? And the minister had openly prayed for him. Of course that explained why Janie had turned against him.

"It was the Sparklin boys did it," he murmured—"in cahoots. Lin he writes home everything he seen me do and Harve he spreads it. And there's nothin' I can say. People'd rather believe the worst of y' than anything good."

He took up his pitchfork again. How he hated everything! Why had he ever come home? But there—where else could he have gone? For all his strength and his two years' soldiering, Calvin had retained most of his country simplicity. Guile was not in him, nor that power that makes a man seize involuntarily an unfavorable set of circumstances and powerfully mold them in accord with his own ideas and desires and expectations. Moreover, he was too confused and bewildered by the sudden onslaught of fate to try to extricate himself. He was coming gloomily from the stables when he saw Rosy running down from the house. Rosy retained her little-girl habit of never walking where there was space to run. She waved to him.

"I was hopin' I might get a chance at you-all soul alone," she said as she came up to him. "Say, Cal, there's going to be an ice-cream festival at the church on Saturday night. 'Ll you take me?"

Her hair shone like metal in the sun and her fair skin showed enticingly against the dull-purple cotton of her dress.

"I will not," said Cal with cousinly frankness. "I don't intend to go near town's long's I can keep out of it—have all the people nudgin' and pointin'. I'm sorry to keep you from goin'," he added, remembering the cake and the note of last night.

"Keep me from goin', nothing!" quoth Rosy. "Three fellows have asked me already, but I thought maybe you—oh, well, it's no matter!"

"My, what a string of beaux our Rosy's got!" drawled Cal.

She blushed angrily, yet stood her ground.

"Yes, I've got plenty of beaux," she said, "but I didn't suppose you had a girl—that's why I asked you. And if you're going to be big enough fool to mope round home and see nobody and go nowhere—well, all I got to say is people'll say a lot worse about you than they have yet. You ought to show some spunk—up and act like nothing had happened."

She followed him over to the plow shed and watched him drag out the light cultivator.

"Sure you won't go?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, go on, Rosy, and don't bother me!" he burst out. "I got so much trouble I can't see round it, and you come and pester me to go to an ice-cream festival. Just because you got your hair up and your skirts down 's no reason for thinkin' you've grown up and got any sense. Leave me be, can't you? You and ma between you ——"

"And Janie too!" mocked Rosy, firing up in her turn. "All right, don't go! Stay at home and stick your head in the sand like you was ashamed to be seen. That's sense—I don't think." She turned and ran back to the house as fast as she had come, angry tears in her eyes. "He's a big ninny," she said. "He's worse'n Aunt Mattie, only in a different way—and she ought to be whipped."

Mrs. Price lifted her austere face from her baking as Rosy entered tempestuously.

"Wherever did you go to so sudden?" she asked. "I want you to put the fillin' in the pies."

Rosy was so exasperated that she dared to reply in a tone she had never before used to her aunt.

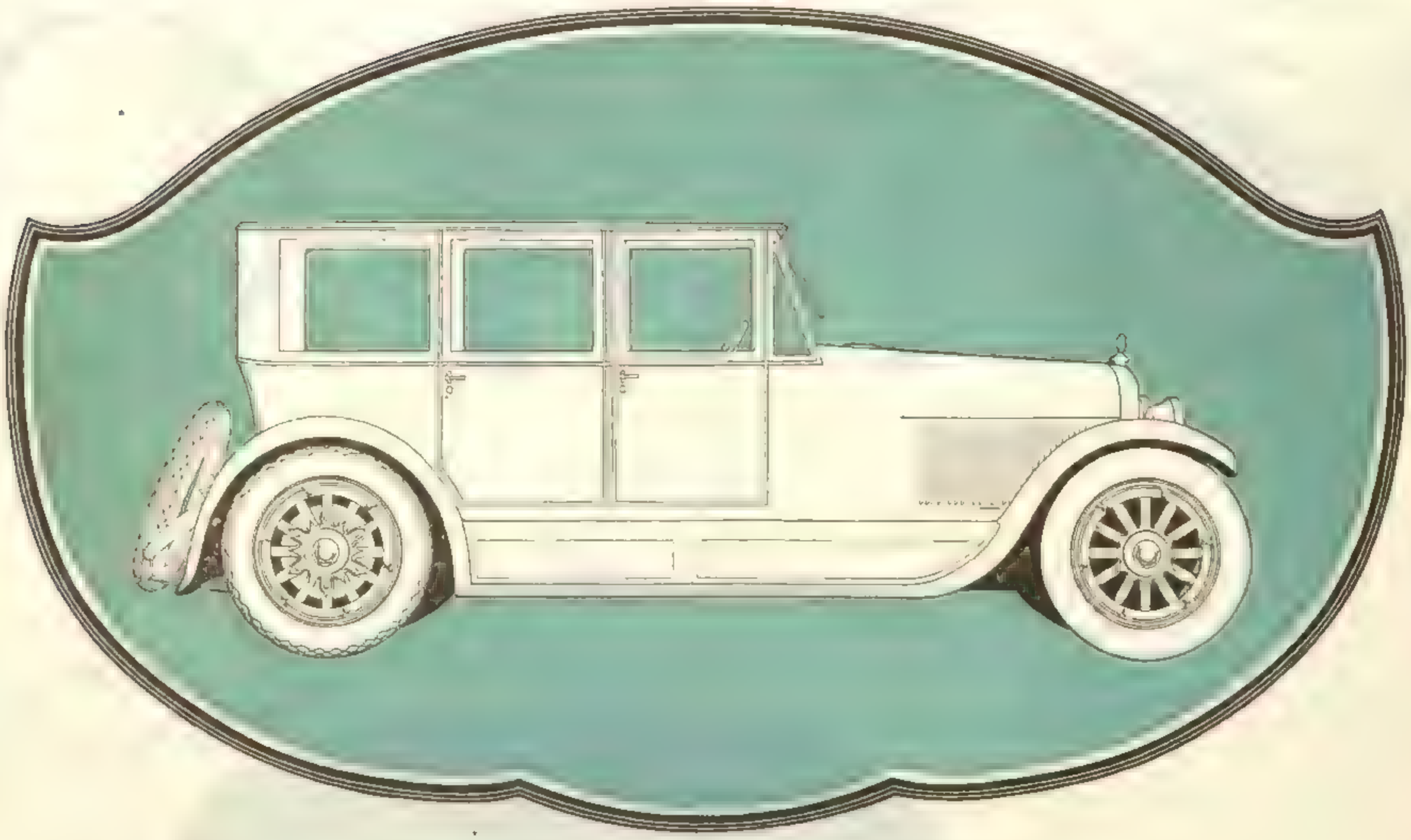
"I went down to ask Cal to go to the ice-cream festival," she said bluntly, "and he won't go—acts like he was ashamed of himself."

Mattie Price's lips set in a straight line. "I'm glad he's got a sense of shame," she said. "That's something, though not much, to one in his state of sin."

Rosy set the bowl of pie filling on the kitchen table with a bang.

"State of sin!" she snapped. "State of sin indeed! I'll tell you once and for all, Aunt Mattie, I think you're a lot worse sinner than Cal! His own mother turnin' against him, lettin' everybody say things about him and not takin' his part! I'll never believe you're a good woman again!

(Continued on Page 110)



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MORRIS & COMPANY

(Continued from Page 106)

You're a Pharisee, that's what you are—like the preacher told about Sunday before last!"

"Rosy, be still!" commanded her aunt in a voice of steel. "I don't know what's got into you. Go upstairs into your room till I call you."

Her tone quenched Rosy's flash of spirit, but there was just enough of it left to make her bang the door as she went.

"Honest," she told her reflection in her little dresser mirror, "I don't know what's got into me, myself. And I don't care. And I'm glad for once I had the nerve to speak up to Aunt Mattie. It makes me feel better, even if it don't do her any good. And I'm not through with her—nor with Cal neither."

She wagged her red head courageously and hopefully. Somebody had to straighten out this ridiculous mess—Aunt Mattie on her high horse, Uncle Will knuckling under like he always did as if he didn't dare call his soul his own, and as for Cal—here she was divided between pity and anger. There was just one gleam of genuine satisfaction in the whole thing—at least he was no longer a slave to Janie Collison. Let Harve Sparklin have her—serves her right.

With all the cheerful ignorance and valor of youth and inexperience Rosy saw it as her mission to right what she considered wrong. Nor was she wholly disinterested. Young she might be, but wholly feminine and with a perfect knowledge of what she wanted. To know what you want is to go a long step toward getting it. So in the enforced idleness of the morning Rosy sat and meditated. She gave no pitying thoughts to Aunt Mattie struggling alone with the baking. No, she merely concentrated on what was to her the big thing of the moment and as she did so her eyes glowed and sparkled with animation and the lovely color of her cheeks flamed deeper with excitement.

Presently she rose and went to the closet of her room and took from it a dress. There is a flower the French call *pervenche* and we name less euphoniously periwinkle that is a shade of blue which seems made by prearrangement to complement and enhance a certain type of red-haired woman. Rosy was that type and she had stumbled on the real shade of *pervenche*, simple cotton stuff though it was, in this dress. Moreover she knew just what it did for her. She held the dress up under her chin and looked at herself above its deliciousness.

"Oh, you Cal!" she murmured. "Wait till you see me in this! I don't make myself any promises, but ——"

If she could have seen him at that moment following the cultivator she would not have felt so sanguine. Gloom rode him, dragged down broad shoulders, dulled his eyes, turned his boy's lips into a wistful droop. He was the picture of a man without a friend in the world or a star in his sky.

And it must be confessed that in the days that followed his condition did not improve. If anything he sunk deeper into his hopelessness, and in that the implacability of his mother aided. Rosy's outburst had done Cal's cause no good. Mattie Price, observing her first-born's sorrow, laid it mistakenly to a broken and contrite heart, a sinner repenting. Her narrow and self-righteous soul thereby saw her accusations justified. The atmosphere of the Price home was not pleasant.

True to his word, Cal kept at home and if neighbors came to visit he disappeared. The little room above the wagon shed provided a refuge for him, but the solitude and discomfort of it did not make him any cheerfuller.

On Saturday night after his return he saw a flivver driving up from the gate and promptly started for his retreat. He had no more than swung himself up into it, however, than he heard the flivver's departing snorts, and presently Rosy's voice from the wagon shed beneath called softly to him:

"Cal, you there?"

"Yes."

"Come on down."

"Who was that come—visitors?"

A pause.

"It was Tom Fluharty—he wanted me to go to the ice-cream festival. I'd told him I wouldn't last week, but he didn't believe me."

Calvin dropped softly down through the trapdoor into the soft summer dusk. It was just such an evening as that of his expectant joyful return. He sat on the wagon seat and looked down at Rosy.

"Why didn't you go, you silly kid?" he asked aimlessly.

Rosy spoke gayly.

"Oh, I asked a fellow to go with me and he turned me down and after that I didn't have the heart to go with anybody else."

Calvin gave a half-hearted chuckle, the first in five days. Rosy was a funny kid—a good kid.

"You'd have better gone," he said.

She put her hands on the wheel and climbed up beside him.

"Move over and let me sit down," she commanded.

He obeyed and they sat there side by side. They could hear Georgie and Malvie engaged in a whooping childish game in the front yard, their laughing shouts coming but faintly to them in their aerie. The air smelt of hay—the wagon had been filled with it earlier in the day.

"Say, Cal," said Rosy, "why don't you come on and go in town with me and show everybody you don't care what they say? Come on, won't you?" She put coaxing hands on his arm.

Calvin sighed.

"You don't understand, Rosy, how I feel," he explained patiently. "I just haven't got the nerve to stand all the folks' pointing and whispering. Ma's got me buffaloed, she has."

Rosy was sympathetically silent. He felt the sudden need of unburdening his heart. After all it was only Rosy, his kid cousin, and he knew her for a loyal little soul.

"It was all true, what I did, Rosy," he said. "I did get drunk and raise Cain. I certainly did. And I shot craps and played cards—I did everything that ma thinks points you straight to hell. Everybody did. But looka here, I ast you, is it fair to hold that up against a fellow who got his D. S. C. and the Croix de Guerre and got the papers to prove it—hey? Some fellows bought their Croix de Guerres, but I got mine on the level."

"How'd you get it, Cal?" begged Rosy, all interest.

He turned suddenly bashful.

"Oh, well, it wasn't much—but that D. S. C.—that was for breaking up a lotta machine-gun nests. That was something, I reckon, even if I do hafta say it myself!"

"Well," said the practical-minded Rosy, "why don't you tell Aunt Mattie about all that?"

"Tell her?" sputtered Cal. "She saw my medals, didn't she? What more does she want? She doesn't think I stole 'em, I suppose?"

Rosy looked at him in tolerant pity.

"If you had any sense at all, Cal Price," she said, "you'd know perfectly well that Aunt Mattie don't know anything about anything like that. How's she going to find out if you don't tell her? Show her your papers—rub it into her what you did. That's just it—nobody round here's heard anything except the mean backbiting stuff Lin Sparklin wrote home. Say, what become of Lin, anyway? If he could just be made to take it all back ——"

"It wouldn't do no good his taking it back—it was all true, I tell you," said Calvin impatiently. "But gosh, he was an awful sneak to tell!"

"I think he owes Harve money," said Rosy, "and Harve made him do it. He wanted to get round Janie Collison. But what become of Lin—he never come home?"

"Said he was going out West with his buddy," sighed Calvin.

It really mattered very little what had become of Lin—the mischief was done, his tone suggested.

"Well, I'd do something," said Rosy. "I wouldn't let that Sparklin bunch put it over on me. You could lick Harve Sparklin all to pieces if you wanted to."

"And have ma sorer than ever on me for fightin', I suppose," said Calvin with heavy sarcasm.

Rosy got up and made a flying leap from the wagon seat to the ground. She turned and launched this heretical thunderbolt:

"Aunt Mattie's not the Almighty!"

And with that she made off to the house. She was for the time being satisfied. Cal would have a little something to think about in a new vein—of that she felt sure. Half of his yielding to the fiery will of his mother was habit, she felt dimly, and if she herself could fight free from its bondage so also could he—and he must do it.

"The very idea of Aunt Mattie, good as she is, settin' up to make Cal out nothing at all—and worse! Well, I'll just see about it!"

Once begun on this line, it was not hard to continue. No day passed but Rosy made the opportunity to say to Cal a little something of her belief in him and a good deal more about what he could do to Harve Sparklin if he wanted to. She couldn't see that it had the slightest effect on him and she often sighed to herself at the way he snubbed her sympathy and her exhortations. It was hard to have him look on her as just a kid—and a cousin besides, but she did not despair.

And when she went to town she talked as freely as she could to everyone who would listen to her about the medals Calvin had brought home and what a wonderful soldier he had been. She left her hearers to infer that the war was personally won by him—with General Pershing an admiring spectator. If she did not succeed in convincing many she at least piqued their curiosity.

She was unexpectedly aided by another returned soldier, who affirmed her statement that a D. S. C. was an honor not to be lightly dismissed and that a legitimate Croix de Guerre could not be exactly sneezed at. So Rosy's campaign gradually showed some small results. William Price too was not averse to a bit of quiet bragging of Cal's exploits when he was sure that his words wouldn't get back to his wife.

But between the boy and his mother the breach remained open, unbridgeable. She prayed for him aloud at family devotions and each petition made him more heavy-hearted and more dazed with the injustice of her heart. Rosy's sympathy and comfort counted as little against the implacable force of Mattie Price's hard and narrow creed and her insistence on them. He would have liked to evade the torture of these prayers, but there again his mother's will held him. Rosy was accustomed to grind her white little teeth and clench wickedly her fists as she listened to her aunt's coldly impassioned voice addressing their alleged Creator in tones of confidential authority and understanding.

"She's just nutty on that one subject," thought Rosy, perplexedly beholding these forces that were too strong for her obstruction.

But if there were plenty of moments of discouragement in Rosy's campaign there was no stopping it. She went on like the brook. She had a short spirited run-in with Janie Collison when they two met at the door of Masseyville's one movie palace, which she could look back on only with keenest pleasure.

With that malice we always feel toward those we have wronged, Janie had greeted Rosy with: "Cal's home, isn't he? Of course he's keeping himself mighty quiet."

Rosy had smiled pityingly.

"Yes, I s'pose you'd call it that. He says he's so everlastingly fed up with the poor simps round here that he doesn't care if he never lays eyes on any of 'em again. A man with two medals, who's fought the whole war through and been all over the country, as you might say, isn't likely to find much in Masseyville to interest him. He's just going to help Unc' Will through the summer and then he's going back to New York—he's had a grand position offered him there."

This last was inspired improvisation, but it did its work. Janie had no reply, and Rosy paid her dime to see a popular movie actress with all the feeling of one who wins an empire. That wasn't a bit a bad story, she reflected between reels, even if she did have to cook it up all of a sudden. She decided she'd use it again.

A little later, while the sinuous actress writhed on her accustomed chaise longue, Rosy heard two women talking behind her and garnered a bit of news that made her strain her ears to hear it all.

"Lin'll likely be home in a week or two." She knew it was Lin Sparklin's mother speaking. "Didn't like it much out West. Kind of wild unsettled country—lots of horses and cattle—never did care much for cattle. Old job in the drug store, I s'pect."

For the rest of the film Rosy saw nothing. She sat staring straight in front of her, thinking with a concentration of despair. If Lin Sparklin came back and began spreading further his stories about Cal and Cal didn't resent them, didn't do anything about it—oh, it was unbearable! She wouldn't stand it—not—not "if I have to slap Lin Sparklin's face and call him a liar myself," thought Rosy with primitive rage, forgetting her recently acquired young ladyhood. Beads of perspiration from excitement and not from the stuffy warmth of the movie palace stood out on her forehead and she felt little and helpless and alone, for all of her bravado. Why—why couldn't Cal have more spirit? Why, why couldn't Aunt Mattie have more sense? And why was it that Uncle Will was apparently born without a spine? Rosy asked herself these questions as she had asked them a hundred times before, but now with the added conviction that her time for accomplishment of her purpose was all too short. A week or two and Lin Sparklin would be home. Either Cal must now vindicate himself or be forever branded. To Rosy's youthful mind there was no middle ground. Black and white were the colors she saw—no neutral gray for Rosy.

Tom Fluharty, that prosperous young farmer, and his newly washed flivver were waiting to take her home when the film was over and for once Rosy looked on him almost kindly. Even he, lumpish creature that he was and slower than the slowest of cold molasses—to use the local metaphor—would not have lain down so dully under misjudgment and libel as Cal had done.

"Tom," she said, "if anybody'd talked about you the way Harve Sparklin has about Cal, what'd you do?"

Tom considered this for a moment. His mind and his powers of articulation were alike slow, but they were sure.

"I'd lick the tar out of him," he finally replied. He added more slowly still but with quite as much conviction: "Harve Sparklin's a skunk."

Rosy did not pursue the subject, but the confirmation of her own opinion was gratifying, though shrewdly enough she divined that Tom had denounced Harve Sparklin because of his attitude toward her cousin, thus expecting to win favor with her. It would not naturally occur to Tom that she had any but a cousinly interest in Cal, reared as brother and sister as they had been. Rosy blushed a little for herself, but being purely feminine did not relinquish her purpose. Diana, the huntress, would have been the recipient of Rosy's vows and offerings had she lived two thousand years earlier. As it was, being wholly modern she did fairly well without the assistance of the goddess.

She said nothing to anyone about the approaching arrival of Lin Sparklin, but by a few judicious inquiries she made sure of the date of his return. It would synchronize with the coming of the street fair, which was always the event of the Masseyville summer, when a riot of side shows, Ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds, games of chance, flaring pop-corn and ice-cream wagons held Main Street in a delicious state of carnival for three days and nights and the whole farming population of a thirty-mile radius descended on the town, intent on diversion.

Rosy casting about for ways and means to get Cal out of his hiding felt that the street fair would do it or it could not be done.

For the rest she put the affair on the knees of the gods—without the intention of withdrawing her own guiding purpose.

She dangled the attractions of the street fair before the Price family with constant art. Mrs. Price, of course, would not go—it was all godless wanton merriment to her, but curiously enough she raised no objections to her family's going. Perhaps the long-established coming of the fair and the fact that, though tawdry enough, there was nothing but wholly harmless amusement in it kept her from raising any objections. Also street fairs were not prohibited by the Old Testament. To be sure, William Price and Malvie and young Georgie did not talk much about it before her, but Rosy knew they would all go—more or less—when the great time came. Out of Calvin she could not at first get a rise.

Still, his long solitude of spirit was telling on him. He had always gone to the street fair of the years before the war, and now as Rosy sang its glories memories of past gayeties stirred uneasily in his mind. After all, he was only a boy. Rosy, watching, thought she saw at length a gleam of longing in his eyes.

"You going, Cal?" she asked, following him out on the porch one night after supper.

"I reckon not," he said, but there was little conviction in his voice.

"Tell you what," said Rosy, "let's you and me slip off some night when there's a big crowd. You know how it is—you won't see a soul hardly you know 'mongst all the mob, and we can have a right nice time. I wish you'd take me, Cal."

He did not yield at once, but she knew she would get her wish.

(Concluded on Page 113)

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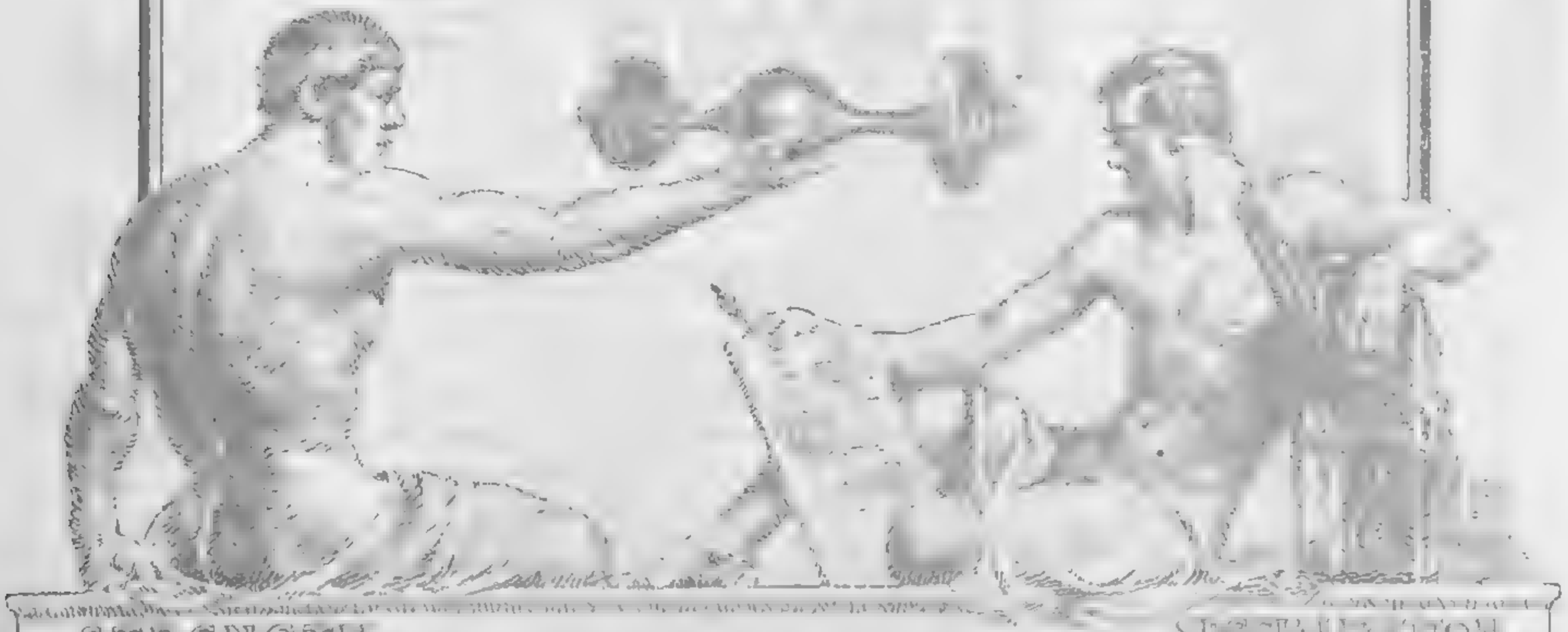

(Concluded from Page 110)

"We-ll—I'll see about it," he said. And with that she was obliged to be content.

But in the days that followed before the simultaneous arrival of Lin Sparklin and the street fair Rosy knew all the suspense of the alchemist who waits for his furnace to transmute lead into gold. Would it succeed, this scheme of hers, or would it all fall to nothing? She listened to her Aunt Mattie's prayers and prayed a wholly unorthodox one of her own that must have created a smile among the more whimsical-minded of the archangels. With an astuteness beyond her years she did not nag or remind Calvin of his promise, but on the long-expected night she put on her *pervenche* blue dress and came down to supper prepared to do or die. She waylaid Calvin on the stairs and watched his face as he saw her below him. It was enough. For the first time he beheld her as something more than just Rosy the good kid, the little teasing, troublesome cousin. Perhaps it was the blue dress, perhaps it was that something else, even that mysterious something that makes men rise to impossible heights or sink to impossible depths for the sake of a remembered smile or kiss. At any rate Rosy knew that Calvin saw her as lovely and desirable.

"Gee, Rosy," he said, "you look swell! What's doing?"

She clinched the moment of opportunity.

"Why, you're going to take me to the street fair. You said you would, you know."

He hesitated only a second, rubbing a reflective finger over his chin.

"Then I've got to shave," he said, and went on upstairs.

But she knew that he turned round again to look at her and she did not take the blue dress out of his sight until she was sure he had done so.

Cal went through his shaving and dressing processes very solemnly, yet with no thought of drawing back from the expedition. It seemed momentous to him, the more so as each day of keeping to himself and seeing no one had increased his self-consciousness to an extent of which he was unaware. He didn't want to go. He tried to believe Rosy's words, when she had first asked him to take her, that there'd be such a crowd he'd see no one he knew. His spirit was as sensitive as his new-shaved chin. But that blue dress—of this, too, he was unaware—and the come-hither in Rosy's eyes called to that long-suppressed buoyancy of youth. He was going!

The question of proper clothing troubled him not a little. His old civilian clothes—save those he wore for farm work—were all too heavy for the summer night. He couldn't go in collarless shirt and overalls. There seemed then to be nothing left but his uniform and he put it on. This, too, raised his spirits a trifle. The pull of the snug tunic over his big shoulders brought them out of their depressed droop. It was pleasurable to wind those interminable puttees and watch the trimness of his leg grow out of them. His service stripes and his sergeant's chevrons gave him a thrill and brought back a thousand rollicking memories. He routed out his overseas cap and stuck it on one ear and whistled a stray bar or two of Madelon under his breath. Then he checked himself, wondering if his mother had heard. Would she say anything—about his going out? Rosy's shattering phrase, "Aunt Mattie's not the Almighty," came back to him for an answer. Then he wagged his head ruefully.

"She pretty near is," he sighed, and came downstairs hesitantly.

He was reassured, however, by finding that she was still in the kitchen, waiting for some delayed supper dish, and Rosy cried out with unfeigned pleasure at the sight of him, and his father smiled in approval.

"Make up your mind to go to the fair?" said William Price. "That's good. I thought I'd take the children in for a little while and give 'em a ride on the Ferris wheel and such like."

But Mrs. Price came in and he fell into silence.

So when at last they started for town they made a party of five. They walked, taking the footpath that lay close to the boundary hedges, for the road itself was filled by a constant procession of autos and teams, all headed in the same direction as the Price family. It was just dark enough so that it was not necessary to look round and speak—recognition was uncertain and Calvin was glad of that. Little Malvie and George frisked about in anticipation, but Rosy walked sedately beside Calvin. Now and then her arm, warm and round and smooth through the thin stuff of her dress, touched against his, and each time it did so he thought it peculiarly pleasant. Now and then he stole a glance. Strange—he'd never noticed much what a pretty thing she was. There was something glowing about her—it sort of faded out the other girls. Even Janie Collison's dark beauty suffered by the comparison, but Janie—the thought of her faithlessness was bitter in his heart.

He frowned into the night.

"Let's you and me do some side shows first," said Rosy softly. "I don't want to go up in the Ferris wheel. It makes me kind of dizzy."

He nodded in acquiescence. Through the night they could hear the music of the merry-go-round droning like a jolly giant music box its mechanical la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la. As they turned into Main Street the whole chorus of music and laughter, the raucous shouts of the barkers, the clamor of excited children rushed upon them and overwhelmed them in a joyful confusion, dazzling their minds even as the sudden burst of endless lights dazzled their eyes. Malvie and Georgie shrieked and caught hold of their father's hands and Will Price gave an irrepressible chuckle.

"Looks like a big night, to-night," he said, and turned toward the towering Ferris wheel.

Rosy and Calvin were left—so to speak—alone, and she slipped her hand in the crook of his elbow.

"Don't lose me," she said, laughing.

"Swell chance," he said, holding her tight against him. "Say, let's begin right up here at this end and do the whole thing."

Nothing loath, she followed his lead; from Jo-Jo the Dog-faced Boy they progressed to the Alsatian Glass Blowers; the Three Dwarf Donovans; the snake charmer; Samson the Strong Man; Laughing Louis, who guarantees to make the solemnest face crack in two in less than two minutes of his marvelous topical song-and-story act, and so on and so on. It was a slow and entertaining progress. They enjoyed every minute of it and in its diversions Calvin forgot that he was the most shamefully misunderstood and misprized returned soldier in these United States, and Rosy forgot that she was a woman with a fell purpose. To all intents they became two children again—giggling, nudging each other, exclaiming over everything they saw, even the most palpable fakes. Now and then they met various people whom they knew and exchanged greetings, but Calvin did not find the process a difficult one—his mother's prayer-meeting familiars were not in evidence and the old acquaintances he met were as intent on the delights of the fair as he and Rosy were.

About ten o'clock their round was practically finished and they came from the last tent a little tired and decidedly hot.

"Let's get some ice cream," said Calvin masterfully, "or a soda."

The drug store, following immemorial custom of street-fair time, had put little tables outside on the sidewalk and set bright lights about. Rosy and Cal struggled through and found one that was just being vacated, and then they stopped, as did the couple just rising.

For the two who were going were Janie Collison and Harve Sparklin and at their very elbow was the villain of the piece, Lin Sparklin himself, with a tray of ice-cream dishes.

The five stood as if a magic spell had fallen on them, ringed and encompassed by a tense silence.

It was Rosy who broke it. In an instant of inspired decision she stepped forward and spoke aloud to Calvin so that all about could hear:

"If you don't lick both of 'em—both of 'em right now—you're yellow clear through!"

It is a curious fact concerning colors—and one not accounted for by any of the laws of the spectrum—that to call a man yellow is to make him see red. It was so with Calvin. Harve and Lin Sparklin were not small men nor weak ones, and it is not in human nature to suppose that they would let themselves be thrashed without a struggle and a stiff one. Either of them was a fair match for Calvin under ordinary circumstances. But these were very extraordinary circumstances, and under the spur of Rosy's taunt Calvin did not hesitate. He towered and reached—silently, mightily. Followed chaos.

The three fought in a welter of ice-cream dishes, fallen tables, flimsy broken chairs. Somehow—he did not know how—Calvin had managed in the first exuberance of the attack to bang the two deceitful Sparklin craniums together with a resounding violence. It gave him the advantage, that fearful compact, but his antagonists rallied and grappled with him. Biting, gouging, kicking—foul blows of all sorts followed. To be sure, Lin Sparklin nearly took a piece out of Harve's ear before he realized that it was not Calvin, and Harvey wasted considerable effort trying to get both hands on Lin's windpipe under the same delusion, but these were minor details. Such various damages inflicted on each other helped their aggressor and cheered him—not that he escaped unscathed. He knew that one front tooth had been knocked loose, and his right eye was closed and there were fierce contusions pretty evenly distributed all over his body.

But he fought on, enlivening the combat with such remarks as "I'll learn y'!" "Pair of sneaks and spies!" And unwittingly plagiarizing Tom Fluharty: "Skunks, both of y'!"

It was a perfectly magnificent mêlée while it lasted, and it did not end until Cal—battered and breathless but triumphant—sat up on a squirming heap of Sparklins, his knees each in the center of a disheveled back and his hands each pressing a tousled head into the unreceptive grittiness of the brick pavement. The crowd was now so dense about them that it encroached considerably on these prostrate forms, and not the least of the Sparklin injuries was caused by interested bystanders, who trod on more or less helpless extended Sparklin fingers. I am not so sure that Rosy was not one of these—and that her treading was by accident not by intention. For Rosy had not shrunk away in feminine frailty and dread of being mixed up in something unpleasant. She had stayed right there, enjoying every moment of the fracas, and now she once more took a leading part in it.

"Make 'em take back everything they said, Cal!" she adjured him.

Under pressure judiciously applied the Sparklin twain recanted and reneged absolutely and wholly and testified liberally to Calvin's spotless character.

"Make 'em promise they'll take it back to the minister and Aunt Mattie!" pressed Rosy.

This clearing of Cal was to be no halfway business.

"Make 'em say it loud so's everybody'll hear!" she further suggested, seeing various well-known citizens in the throng about them.

The required promises were given loud enough to reach well into the crowd.

It now behooved Cal to find a few tortures of his own for his victims. He made them admit that they had conspired to injure him. He made them own that they were no better'n a pair of yellow pups. And then, his imagination failing, he caused them to cry "'Nuff" until his conquering lust was satisfied.

At last he permitted them to rise and get away. They did not look pretty—either of them—and Calvin was far from being unscarred. Rosy caught his arm.

"Come on," she whispered, "let's get out. Are you hurt much?"

He had not thought about his injuries, for his uplift of spirit was still with him.

"I am and I ain't," he said slowly. "I'm kinda sore here and there—but I never felt so good in my life."

The crowd parted in awe and wonder and let them through and they went off down a side street and thence homeward. It was Rosy who lifted the song of victory.

"I never saw anything so grand in the world!" she told him. "You just wiped up the floor with 'em! They never had a chance! And everybody heard 'em own up what they'd done to you, Cal. I saw Miss Manie Clarke standing on a chair leaning over to watch, and Mr. Berryman—you know—who runs the Weekly Democrat, and—and, oh, mercy, I don't know who all! Oh, won't all the people in town have something to talk about now! And say, Cal, what d'you s'pose Aunt Mattie'll do?"

Calving struggled with his very primitive ethics.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully. "Maybe I oughtn't to've made 'em promise to tell her they lied. It was pret' near all true—what they said about me, you know, Rosy."

Rosy had no scruples.

"You should worry," she said indignantly, "after all you've stood for. Now look here, Calvin; don't you let 'em go back on that! I want Aunt Mattie to eat a little humble pie, I do! She didn't have any reason for picking on you the way she's been doing, and you a hero and all."

By George—he was a hero! He had forgotten all about it under the painful stress of the last weeks. He was a hero—yes, sir, he was!

"Say, did Janie see me?" he asked involuntarily.

Rosy stopped as if he had struck her as cruelly as he had smitten Harvey Sparklin. All of the joy went out of her voice.

"Oh, yes, she saw you."

And the rest of the way home was silence.

There was no doubt at all of his heroship the next day. Travel to the Price farm was almost as heavy as to the street fair. The story had flown through the neighborhood like wildfire.

"Waited till just the right time and then pounded the lights out of them two backbiters," wheezed one genial old farmer. "Pretty slick work, I call it." And he voiced unquestionably the consensus of the town's opinion.

The sudden veering of popular favor left Mattie Price a little dazed, but she accepted the change with less demand for explanations than Calvin had feared. To be sure she did say, "You might've told y'r mother, seems to me," but Calvin's "You wouldn't let me tell you, ma," was too genuine a reproach not to be felt.

As for William Price, he rivaled the audience of Laughing Louis.

"I knew it all the time," was his phrase. "I knew Cal was just bidin' his time. 'Course it wasn't up to me to give the Sparklin boys any warnin'." And his hearers whooped with him.

Only Rosy held aloof and silent. She would not even come in where the congratulatory visitors thronged. She stayed either in the kitchen or in her own room, brooding miserably over the way of a man with a maid—and conversely. She managed, however, to keep a close watch for one visitor whose arrival she confidently expected, and when late in the afternoon she saw Janie Collison's poppy-wreathed hat coming up the walk and Janie herself all ingratiating smiles beneath it she rushed out of the house and down to the stable, and choosing an uncomfortable seat on a pile of corncobs burst into wild and passionate tears.

She wished—oh, how she wished she was dead!

She kept on crying and wishing this impious wish so hard and so long that she didn't hear Calvin come into the stables or realize his presence until he sat down beside her and slipped an arm round her.

"Why, Rosy, what's the matter, what's the matter?" he begged.

She struggled away from him.

"You go on back and stay with Janie Collison," she said furiously. "I knew she'd come right over to get you back—I knew it! Well, you just go on with her and leave me alone."

But Calvin held her fast.

"It's come over me," he said, "that I want a girl, not a weather vane. There ain't another girl in the world that would've stood by me and egged me on to get out of all that mess I was in but you, Rosy. Say, you goin' back on me now?"

"Where's Janie then?" she asked suspiciously.

"Gone on home, I reckon—or somewheres. Don't matter to me where she's gone to. Look round here—don't you believe me?"

She looked round.

She believed him. Besides, she was in his arms.

"Oh, Cal," she said with more tears, but not tears of sorrow—"Oh, Cal—honestly, I'm just crazy about you—I always have been!"

Ensued an interlude that was entirely satisfactory to both.

Presently Rosy, mindful of his injuries of the late encounter, inquired sympathetically: "You feeling all right, Cal? Did you get hurt much? I wanted to ask you all day, but I just wouldn't."

His mouth curved upward in his irresistible boy's smile.

He seized her in a mighty enveloping hug, all tenderness and joy.

"If I felt any better I'd bust wide open! Rosy—Rosy, sweetness—I'm sittin' on the world!"

Do You Know that—

Hudson Engineers Designed the Essex

It Explains Why

Through Sheer Ability and Without Other Endorsement 20,000 Were Sold

Essex Made Good

Essex success has not been accidental. No one doubts its right to the position it holds.

But how many know why Essex in its first year revealed qualities more mature, more evident of the influence of long experience, than is commonly found in cars even in their third and fourth years?

You will recall the Essex was announced one year ago without one word as to the identity of its builders. Not a claim was made for its performance.

You were asked to go look at it, take a ride and form your own opinion. The Essex, we said, would have to speak for itself.

Now that it has established itself, we for the first time reveal why Essex has all the qualities of cars of long development.

Was Designed by Hudson Engineers

They conceived it as they developed the Super-Six. All they learned about endurance, they incorporated in the Essex.

They gave to the Essex the power that has made it famous in all quarters. Its speed is the result of what had been learned in making the Super-Six winner of all worth-while speed records.

The Essex can never be all that the Super-Six is, for they are totally different types.

But the Essex does bring quality and performance to a class field that was unknown.

The former owners of large costly cars that have adopted the Essex have not been Hudson users. They have come from other cars, cars that fall short of the Super-Six in all particulars save size and cost.

The Essex appeals to such users because of its nimbleness. They like the way its performance compares with that of the Super-Six. You can see this on every hand. The two cars in any community that are most prominent because of their performance ability are the Hudson Super-Six and the Essex.

Just as the Super-Six is the choice of those who recognize its unmatched performance and reliability, those who demand light car economy choose the Essex for its speed, power and endurance.

Think of the advantages Essex has had. What ordinarily would have required years to perfect was made possible in the very first model.

That is why 20,000 are now running, why more than $30,000,000.00 was paid for Essex cars in ten months.

Essex Did Not Need Hudson's Endorsement

That has been proved. That is why the two names have not been previously connected.

You have not needed the Hudson endorsement to understand Essex performance. Think of what hundreds of thousands have been saying in praise of the Essex. They have told how well it looks, how it outperforms others and how after months of service and thousands of miles of use, it has proved its right to the position it holds.

Essex has won its own way. Hudson gave it full benefit of the experience of its engineers and the ability of its manufacturing organization. Its name was not needed.

Now Hudson takes the same pride in acknowledging its kinship to Essex that a father might in speaking of his son who on his own account had made good.

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ESSEX MOTORS

Hudson Builds the Essex?

Hudson Dealers Sell It

Endurance Makes Hudson the Largest Selling Fine Car

More Than 80,000 Owners Value That Quality Most Because It Means Long Dependable Service, Free of Car Troubles

Hudson outsells all the world's fine cars, only because of qualities that count in everyday service.

Chief of these is durability. All motorists so regard it.

And endurance is written everywhere in Hudson history.

Since Hudson made its unrivalled endurance records, it has led all other fine cars in sales every month and every year.

That proves how experienced motorists judge car worth.

It was not speed that gave it sales leadership; though Hudson holds more stock car speed records than any other car, and with cars embodying the Super-Six principle won more points in speedway racing than the fastest special racers ever built.

It was not power; though Hudson holds the fastest time ever made up Pike's Peak, in the classic of all hill climbs.

These Qualities Inspire Pride in Hudsons

They are valued of course by more than 80,000 Hudson owners. They contribute to the rounded supremacy of performance which distinguishes the Hudson everywhere. And it is natural to feel pride of ownership in, and affection for, a car that none can rival in fleetness, or in hill-climbing.

But few will ever care to use the full limit of Hudson speed. Few will meet hills to test its limits of power.

What does count every day of use is sure, dependable transportation. What does count after many months of service is the way Hudson retains its smooth, silent powers of superior performance, undiminished.

It means the assurance and reliance in your car that you feel in a watch that has served you for years, and never gave you cause for doubt. You are not disturbed by speculation regarding probable car troubles. Because with Hudson, car troubles are not thought of because of their remoteness.

That is why you will find the maximum satisfaction in the ownership of a Super-Six, which, after all, is the real test of a car.

And remember that the Super-Six principle which accounts for all Hudson's speed, endurance and performance records, belongs only to Hudson. No other maker can use it. For the Super-Six motor, which adds 72% to Hudson power, without added weight or size, was invented and patented by the Hudson.

Mark How Hudson Now Fulfills Its Prophecy

Every year has seen some improvement in the Hudson. The new models approach nearer the builders' ideal than they ever believed practicable. It is today a finer machine than those early models, which made performance records no other car has equalled.

Hudson also leads in style. Its influence shapes motor design from year to year. It created such models as the Sedan, Coupé and Touring Limousine.

The powerful Super-Six motor handles the heavier enclosed cars with an ease and buoyancy, exclusive to Hudson.

Demand for such advantages as Hudson's inevitably means that immediate delivery is not possible for all who want them. Many have waited months for the model of their choice.

Even should you not want your Hudson until next year, now is not too early to place your order.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit

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ARE WE EXTRAVAGANT?

(Continued from Page 17)

been marked two hundred and twenty-five dollars all that time, but recently he had a bright idea. He changed the mark to four hundred and twenty-five dollars and sold the set immediately."

From another place comes the story of a haberdasher who, much to the amusement of his rivals, bought four handkerchiefs to retail at fifty dollars each. He was told by his business friends that he could not sell them. What was his delight not long afterward to receive a letter asking for some fine handkerchiefs! His reply, which was immediately accepted, read as follows:

"I have a few at a hundred dollars, and you can have one if you wire at once."

There is no doubt that large numbers of wage earners are aggressively intent upon spending their money as they please and resent any imputation of extravagance. A colored woman in a cotton dress and shawl walked into a store in Georgia and asked for a pair of a certain type of shoe.

"Do you know those shoes are twenty-five dollars a pair?" replied the salesman.

"I didn't ask you the price," was her answer; and she bought two pairs.

Nearly all authorities agree that real inexcusable extravagance is not a question of price primarily, but of style. Under present conditions a suit of clothes at a price which was formerly considered low or moderate may be highly extravagant because of poor materials. A higher-priced suit may be more economical. There is nothing intrinsically extravagant in paying high prices for goods with wearing qualities. It is the flimsy material and the ephemeral style which are extravagant.

The attempt to impose a luxury tax in England and its actual imposition in this country have brought out in sharp relief the importance of this question. Naturally there is no device for taxing mere fripperies or style as such. The plain suit of good wearing material may cost exactly the same amount as the flimsy stylish suit of poor quality. The tax is exactly the same, however, because there is no criterion for taxation except price.

When the luxury tax was being devised more than a year ago an eminent economist suggested that men's suits above a certain low figure be taxed. But prices have risen so much since then that to-day a higher-priced suit without ornamentation may be immeasurably more economical than a flimsy thing at the price the professor thought should be the limit. England, it will be recalled, never put the luxury tax into effect, though elaborate plans had been made to impose it. The explanation is found in Mr. Chamberlain's speech before the House of Commons. Slowly waving his monocle he said:

"I do not intend to press this bill, for to tell the truth I should be laughed out of the House if I attempted to explain why one lady's undergarment is a necessity and another a few pounds more costly is a luxury."

Price the Thing, Not Quality

Now I must admit that style is a dangerous subject for a mere man to tackle. But it must be grappled with here, for it is at the core of the subject. On this point I find most manufacturers and merchants of wearing apparel in agreement. They may or may not profit by the creation and multiplication of needless styles, but if they are asked point-blank whether people are extravagant the admission is usually made that extravagance lies in style.

Merchants generally agree that there are more styles and modes than formerly and that people are more insistent upon stylish apparel. The increase in fancy or novelty shoes is a case in point. The chairman of a leading committee in Congress recently stated on the floor of the House that a shoe manufacturer had arranged to put on the market a shoe to retail at six to eight dollars a pair, of not inferior quality. These shoes had to be withdrawn because there was no demand, and Congressman Esch quoted the manufacturer as saying: "What the women insisted upon was not a good shoe but a shoe for which they could pay twelve dollars a pair."

Apparently there is the same tendency in apartment houses in large cities. One of the leading builders of apartment houses in New York City states that when he entered business twenty years ago most people wanted plenty of large bedrooms and living rooms and cared little about the size or appearance of the front hall. Now they are most concerned with the front, the impressiveness, the appearance of the two entrance halls—the one to the apartment house and that to their own apartment. He says most people's chief idea in renting an apartment is to impress their friends as possessing more money than they actually have. They want looks rather than convenience, a Queen Anne front and a Mary Ann back. Only the very poor, who make no pretense of keeping up appearances, and the very rich, who nearly always demand real value for their money, are exceptions to the rule, according to this cynical builder.

"It is pointed out," says a statement from the fur district in New York, "that if the weather had anything to do with it there would be few sales of summer furs, and it was further said that women are buying furs this fall as much because they are fashionable as for their warmth."

Gorgeous Funerals

Underneath all these questions of extravagance, style and fashion, as well as the merits of flimsy, showy, fancy goods as against those which give serviceable wear, lie very fundamental human instincts, such as imitation, self-assertion, and the natural desire for personal distinction. Surely the waste which extravagance implies is inherently distasteful to a normal human being. People would not indulge themselves so much if there were not deep-seated and compelling instincts at work.

A great amount of spending which appears to be wasteful or worse on its separate merits may be justified as a rude experimental process by which a person gets new ideas and impressions, and gropingly searches out his or her own soul. The lower classes in England have been much criticized for their orgies of expenditures on bank holidays. It is true that the British wage earner may not spend his holidays and wages in an ideally good manner, but then the extreme to which the factory system has developed in England is not ideally good either.

Reckless spending may be for him a necessary reaction against the cramping industrialism and rigorously severe domestic economy in which he lives. It may be a vent for valuable instincts seeking after qualities of freedom, joy and personal distinction needed to make life worth living at all. In the same way expensive clothes which seem absurdly exaggerated may be merely the banner of emancipation to those who have led a dreary life.

There are those who make fun of the gorgeous funerals in which the poor so often indulge themselves, but the aspiring qualities of personality, often thwarted in natural and healthy growth by the narrowness of opportunity that characterizes so many lives, craves this outlet.

On what other ground, I wonder, can the prodigious increase in the use of silk stockings and silk shirts be explained? Such an insatiable appetite for adornment cannot be dismissed out of hand as mere extravagance and waste. There must be some organic impulse which is driving every stenographer and factory hand into silk stockings and shirts.

Let us admit at the outset that a silk dress for a woman is an economy. It is always in style regardless of the season. It is always dressy as long as it lasts, and it needs no laundering.

When it comes to shirts and stockings, they are perhaps more comfortable and easier to wear than cotton. Properly cared for the silk shirt may outwear other kinds, but of course the silk stocking, or at least many of those sold as silk, has no particular wearing quality.

But I seriously doubt whether the increase in the use of silk shirts for men and silk stockings for women bears any important relation to these qualities of comfort and wear. It is the sheen—the gloss and glitter of the thing—that attracts. In a canning factory in New York state last summer every girl wore silk stockings, though any sense of fitness and desire to get the most wear out of a garment would have abolished silk stockings from such a place.

The extent to which silk stockings are replacing cotton in the wear of workingwomen can be testified to by any person who has glanced about an office or a factory. A department store which ordered fifty dozen women's silk stockings for the 1917 spring trade to retail at one dollar and sixty-five cents a pair is now ordering three hundred dozens of exactly the same hose to retail at three dollars and eighty-five cents or four dollars a pair.

The buyer for this particular store made this statement to me:

"People are continuing to turn away from cotton stockings in increasing numbers and we aren't selling more than twenty-five per cent as many cotton stockings to-day as we did in 1914. Even if cotton stockings to-day sold at thirty-five and fifty cents instead of a dollar and a dollar and twenty-five cents, I don't think the demand would be any greater. All sorts and conditions of women demand silk stockings for street and evening wear."

"Most young women feel that silk hose are a necessity," said a representative of the silk industry. "So much so that many of them will go without their meals in order to have them. They look upon the hose as one of the important elements in the competition for a husband or for a man who will show them a good time. Silk hose make the ankles look smaller, and they permit the wearing of shoes one-half size smaller. All of which makes a big difference in the life of the woman."

In a trade publication it was stated recently that a high-grade silk hosiery for women to retail at ten dollars a pair would soon be put upon the market, "the distinctive feature being tinsel decorations all the way to the garter hem. Most of the patterns are of the all-over variety, embodying elaborate Persian, Egyptian, Japanese and floral motifs. The decorations are in both gold and silver tinsel."

Just why the workingman has become so obsessed with a desire for silk shirts is less easy to explain. But his conversion is one of the most widely recognized and outstanding features of present-day merchandising. Almost any merchant can tell anecdotes of workmen who have bought a dozen silk shirts at ten dollars apiece or more.

Almost as much of a drive, relatively speaking, has been made for furs by working girls as for silk stockings. Thousands of factory girls earning small wages even at present high standards have been buying fur coats on the installment plan at a cost of several hundred dollars.

A Vicious System

Now it is a commonplace that in countries like England and the United States fashions descend or percolate down by snobbish imitation from high life to the lower strata. Of course in India and still to quite an extent in China and Japan this is not true. Where the caste system prevails there are rigid conventions and customs of dress fixed for centuries. One reason an Oriental can work for less than an Occidental is because his woman wears the same style of clothes year in and year out.

In static Oriental countries, where the dissolving forces of industrialism and democracy have not yet gotten in their deadly work, the dress and manners of a caste are its exclusive possession and pride, and indeed its monopoly by legal process. But in England and America, where the industrial arts are rapidly evolving new products and stimulating new wants and where social classes are not fixed, the process of imitation by prestige is very rapid and general. For of course the group or class with most prestige sets the fashion originally.

Men must have some way to assert themselves; also women. In India, China and Japan the Brahmans, mandarins and samurai can assert their importance by leisure. But in a country like this leisure is less indicative of power than waste or extravagance. And so if Mrs. Van Astorbilt takes it into her head to wear a dress with eighty-nine spangles on it to show the world how important she is, Mamie Mulligan, who works in the box factory, finally decides she must have a similar dress. In earlier days Mamie could not find out exactly what Mrs. Van Astorbilt wore at the charity ball or the horse show, but the steady growth of the fashion magazine shows her just what the society leader is wearing at any given moment. Of course Mamie cannot afford a dress exactly like Mrs. Van Astorbilt's, but some clever manufacturer quickly produces one which looks near enough like it, and Miss Mulligan must have it no matter if it takes a month's wages.

Mrs. Van Astorbilt can wear an eighty-nine spangled dress now and then without any great inconvenience or suffering to herself. She has many other dresses suited to her varying needs—riding habits, walking habits, shopping clothes and the like. An expensive, fancy, stylish, fussy, overdecorated dress does Mrs. Van Astorbilt very little harm because it is only one of many which she wears. Besides, its cost is but a small proportion of her total spending money. But the eighty-nine spangled dress is not suited to Mamie's work. Indeed it eats up so much of her income that she cannot afford a suitable dress to work in. Who can blame her for picking out what seems to her the most beautiful dress if she can have only one? But the fact remains that the whole system is detestably harmful.

Spending Liberty Bonds

Mrs. Van Astorbilt may wear a pair of high-heeled slippers to a ball, but not when she takes a walk in the woods—unless she is a fool. But Mamie has to wear the high-heeled slippers when she walks in the woods, for she has no others and can't afford any others. Mamie's instincts of dignity and self-assertion are satisfied, her soul expands all right, but her feet are horribly contracted.

Thus the standards of dress do not rest upon the basis of individual, personal and original utility, but are ultimately imposed by the class with the most prestige regardless of the utility to other classes.

But the novel factor is the larger amount of money available for making the display. Millions of people in England and America are now able to splurge for the first time. And this is a factor of tremendous importance. The extravagances of the newly rich have been a subject for satirists and philosophers for centuries. The newly rich wage earner differs very little from the newly rich contractor or promoter. We have long known that the enterpriser, speculator and profiteer constitute a class prone to luxury and display. They act very much as does the wage earner who is suddenly enabled to spend more than ever before.

Of course where the newly rich are below even the average in ignorance the results are indeed pathetic and ludicrous. Many negro laborers in the Southern States have gone the limit in extravagance, relatively speaking. A recent statement from a careful observer in northwestern Arkansas refers to the exploitation of the negroes on the trains. Since the era of big wages set in hundreds of the colored people have taken to traveling short distances, not because they have anywhere in particular to go but because they have money to spend.

"The newsboy says, 'You must eat apples, chocolate and the like because that's white folks' eating,' and they buy all he has. Then he has a dozen bottles of croup salve which sells for twenty-five cents in the drug stores. 'Here is an antiflu medicine,' he says, and they are afraid and buy. They pay seventy-five cents and one dollar a bottle."

But it is not merely the high wages which are making for extravagance among the workers. A more pathetic factor is the spending, so to speak, of Liberty Bonds. The ownership of these bonds by great numbers of people who never before owned securities accounts for far more of the prevailing extravagance than has been generally recognized. Great numbers of people bought these bonds through a combination of patriotism and compulsion from their employers and the community in general. They were not accustomed to buying bonds or to accumulating money in any form, and not being accustomed to it they naturally have not kept at it.

The factory girl who sells her fifty-dollar bond for forty dollars and buys a pair of fancy dancing pumps and a couple of waists is not moved entirely by a love of finery, powerful as that motive is. She had never saved money before, either because she did not get large enough wages to save

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Never say "dye" —say "RIT"

Here is my Secret—

A SUN FLAKE BATH for everything washable—it keeps them sweet and fresh and clean. FLAKED RIT to restore faded colors or to "Rit" them new and more becoming shades.

FLAKED RIT comes in fashionable colors. You will find pleasure in using it on either light or heavier material.

Should you prefer it, you will also find RIT sold in Cake form in a full variety of colors.

Can neither streak nor injure finest fabrics, stain hands or washbowl. Washes and "Rit"-s in one operation. "Rit"-s instantly Silk, Cotton, Wool.

Also POWDERED RIT for Boiling —dark colors only. For "Rit"-ing heavy Dresses, Coats and Clothing of all descriptions.

SUN FLAKES are fluffy flakes of pure, white soap. They dissolve completely and instantly in hot water and make a foaming, bubbling suds. Use them for "doing up" dainty, washable fabrics.

They will harm nothing that clear water will not harm. Everything from rare lace to woolen blankets is easily cleansed and preserved by a SUN FLAKE bath.

Recommended for toilet uses, shampooing, manicuring, etc.

* * *

If your dealer can't supply you, send his name and address, enclosing 10 cents in stamps, plus 2 cents postage, for full sized RIT CAKE or FLAKED RIT, any color; or a full sized box of SUN FLAKES. Address Miss Rit, Dept. 1471, Sunbeam Chemical Co., 2436-62 W. 15th St., Chicago.

SUNBEAM CHEMICAL COMPANY

(A Corporation)

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES CABLE, WIS. TORONTO NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

Makers of OZOL—the Superior Antiseptic, Disinfectant and Germicide

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

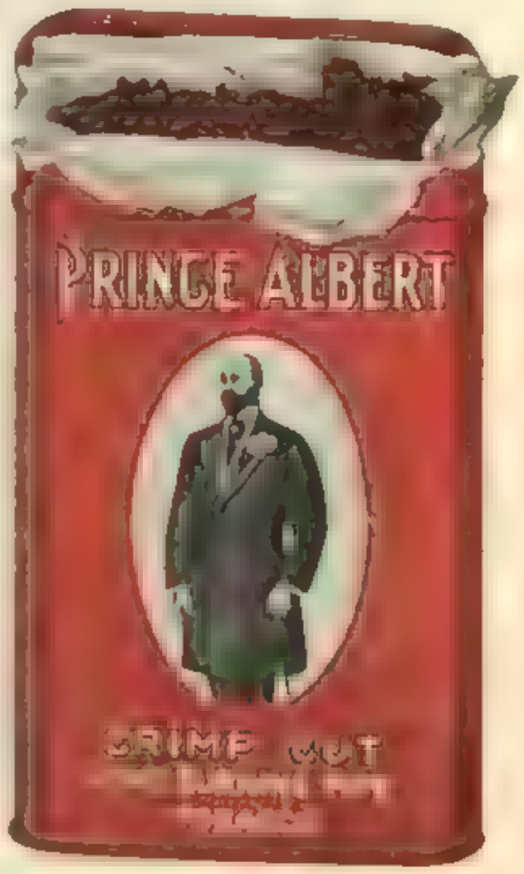
NO need putting in a call for the old family yard stick to measure out that Prince Albert tobacco supplies more smiles-per-smoke than you or any other man ever puffed from a pipe! All you've got to get on your mind is a tidy red tin of P. A., a regular he-jimmy, and action with a match! You'll collect evidence of smoke-joy that'll make sunshine cracking through the snow clouds look like stage stuff!

Talk about turning over a new leaf to get the New Year going smooth, you slip the idea under your hat that the time's ripe to start something with Prince Albert for what ails your smoke-appetite! *Because*, P. A. satisfies a man on a pipe as he never was satisfied before—and, it *keeps him satisfied*, and jimmy-pipe-joy'us!

And, if you're keen for quality, Prince Albert will ring-up-records in your little old smoke-meter. For P. A. passes you smokesatisfaction that trims anything you ever figured on—flavor, fragrance, coolness! Prince Albert is shy only on bite and parch! *Both are cut out* by our exclusive patented process! You'll prove that as soon as you begin to cash in on this smokehunch!

Get that pipe-party-bee buzzing in your smokesection! Check up on the men *you know*, on the men in all walks of life *you see daily*, getting top sport out of their pal-pipes all aglow with P. A.! *Then come across!* A pet-pipe and a tidy red tin of Prince Albert elects you a member of the biggest smoke fraternity on earth!

PRINCE ALBERT awaits your say so in toppy red bags; tidy red tins; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—in that classy, practical pound glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Copyright 1919 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

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or because she did not have the natural foresight, mental qualities and character necessary to look ahead.

In trade and merchandising circles the advice has seriously been given to set prices close to the prices or units of Liberty Bonds, one hundred dollars and fifty dollars. "Thus any price that is the same as a bond price is a good one to set." One expert has figured that ten thousand people a day are selling their Liberty Bonds. How many spend the proceeds for mere gratification and how many for necessaries is of course unknown.

A salesman for an installment piano company expressed the illuminating opinion that for many people a Liberty Bond makes no show.

"They may have their desks filled with Liberty Bonds, but it makes no show. But if one one-hundred-dollar bond will place a piano in their home it will give them some show of prosperity."

The piano objectifies the worker's prosperity. It is big whereas the bond is small. Secondhand pianos were freely bought by munition workers in England, though in many cases no one in the family could play a note. They were evidently purchased to prove the prosperity and class of the worker.

Newly acquired power nearly always expresses itself through quantity rather than quality. When Germany became great after the Franco-Prussian War huge monuments sprang up all over the country distinguished by their mere size rather than by beauty or artistic merit.

The newly rich millionaire often buys a whole squadron of automobiles. Mere size and quantity, more things, more objects—such is the first form which newly found power, financial or political, is pretty certain to take. It is true alike of new empires, of new mining and oil millionaires, and of wage earners who have jumped from two or three to eight or ten dollars a day.

A Southern cotton-mill owner was asked recently if he were having any labor trouble.

"No," he said thoughtfully, "not exactly what you would call trouble, though the help all make fun of me because I ride to the works in a small automobile while most of them have big cars."

Unfortunately many workers do not know of any other way to spend their money than putting it into mere show, into clothes, diamonds and the like. There is not the wide scope for personal distinction which certain other groups enjoy. The factory girl puts her money on her back because that is the only badge of social distinction which she knows anything about. She cannot achieve distinction by joining clubs, attending receptions and concerts and patronizing charities.

Silk Badges of Prosperity

The distinction of the poet, artist and scientist is not affected by the clothes they wear. Their importance is advertised in other ways. But though painting a house and laying bricks may be just as important as painting a portrait or studying bacteria, no real personal distinction comes with these manual trades. Thus, alas, the overemphasis upon silk shirts and diamond rings.

It must be admitted that in a sense the uneducated worker gets a rough deal in the way of criticism for his extravagance. It is quite true, as so many merchants say, that many people who have always been accustomed to the more expensive things are now the economical classes. A saleslady who was interviewed by an investigator said that her high-priced garments though still priced by her former wealthy patrons were no longer actually bought by them but were being readily bought by stenographers.

But the person who has had wealth for some period of time has had the time to learn that too many clothes and diamonds and the like are bad form. He or she has learned to spend on the children's education, on travel, books, clubs and a hundred things that are not merely show. They may spend infinitely more money on personal gratifications than even the most extravagant wage earner, but with increasing education, taste and culture their spending is less for mere outward display, and thus they are not accused of being extravagant because their spending makes no show.

One of the most harmful features of extravagance is the effect it has upon the price of necessary articles. The promoter and organizer of an important thrift movement recently called upon the head of a great labor union in an effort to enlist his support.

"Why don't you get down to fundamentals?" asked the president of the union. "If you really want to help our men to save and get ahead in the world why don't you help us find out why the Western producers get three cents a pound for fruit and we have to pay twenty cents? If you really want to help, tell us why it is that our men are obliged to pay six dollars for a work shirt in the store round the corner here."

"I will tell you right now," said the organizer of the thrift movement. "The reason your members are paying six dollars for a flannel shirt is because they are willing to pay two dollars for a necktie and ten dollars for a silk shirt. If they are willing to pay high prices for luxuries of course the merchant thinks they will pay well for necessaries, and he adjusts his prices accordingly."

"A man came into a store down South," said a salesman who declared he had witnessed the incident, "and wanted to buy a suit of overalls. His usual brand was put before him. When he heard the price he called the retailer all kinds of a profiteer, robber and other nice names. The storekeeper informed him that it was the lowest price within ten miles, to his certain knowledge. In no way appeased, the customer walked off in a temper to the door. Passing the shirt counter, however, he spied a pattern in silk that caught his eye. The upshot of it was he bought two silk shirts, for which he paid eighteen dollars."

The Wrong Time to Buy

One way of course to bring down the cost of living is for people to stop spending recklessly. I do not mean that extravagance is the only cause of the high cost of living. Far from it. But lower prices are not likely to come as long as those now in effect are paid willingly. Just as long as people spend heedlessly there will be dealers to take advantage of that condition.

It is the man and woman who fear they will seem cheap if they do not pay the highest price asked that help to keep up prices. If enough people had the guts to say "No" to some of the prices that are asked many an inflated price would be pricked.

"I am sorry, sir," was the very polite reply of a customer to a clerk in a hat store, "but no hat is worth that much to me"; and by walking two blocks he found a last year's style at less than half the price, but which fitted him perfectly and looked well on his head.

Mr. Hoover has been quoted as saying that the people could reduce the cost of shoes and clothing in three months easily enough by not purchasing any shoes or clothing for that length of time. Probably merchants would not care for such a drastic treatment, but they are increasingly taking the point of view that less reckless and frantic buying would be desirable. One of the most successful merchants in New York recently said that he would like to close his store for a month. His statement was being quoted to a merchant from the Pacific Coast, who was visiting New York with his merchandise manager.

As the two of them listened to the conversation the merchandise manager nodded to his employer and remarked, "Didn't we say just the same thing to each other a few days ago?"

One of the greatest merchants in the country, noted for his probity and skillful operations, recently said, "I for one would be willing to cut my business in half to put things on the old basis and get control of my business again."

The merchant's present position is not a pleasant one altogether. As one of them said: "If we do not make money we are darned fools, and if we do the Government takes it in taxes and prosecutes us for profiteers besides."

The merchant is no longer master in his own house. He cannot figure ahead. He cannot get deliveries. He knows his salespeople are weak-kneed over the high prices. With the more economical class of customers the sales force are obliged to take on an apologetic tone, and the economical customer is antagonized, annoyed and constantly irritated by the present scale of prices. The customer of this description also becomes daily more apologetic in his or her effort to buy anything. Such customers are becoming afraid even to attempt a purchase, and the sales force, knowing this, have an equally uncomfortable feeling.

Another serious feature from the merchant's viewpoint is worry over the volume of his business. He doesn't like high prices because he fears he is not selling so many pieces of goods as formerly, though the money volume may be and in nearly all cases is larger. The merchant wants to sell more goods to a given number of people or more goods to a larger number of people.

One of the largest department stores on the Pacific Coast recently ran an advertisement in all the local papers headed The High Cost of Living. After a few preliminary remarks the advertisement said:

"What is the answer? If there is a general cessation in buying of all but the actual necessities for a moderate period production will catch up, the mills will not be operating at the high pressure and under the intense competition for material, which always mean increased costs, and retail prices will then be based on a lowered level.

"This may seem like bad advertising—spending money to decrease our business—but we are willing to bear our part of the loss in an effort to solve this problem, and look to the future, with a more satisfactory and a healthier economic condition of the country, as our time to profit.

"In the meantime you have some real needs. You have frankly been told of the general market conditions against which we must contend. Despite them, Blanks are as well prepared as any establishment in California to care for your needs. No efforts have been spared to get dependable new merchandise at prices as favorable as any on this coast."

Just how to make people more thrifty and less extravagant is no easy question to answer. Obviously the first step is to work with the children. Older people often are set in their ways but children can be taught to save, because both saving and spending are habits and if people are caught young enough either habit can be inculcated. More and more the drive is for the children. Corn, hog raising and poultry clubs and school savings banks—all these and other agencies are being employed.

A class of forty school-children upon being asked what they would do if they had twenty-five cents to spend as they pleased spoke up in every case for movies or candy. But by using the club idea, by force of emulation, example and competition, the habit of saving can be introduced alongside the desire for movies and candy.

Unless the adult has a strong habit and inclination to save it is perfectly natural that he should be extravagant. It must be remembered that the consumer is an amateur and the producer an expert and professional. The art of spending tends to be unprogressive and nonrational. It lacks standards. There is no supreme motive or standard with the consumer such as dominates every action of the producer—namely, the making of a profit. Incompetent manufacturers and retailers are weeded out by their failure to make profits, but the inefficient and incompetent spender is not weeded out in any such ruthless way.

A Coming Thrift Campaign

Spenders become increasingly careless because relatively they buy fewer absolute necessaries and more objects in which style, mode, taste, quality, convenience and luxury play an important part. Naturally the farther away we get from the prime requisites of life the less faithful and accurate guides do our organic instincts prove to be. A starving man who goes into a store with one hundred dollars in cash will merely be following his primal instincts in buying meat instead of paving stones. Man's instincts make certain his survival in such a case, but when it comes to buying a necktie of one pattern rather than another there is no guide so deep and true.

Under such circumstances it is entirely natural that the attack upon the consumer should be more powerful than his defenses. It follows that any sort of thrift movement or campaign has hard sledding. To overcome this and scores of other obstacles against saving it is absolutely necessary that savings facilities should be increased, and made more convenient and accessible to the working classes, especially in the great industrial centers. Savings banks should have branches at the very gates of the large factories. Government savings stamps should continue to be sold, even if at a loss to the Government.

Saving will never be so popular as spending. The Liberty Bond will always be smaller in size than the piano. But if savings facilities can be brought close enough to the attention of people they will save far more than now. That is not enough, however. The worker must be taught to save if it can be done without any element of employer compulsion. Sometimes he objects to saving because he says the money goes into banks controlled by his employer and is used to help the employer defeat him when he strikes.

But on the other hand the worker can look his employer in the face and defy him in turn far better with savings than without. The successful strike has funds behind it. The Industrial Department of the Y. M. C. A., which has been helping industrial workers to save and which has organized Thrift Week, to begin January 17, 1920, keeps pounding away at young men the idea that they must keep books just as their employers do in order really to get proper treatment and attention from their employers.

Blackboard Lessons in Economy

A carpenter who made more than two hundred dollars a month during the war was obliged in the early spring of 1919 to take a very inferior position in a machine shop at $86.50 a month. There was a lull in building operations at the time and in any case he could not take outside work because of rheumatism.

"Someone is getting the difference," he said angrily to a Y worker after a talk on personal finances.

He had never been up against such a drop in wages before and he was bitterly convinced that the whole social and industrial system was wrong. When asked what he had done with his two hundred dollars a month while he had it he said:

"I bought comforts for my family, and you would have done the same too."

"The company you are working for puts aside a surplus when it has big orders," replied the Y man, "and is thus prepared for bad times. Let us see how you can arrange your expenditures now, even with your present small wages, so that everything can be met. I believe we can work it out in such detail that you can get along even now and save a little."

Talks are given on the subject of family and personal budgets and a general discussion is encouraged as to why certain expenditures should be made or not made. The men are asked what they spend their money for and often they reply defiantly, "For booze," or "For shooting craps." Then they are asked why, and a vote is taken on the subject, and the items are put on a blackboard. No attempt is made to put morals over on them, but usually the vote of the meeting condemns these expenditures. After such a meeting the popular guy in the factory is less likely to be the spendthrift than before.

Extravagance has been one of the forerunners of national decay. Such is probably too grave a view to take of present and possibly only temporary conditions, but nevertheless the duty of the citizen in this connection is not to be overlooked.

Attorney-General Palmer on being asked for a statement on extravagance said:

"I wish that we could make Americans from sea to sea realize and understand that the war is not over. I do not mean in the technical sense that the treaty has not yet been ratified, but I mean that the great underlying causes of the world war and the unrest which followed it in Europe are boiling in America now more strongly than they were boiling when our boys were across the seas with their rifles upon their shoulders. If we could make Americans everywhere realize that, I am satisfied they would spring to the defense of the nation in these conditions with as patriotic and unselfish a devotion to the common interest as they did when Uncle Sam called upon them to send their boys to the front, to save in their own homes and to back up the Government in every effort that it makes to win the glorious victory which has been our country's portion in the Armageddon of the nations. I wish that, because if the American people would understand it thoroughly they would enter upon a campaign of conservation and saving and economy which would result in winning this great war, which is a war not merely against high prices but a war against hunger and starvation in the cities and towns of our beloved land."

Packard

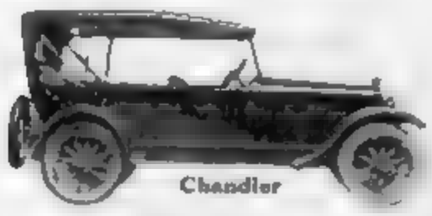
Peerless

Hudson

Studebaker

Premier

Apperson


Chandler

KisselKar

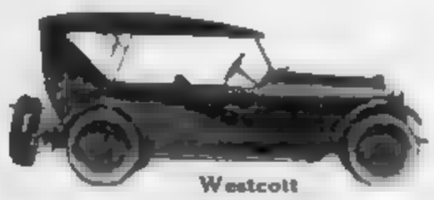
Grant

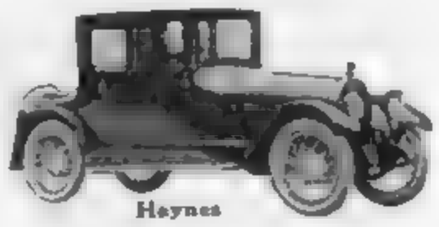
Moline-Knight

Willys-Knight

SNUBBING

All these cars are either standard equipped with Snubbers or have the frames drilled at the factory for them.


Westcott

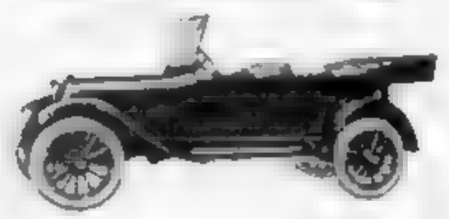

Haynes

MAKE THE CAR RIDE

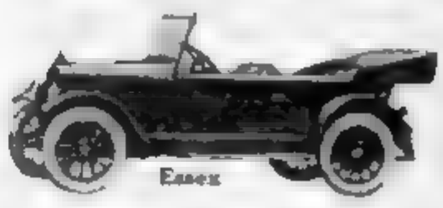
Ford Government Ambulance

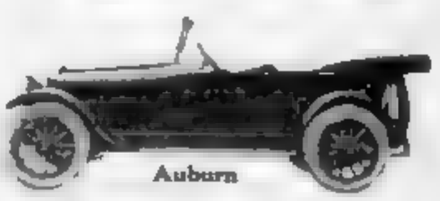
GAB SNUB

Pierce-Arrow



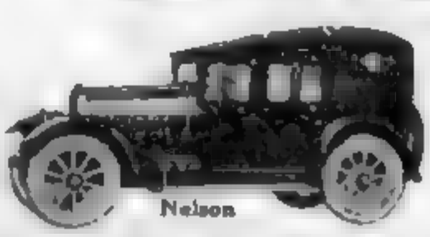
Jordan


Essex


Auburn

Chalmers

Cleveland


Nelson

Stanley

Crow-Elkhart

Not an accessory but a necessity. Becoming as standard as tops and windshields.

Gabriel Manufacturing Company
1408 E. 40th St. Cleveland, Ohio

Oldsmobile

Scripps-Booth

White

EASIER AND LAST LONGER

RIEL BEARINGS

General Motors Government Ambulance

THE GORGEOUS GIRL

(Continued from Page 27)

"I'll do the dishes," Mary said briefly. "Go and get ready."

"I'd wipe them only Gay is coming so early," Trudy explained glibly.

"I'd rather be alone." Mary was piling up the pots and pans.

"Now, deary, if you don't feel right about mother's going," her mother resumed a little later as she poked her head into the kitchen, "just say so. But I certainly want to see that town burnt up; and besides, it's teaching Luke history. Dear me, your hair is dull. Why don't you try that stuff Trudy uses?"

"Because I'm not Trudy. Good-by."

"You're all nerves again. I'd certainly let someone else do the work."

"I need a vacation."

"That means you want to get away from us. Well, I try to keep the home together. Leave that coffeepot just as it is; I'll want a drop when I get back." Waddling out the door Mrs. Faithful left Mary to assault the dishes and long for Steve's return.

"I wonder why the great plan did not make it possible for all folks to like their relatives?" she asked herself as she finally hung the tea towels on the line; "or their star boarder?"

Then she became engrossed in the way the newly-set-out plants had taken root. Bending over the flower beds she was hardly conscious that darkness had fallen over the earth—a heavenly, summer-cool darkness with veiled stars prophetic of a blessed shower. She repaired to the porch swing to dream her dreams of fluffs and frills, arrange a dream house and live therein. It should be quite unlike the Gorgeous Girl's apartment—but a roomy sprawling affair with old furniture that was used and loved and shabby, well-read books, carefully chosen pictures, dull rugs and oddly shaped lamps, a shaggy old dog to lie before the open fireplace and be patted occasionally, fat blue jugs of Ragged Robin roses at frequent intervals. Perhaps there would be a baby's toy left somewhere along the stairway leading to the nursery. When one has the cool of a summer's night, a porch screened with roses and a comfortable swing, what does it matter if there are unlikable persons and china-shop apartment houses?

Had Mary known what was taking place in the front parlor it would not have jarred her from her dreams. For Gaylord, resplendent in ice-cream flannels, and Trudy wearing an unpaid-for black-satin dress with red collar and cuffs, were both busier than the proverbial beavers planning their wedding. It was to be an informal and unexpected little affair, being the direct result of the Gorgeous Girl's demands as to settling her household.

"You've no idea how jolly easy it was, Babseley. There was a dressing case I know Bea will keep—it brought me a cool hundred commission—it had just come in. I plunged and bought two altar scarfs she can use for her reading stand—she likes such things—besides all the bona fide orders. I've been working for fair—and I've made over a thousand dollars."

Trudy kissed Babseley between his pale little eyes. "You lamb! Sure you won't have to give it back or that they will tell?"

"Of course not! They'd give their own selves away. That's the way such things are always done, y'know. I've an idea that I'll go in seriously for the business by and by. I don't feel any compunction; I'm entitled to every cent of it; in fact I call it cheap for Bea at a thousand."

"But will they really pay you?" Trudy was skeptical. It seemed such a prodigious amount for buying a few trifles.

"The Constantine credit is like the Bank of England. I'll have my money and we'll make our getaway before Bea arrives in town."

"Why?" Trudy did not approve this. The contrast between her marriage and the Gorgeous Girl's wedding rankled.

Gay hesitated. "I want to go to New York and see concert managers and father's friends," he evaded. "Then we'll visit my sister in Connecticut as long as she'll have us. And when we come back—well, you'll—you'll know the smart ways better."

He was a trifle afraid of Trudy and he did not know how best to advise her that her slips in speech and manners would be more easily remedied by setting her an example of the correct thing than by staying in Hanover and leading a cat-and-dog life, getting nowhere at all.

Trudy kissed him again. "Hurrah for the eternal frolic!" she said, adding: "But we'll know Beatrice and Steve socially, won't we?"

"Of course!" he said in helpless concession.

His one-cylinder little brain had not yet reckoned with Trudy's determination to conquer the social arena. He knew he must have her to help him; his efforts with creditors were failing sadly of late. Besides, he admired her tremendously; he felt like a rake and a deuce of a chap when they went out together, and he relied on her vivacity—Pep had been his pet name for her before he originated Babseley—to carry him through. It really would be quite an easy matter to live on nothing a year until something turned up. The graft from Beatrice was the open sesame, however, and the Gorgeous Girl would never suspect.

"Keep right on working hard," Trudy said fondly as they kissed each other good night. "I'll tell Mary to-morrow. I want to leave my big trunk here because we might want to stay here for a few days when we come back."

"Never!"—masterfully pointing his cane at the moon. "My wife is going to have her own apartment. One of father's friends has built several apartment houses and he'll be sure to let me in."

"Are we dreaming?" Trudy asked, thinking of how indebted she was to Beatrice O'Valley, yet how she envied and hated her.

"No, Babseley, I'll phone you to-morrow and come down. If you see me flying about in a machine don't be surprised; I'm to use their big car as much as I like. But it would be a little thick to have us seen together—just yet."

"I'll see that the whole social set gets a draft from me that will open their eyes," Trudy promised, loath to have him go.

"If old man Constantine knew I drew that money down!" Gay chuckled with delight. "When his favorite after-dinner story is to tell how Steve O'Valley lay on his stomach and watched goats for an education."

"I'd hate to have my finger between his teeth when he learns the truth," Trudy prompted.

She spent half the night taking inventory of her wardrobe, her debts and her personal charms, practicing airs and graces before her mirror and calculating how long the thousand would last them. All the world was before her, to Trudy's way of thinking. She would be Mrs. Gaylord Vondeplosshe, and with Gay's name and her brains—well, to give Trudy's own sentiments, they would soon be able to carry the whole show in their grip.

v

GAYLORD'S sudden marriage and departure for New York caused no small comment. In the Faithful family Mary and Luke stood against Mrs. Faithful, who declared with meaning emphasis that some girls had more sense than others and it was better to marry and make a mistake the first time than to remain an old maid. With Trudy's style and high spirits she was going to carry Gaylord into the front ranks without any effort. Luke described the event by saying that a bad pair of disturbers had teamed for life, and relied upon Mary to take up the burden of the proof.

"Don't mourn so, mother. I'm a happy old maid," she insisted when the comments grew too numerous for her peace of mind. "Trudy was not the sort to blush unseen, and it's a relief not to have to cover up her mistakes at the office. Everything will be serene once more.

"As for Gay's future—I suppose he is likely to bring home anything from a mousetrap to a diamond tiara. I don't pretend to understand his ways."

"Of course it isn't like Mrs. O'Valley's wedding," her mother resumed with a resonant sniffle. "You've been so used to hearing about her ways that poor little Trudy seems cheap. Perhaps your mother and brother and the little home seem so too. But we can't all be Gorgeous Girls, and I think Trudy was right to take Gaylord when he had the money for a ring and a license."

"He had more than that," Mary ruminated. "People don't walk to New York."

"Did he win it on a horse race?" Luke had an eye to the future.

"Maybe his father's friends helped him," Mrs. Faithful added.

"Can't prove anything by me." Mary shook her head.

Neither Trudy nor Gaylord knew that all Beatrice's bills were sent to Mary to write checks for; and Mary, not without a certain shrewdness, had her own ideas on the matter. But it amused more than it annoyed her; Gay might as well have a few hundred to spend in getting a wife and caretaker as tradesmen whose weakness it was to swell their profits beyond all respectability.

"I wonder where they will live," Mrs. Faithful found the subject entirely too fascinating to let alone.

"Not here," her daughter assured her. "And if you'd only say yes I could get such a sunny pretty flat where the work would be worlds easier."

"Leave my home? Never! It would be like uprooting an oak forest. Time for that when I am dead and gone." The double chin quivered with indignation. "I don't see why Trudy and Gay won't come here and take the two front rooms."

She approved of Trudy's views of life as much as she disapproved and was rather afraid of this young woman who wanted to bustle her into trim house dresses instead of the eternal wrappers.

"I kept Trudy only because she needed work—and a home," Mary said frankly; "and because you wanted her. But my salary does nicely for us. Besides, it would be a bad influence for Luke to have such a person as Gay about. We must make a man out of Luke."

"Don't go upsetting him. He eats his three good meals a day and always acts like a little gentleman. You'll nag at him until he runs away like my brother Amos did."

"Better run away from us than run over us," Mary argued; "but there is no need of planning for Trudy's return. Their home will be in a good part of the city, if it consists in merely hanging onto a lamp-post. You don't realize that Gay is a bankrupt snob and married Trudy only because he could play off cad behind his pretty wife's skirts. Men will like Trudy and the women ridicule and snub her until she finds she has a real use for her claws. Up to now she has only halfway kept them sharpened. In a few years you will find Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord Vondeplosshe in Hanover society with capital letters, hobnobbing with Beatrice O'Valley and her set and somehow managing to exist in elegance. Don't ask how they will do it—but they will. However, they would never consider starting from our house. It would be considered getting off on a sprained ankle."

Mrs. Faithful gulped the rest of her coffee. "No one has any use for me because I haven't money. Our parlor was good enough for them to do their courting in, and if they don't come and see me real often I'll write Trudy a letter and tell her some good plain facts!"

"Be sure to say we all think Gay's mother must have been awful fond of

(Continued on Page 125)

Beatrice Pitied Mary as All Butterflies Pity All Ants

The finest of cars at the shows are equipped with

American *Hammered* Piston Rings

"Standard Equipment"

THIS unequalled list of motor cars is convincing evidence of the superior quality of American Hammered Piston Rings.

When you see the newest models of these high class automobiles, at the National Shows, remember that American Hammered Piston Rings have contributed their share to the reputation for performance each one has earned.

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In buying rings for replacement, insist on American Hammered Piston Rings. You can thus be sure of the same high quality that has earned the preference of the leading automobile engineers. Look for the hammer trade mark.

American Hammered Piston Ring Co.
Baltimore, Maryland

One-Piece—Leakless—Guaranteed

American Hammered Piston Rings are best for *all* makes of internal combustion engines.

The American process of hammering assures permanent, equal pressure against all points of the cylinder walls. Therefore they are *leakless*.

Each ring is individually cast and tested.

For Fords, made to the same specifications as American rings used on the more expensive cars.

NUT Tootsie Rolls

Delicious chocolate candy - Mixed with fresh roasted peanuts
Made clean - Kept clean - Wrapped dustproof

(Continued from Page 122)

children to have raised him," Luke suggested from the offing.

Mary tossed a sofa pillow at him and disappeared. She could have electrified her mother by telling her Steve was to return that morning, that the office was prepared to welcome him back, and that Mrs. O'Valley would be anchored at the telephone to get into communication with her dearest and best of friends.

As she walked to the street car she reproached herself for not having told the news. It was a tiny thing to tell a woman whose horizon was bounded by coffeepots, spotted wrappers and inane movies.

"You're mean in spots," Mary told herself. "You know how it would have pleased her."

She sometimes felt a maternal compassion for this helpless dear with her double chins and self-sacrificing past, and she wondered whether her father had not had the same attitude during the years of nagging reproach at his lack of material prosperity. She resolved to come home that night with a budget of news items concerning Steve's return, even bringing a rose from the floral offering that was to be placed on his desk.

"After all, she's mother," Mary thought, rounding the corner leading to the office building, "and like most of us she does the best she can!"

She tried to maintain a calm demeanor in the office as she answered inquiries and opened the mail. But all the time she kept glancing at her desk clock. Half past nine—of course he would be late—surely he must come by ten. She wished she had flung maidenly discretion to the winds and worn the white-silk sport blouse she had just bought. But she had made herself dress in a crumpled waist of nondescript type. The floral piece on Steve's long-deserted desk made her keep glancing up to smile at its almost funereal magnificence.

She answered a telephone call. Yes, Mr. O'Valley was expected—undoubtedly he would wish to reserve a plate for the Chamber of Commerce luncheon—unless they heard to the contrary they could do so. . . . Oh, it was to include the wives and so on. Then reserve places for Mr. and Mrs. O'Valley. She hung up the receiver abruptly and went to making memoranda.

Even if she demanded and would receive a share of Steve's time and attention it would be the thankless, almost bitter portion—such as reserving plates for Mr. and Mrs. O'Valley or O. K.-ing Mrs. O'Valley's bills. Still it was hers, awarded to her because of keenness of brain and faithfulness of action. Steve needed her as much as he needed to come home to his miniature palace to watch the Gorgeous Girl display her latest creation, to be able to take the Gorgeous Girl fast in his arms and say, "You are mine—mine—mine!" very likely punctuating the words with kisses. Yet he must return each day to Mary Faithful and say, "You are my right-hand man."

"A penny for your thoughts!"

Steve O'Valley was standing beside her. "You look as if work agreed with you. Say something nice now—that a long holiday has improved me!"

She managed to put a shaking hand into his, wondering if she betrayed her thoughts. Being as tall as Steve she was able to look at him, not up at him; and there they stood—the handsome reckless man with just a suggestion of nervous tension in his Irish blue eyes, and the plain young woman in a rumpled linen blouse.

"Ah—so I don't please," he bantered. "Well, tell us all about it. I've a thousand questions—my father-in-law says you are the only thing I have that he covets. How about that?" He led the way into his office, Mary following.

Then he fell upon his mountain of mail and memoranda, demands for this charity and that patriotic subscription, and Mary began a careful explanation of affairs and they sat talking and arguing until the general superintendent looked in to suggest that the shop might like to have Mr. O'Valley say hello.

"It's nearly eleven," Steve exclaimed, "and we haven't begun to say a tenth of all there is to discuss. See the funeral piece, Hodges? Why didn't you label it 'Rest in pieces' and be done with it, eh? I shall now appear to make a formal speech." Here he cut a rosebud from the big wreath and handed it gravely to Mary; he cut a second one and fastened it in his own buttonhole. "Lead me out, Hodges. I'm a bit unsteady—been playing too long."

Mary stood in the doorway, one hand caressing the little rose. That Beatrice should have had the flower was her first thought. Then it occurred to her that Beatrice would have all the flowers at the formal affairs to be given the bridal couple, besides sitting opposite Steve at his own table. She no longer felt she had stolen the rose or usurped attention.

There was a clapping of hands and the usual laughter which accompanies listening to any generous proprietor's speech, a trifle forced perhaps but very jolly sounding. Then Steve returned to his office, to become engrossed in conversation with Mary, until Mark Constantine dropped in to bowl him off to the club for luncheon.

"She's kept things humming, hasn't she?" Constantine asked, sinking into the nearest chair.

"A prize," Steve said proudly. "I don't find a slip-up any place. I'll be back at two, Miss Faithful, in case anyone calls. . . . How is Bea?" His voice softened.

Mary slipped away.

"Bea doesn't like one half of her things and the other half are so much better than the apartment that she says they don't show up," her father admitted drolly. "She is tired to death—so you'll find her at home, my boy, with a box of candy and the last novel. Belle was talking her head off when I left the house and the girls keep calling her on the telephone for those little three-quarters-of-an-hour hello talks. It seems to me that for rich girls, my daughter and her friends are the busiest, most tired women I ever knew—and yet do the least." He put on his hat and waited for Steve to open the door.

"I don't pretend to understand them," Steve answered. "Maybe that's why I'm so happy. Bea fusses if the shade of draperies doesn't match her gown and if Monster has a snarl in her precious hair it is cause for a tragedy. But I just grin and go along and presently she has forgotten all about it."

"I tried to get that young woman helper of yours to help me fix up Bea's things," Constantine complained. "Let's walk to the club—my knees are going stiff on me."

"Well?"

"She looked round the apartment and plain refused to put away another woman's pots and pans. It was just spunk. I don't know that I blame her. So Belle got that low order of animal life ——"

"Meaning Gaylord?"

"Yes; and now the husband, I understand, of one of your formerly thinnest clad and brained clerks. Gay was in his element; he kept the machine working overtime and flattered Belle until he had everything his own way. Yet Beatrice seems quite satisfied with his achievements."

"You must have been hanging round the house this morning."

"I couldn't get down to brass tacks," he admitted. "You've had her all summer—but you can bet your clothes she wouldn't have had her if I hadn't been willing." He slapped Steve on the shoulder good-naturedly.

Steve nodded briskly. Then he suggested, "Bea has the New York idea rather strong. Has she ever hinted it to you?"

"Don't let that flourish, Steve. Kill it at the start. She knew better than to try to wheedle me into going. I'm smarter than most of the men round these parts but I'd be fleeced properly by the New York band of highbinders if I tried to go among them. And you're not as good at the game as I am. Not ——" He paused as if undecided how much would be best to tell Steve. He evidently decided that generalities would be the wisest arguments, so he continued, "Don't wince—it's the truth, and there must be no secrets between us from now on. Besides, you're in love and you can't concentrate absolutely. My best advice to you is to stay home and tend to your knitting.

"You and Bea can go play round New York all you like. Let the New York crowd come to see you and be entertained, they'll be glad to eat your dinners and drink your wine if they don't have to pay for it. We can get away with Hanover but we'd be handcuffed if we tried New York. When I made a hundred thousand dollars I was tempted to try New York instead of staying here—to make Bea the most gorgeous girl in the metropolis. But horse sense made me pass it by and stay on my own home diamond. So I've made a good many more hundreds of thousands and, what's to the point, I've kept 'em!"

Here the conversation drifted into more technical business detail with Steve expostulating and contradicting and Constantine frowning at his son-in-law through his bushy eyebrows, admiring him prodigiously all the while.

Beatrice had telephoned Steve's office, to be told her husband was at lunch and would not be in until two o'clock.

"Have him come to our apartment," she left word, "just as soon as he can. I am just leaving Mr. Constantine's house to go there."

After which she began telling Aunt Belle good-by.

"Dear me, Bea, what a wonderful hat!" her aunt sighed. "I never saw anything more becoming."

It took ten minutes to admire Bea's costume of rosewood crape and the jeweled-cap effect, somewhat like Juliet's, caught over each ear by a pink-satin rose.

"Steve doesn't appreciate anything in the way of costumes," she complained. "He just says, 'Yes, deary, I love you, and anything you wear suits me.' Quite discouraging and so different from the other boys."

"I'd call it very comfortable," suggested her aunt.

"I suppose so—but comfortable things are often tiresome. It is tiresome too to see too much of the same person. I was really bored to death in the Yosemite—Steve is so primitive—he wanted to stay there for days and days."

"Steve comes from primitive people," her aunt said, unaware of her own humor.

"Don't mention it. Didn't he force me to go to Virginia City, the most terrible little ghost world of tumbledown shacks and funny one-eyed one-suspendered men, and old women smoking pipes and wearing blue sunbonnets! He was actually sentimental and enthusiastic about it all, trying to hunt up old cronies of his grandfather's—I was cross as could be until we came back to Reno. Now Reno is interesting."

She spent the better part of an hour describing the divorcées and their adventures.

"Well, I'm off for home. I think I shall entertain the Red Cross committee first of all. It's only right, I believe"—the dove eyes very serious—"they've been under such terrible strains. I'm going to send a large bundle of clothes for the Armenian Relief too. Oh, aunty, the whole world seems under a cloud, doesn't it? But I met the funniest woman in Pasadena; she actually teed her golf ball on a valuable Swiss watch her husband had given her! She said her only thrills in life came from making her husband cross."

"Was he—when he found it out?"

"No; she was dreadfully disappointed. He called her a naughty child and bought her another!"

When Beatrice reached the apartment she found Steve standing on the steps looking anxiously up and down the street.

"What's happened?" he asked, halfway lifting her out of the car.

"Don't! People will see us. I was telling aunty about Reno. Oh, it's so good to be here!" as she came inside her own door. "I hope people will let me alone the rest of the day. I'm just a wreck." She found a box of chocolates and began to eat them.

"A charming-looking wreck I'll say." He stooped to kiss her.

The rose-colored glasses were still attached to Steve's naturally keen eyes. Like many persons he knew a multitude of facts but was quite ignorant concerning vital issues. He had spent his honeymoon in rapt and unreal fashion. He had realized his boyhood dream of returning to Nevada a rich and respected man with a fairy-princess sort of wife. The deadly anæsthesia of unreality which these get-rich-quick candidates of to-day indulge in at the outset of their struggle still had Steve in its clutch. He had not even stirred from out its influence. He had accomplished what he had set out to accomplish—and he was now about to realize that there is a distinct melancholy in the fact, that everyone needs an Aladdin's window to finish. But under the influence of the anæsthesia he had proposed to have an everlasting good time the rest of his life, like the closing words of a fairy tale: "And then the beautiful young princess and the brave young prince, having slain the seven-headed monster, lived happily ever, ever after!"

With this viewpoint, emphasized by the natural conceit of youth, Steve had passed his holiday with the Gorgeous Girl.

"What did you want, darling?" he urged.

"To talk to you—I want you to listen to my plan. You are to come with me to New York for the fall opera and all the theaters—oh, along in November. It's terribly dull here. Jill Briggs and her husband and some of the others are going, and we can take rooms at the Astor and all be together and have a wonderful time!"

"I'd rather stay in our own home," he pleaded. "It's such fun to have a real home. We can entertain, you know. Besides, I'm the worker and you are the player, and I don't understand your sort of life any more than you can understand mine. So you must play and let me look on—and love me, that's all I'll ever ask."

"You're a dear," was his reward; "but we'll go to New York?"

"I'll have to take you down and leave you—I'm needed at the office."

"But I'd be the odd one—I'd have to have a partner. Steve dear, you don't have to grub. When we were engaged you always had time for me."

"Because you had so little for me! And so I always shall have time for you," the anæsthesia causing his decision. "Besides, those were courtship days—and I wasn't quite so sure of you, which is the way of all men." He kissed her hair gently.

She drew away and rearranged a lock. "I don't want a husband who won't play with me."

"We'll fix it all right, don't worry. Now was that all you wanted?"

"I want you to stay home and go driving with me. I want you to call on some people—and look at a new cellaret I'd like to buy. It is expensive but no one else would have one anywhere near as charming. I need you this afternoon. My head aches. I'm always tired."

"Yet you never work," he said almost unconsciously.

"My dear boy, society is the hardest work in the world. I'm simply dragged to a frazzle the end of the season. Besides, there is all my war work and my clubs and my charities. And I've just promised to take an advanced course in domestic science."

"I see," Steve said meekly.

"I think it is the duty of rich women to know all about frying things as well as eating them," she said as she took a third caramel.

"Quite true. Having money isn't always keeping it."

"Oh, papa has loads of money—enough for all of us," she remarked easily. "It isn't that. I'd never cook if I were poor anyway; that would be the last thing I'd ever dream of doing. It's fun to go to the domestic-science class as long as all my set go. Well—will you be a nice angel-man and stay home to amuse your fractious wife?"

"I'll call Miss Faithful on the phone and say I'm going to play hooky," he consented. "By the way, you must come down to the office and say hello to her when you get the time."

Beatrice kissed him. "Must I? I hate offices. Besides, Gaylord has married your prettiest clerk and there will be no one to play with me except my husband."

"Funny thing—that marriage," Steve commented. "If it were anyone but Gay I'd send condolences for loading the office nuisance onto him."

"Wasn't she any use at all?" she asked curiously.

"None—always having a headache and being excused for the day. That was the only thing I ever questioned in Mary Faithful—why she engaged Trudy and took her into her own home as a boarder."

"Oh, so Mary isn't perfection? Don't be too hard on the other girl. I'd be quite as useless if I ever had to work. I'd do just the same—have as many headaches as the firm would stand for, and marry the first man who asked me."

"But think of marrying Gay!"

"Poor old Gay—his father was a dear, and he is terribly well behaved. Besides, see how obliging he is. Your Miss Faithful refused to help me out, and Gay ran his legs off to get everything I wanted. I'll never be rude to Gay as long as he amuses me."

"That's the thing that leads them all, isn't it, princess?"

VI

AFTER the first round of excessively formal entertainments for Mr. and Mrs. O'Valley, Steve found a mental hunger suddenly asserting itself. It was as if a

(Continued on Page 129)

A New Paige Motor

For three years the Paige engineers have been devoting their efforts to the development of a New Six-cylinder motor. With every facility for research and experiment, these men have worked with one definite object in mind—the production of the most efficient power plant in the world.

That motor is now an accomplished fact. It has passed from the laboratory to the road and there it has been tested mercilessly and continuously. It has been subjected to every stress and strain that brutal driving might suggest, but in each instance it has emerged with a flawless record.

These long, exhaustive tests have convinced us that the new Paige Motor is indeed the most efficient of all light sixes. In economy of operation, hill climbing ability, acceleration and flexibility it has far surpassed any power plant developed by this organization.

Best of all it is an original Paige product—conceived by Paige engineers and built by Paige mechanics in the Paige shops. In it we have incorporated every approved feature that is known to automotive engineering.

In brief, it represents the sum total of current engineering knowledge. It expresses accurately and completely the tremendous strides of scientific development during the entire war period. It is a strictly modern achievement—a product of the combined genius of two continents.

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A New Paige Car

The war has taught American manufacturers many valuable lessons. In the past three years, for instance, we have developed an entirely new conception of precise manufacturing in large scale production.

You will find a striking example of this practice in the New Paige "Glenbrook" model.

The scrupulously accurate methods that were applied to delicate Government mechanisms are now producing every unit of our car.

With the closest inspection, vastly increased equipment and much broader experience, there could be only one result—a highly refined, highly standardized product.

One ride in our new car tells an eloquent story of finely-balanced construction. The smooth, even power of the motor sweeps you along without a suggestion of vibration or mechanical noise. There is merely a gentle purr from the exhaust as the car glides on its way with the buoyancy of an aëroplane.

All road shocks and jars are immediately absorbed in the velvety spring suspension.

There is no danger of sway or "side slip" no matter what the speed may be, for every ounce of weight in the chassis is distributed with scientific precision.

Inside the car there is body room, leg room and elbow room for five adult passengers to travel in luxurious comfort.

The upholstering is soft and inviting—the equipment and general appointments throughout are the best that money can buy.

So far as the design is concerned, you of course know what to expect, for this is "The Most Beautiful Car in America."

The "Glenbrook" model is our latest achievement. We merely ask you to see it—ride in it—drive it—and form your own opinion. We shall be quite content to abide by the result.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

"Manufacturers of Paige Cars"

MULTIBESTOS

CLUTCH LINING BRAKE LINING

CONSIDER the many parts of a motor car. Each one has been the subject of engineering investigation. Each has brought out a division of engineering opinion. A majority verdict in favor of anything has seemed impossible – at least as far as the engineers were concerned.

Not so with brake lining and clutch lining. In this field you find Multibestos used and endorsed by the makers of over 60% of the cars and trucks. Basing their judgment on actual tests, a vast majority of the foremost automotive engineers have adopted Multibestos as standard equipment.

Their tests have proved that Multibestos as a clutch lining makes for ease in starting and establishes a firm connection between motor and driving mechanism. The tests on brake lining have proved that Multibestos provides perfect car control by giving just the right gripping quality to the brakes.

Your garage man knows this. To him *standard equipment* means *standard quality*. He favors Multibestos because it comes to him bearing the endorsement of leading engineers—because he knows from his own experience that this fabric woven from asbestos rock is superior in the service that it gives.

Remember, Mr. Car Owner, Multibestos is the engineer's standard for equipment. It is your standard for replacement.

"It must be right or they'd never use it"

Multibestos Brake Lining is standard equipment on the following:

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STANDARD WOVEN FABRIC COMPANY - - - Factory, Walpole, Mass., U. S. A.

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farm hand were asked to subsist upon a diet of weak tea and wafers.

In the first place no masculine mind can quite admit the superiority of a feminine mind when it concerns handling said masculine mind's business affairs. Though Steve insisted that Mary had done quite as well as he would have done, he told himself secretly that he must get down to hard work and go over the letters and memoranda which had developed during his absence.

With quiet amusement Mary had agreed to the investigation, watching him prowl among the files with the same tolerant attitude she would have entertained toward Luke had he insisted he could run the household more efficiently than a mere sister.

"Poor tired boy," she used to think when Steve would come into the office with a fagged look on his handsome face and new lines steadily growing across his forehead. "You don't realize yet—you haven't begun to realize."

And Steve trying to catch up with work and plan for the future, to respond graciously to every civic call made upon him, would find himself enmeshed in a desperate combination of Beatrice's dismay over the cut of her new coat, her delight at the last scandal, her headaches, the special order for glacé chestnuts he must not forget, the demand that he come home for luncheon just because she wanted him to talk to, the New York trip looming ahead with Bea coaxing him to stay the entire time and let business slide along as it would. All the while the anæsthesia of unreality was lessening in its effect now that he had attained his goal.

The rapt adoration he felt for his wife was in a sense a rather subtle form of egotism he felt for himself. The Gorgeous Girl or rather any Gorgeous Girl personified his starved dreams and frantic ambitions. He had turned his face toward such a goal for so many tense years, goading himself on and breathing in the anæsthesia of indifference and unreality to all else about him that having obtained it he now paused exhausted and about to make many disconcerting discoveries. Had the Gorgeous Girl had hair as black as his own or a nose such as Mary Faithful's she would have still been his goal, symbol of his aims.

Having finished the long battle Steve now felt an urge to begin to battle for something else besides wealth and social position. He felt ill at ease in Beatrice's salon and among her friends, who all seemed particularly inane and ridiculous, who were all just as busy and tired and nervous as Beatrice was for some strange reason, and who considered it bourgeoisie not to smoke and common to show any natural sentiment or emotion. He soon found it was quite the thing to display the temperament of an oyster when any vital issue was discussed or any play, for example, had a scene of inspiring words. A queer little smirk or titter was the proper applause, but one must wax enthusiastic and superlative over a clever burglary, a new-style dance, a chafing-dish concoction or a risqué story retold in drawing-room language.

Before his marriage Beatrice had always been terribly rushed and he had had more time in which to work and glow with pride at the nearing of his goal. She kept him at arm's length very cleverly anchored with the two-carat engagement ring and Steve had to fight for time and plead for an audience. It fired his imagination, making him twice as keen for the final capture.

But when two persons live in the same apartment, notwithstanding the eleven rooms and so on, a monotony of existence pervades even the grandeur of velvet-paneled walls. There are the inevitable three meals a day to be gone through with—five meals if tea and a supper party are counted. There are the same ever-rising questions as to the cook's honesty and the chauffeur's graft in the matter of buying new tires. There are just so many persons who have to be wined and dined and who revenge themselves by doing likewise to their former host, the everlasting exchanging of courtesies and pleasantries—all the dull, decent habits of ultra living.

Steve found his small store of possessions huddled into a corner, his pet slippers and gown graciously bestowed upon a passing panhandler and he was obliged to don a very correct gray "shroud," as he named it in thankless terms, and to put his cigar and cigar ashes into something having the earmarks of an Etruscan coal scuttle, though Beatrice said it was a priceless antique Gay had bought for a song! There were many times when Steve would have liked to roam about his house in plebeian shirt sleeves, eat a plain steak and French-fried potatoes with a hunk of homemade pie as a finish and spend the evening in that harmless disorderly fashion known to men of doing nothing but stroll about, smoking, playing semipopular records, reading the papers, and very likely having another hunk of pie at bedtime.

Besides all this there were the topics of the day to discuss. During his courtship love was an all-absorbing topic. There were many questions that Beatrice asked that required intricate and tiring answers. During the first six weeks of living at the apartment Steve realized a telling difference between men and women is that a woman demands a specific case—you must rush special incidents to back up any theory you may advance—whereas men for the most part are content with abstract reasoning and supply their own incidents if they feel inclined. Also that a finely bred fragile type of woman such as Beatrice inspires both fear and a maudlin sort of sympathy, and that a man is prevented from crossing such a one to any great extent since men are as easily conquered by maudlin sympathy as by fear.

When a yellow-haired child with dove-colored eyes manages to squeeze out a tear and at the same moment depart in wrath to her room and lock the doors, refusing to answer—the trouble being why in heaven's name must a pound-and-a-half spaniel called Monster, nothing but a flea-bearing dust mop, do nothing but sit and yap for chocolates?—what man is going to dare do otherwise than suppress a little profanity and then go and whisper apologies at the keyhole?

After several uncomfortable weeks of this sort of mental chaos Steve determined to do what many business men do—particularly the sort starting life in an orphan asylum and ending by having residence pipe organs and Russian wolfhounds frolicking at their heels—to bury himself in his work and defend his seclusion by never refusing to write a check for his wife. When he finally reached this decision he was conscious of a strange joy!

Everything was a trifle too perfect to suit Steve. The entire effect was that of the well-set stage of a society drama. Beatrice was too correctly gowned and coiffured, always upstage if anyone was about, her highly pitched, thin voice saying superlative nothings upon the slightest provocation; or else she was dissolving into tears and tantrums if no one was about.

Steve could not grasp the wherefore of having such stress laid upon the exact position of a floor cushion or the color scheme for a bridge luncheon—he would have so rejoiced in really mediocre table service, in less precision as to the various angles of the shades or the unrumpled condition of the rugs. He had not the oasis Mark Constantine had provided for himself when he kept his room of old-fashioned trappings apart from the rest of the mansion.

Steve needed such a room. He planned almost guiltily upon building a shack in the woods whither he could run when things became too impossible for his peace of mind. If he could convince his wife that a thing was smart or different from everything else its success and welcome in their house were assured. But an apple pie, a smelly pipe, a maidless dinner table or a disorderly den had never been considered smart in Beatrice's estimation, and Steve never attempted to change her point of view.

Beatrice wondered, during moments of seriousness, how it was that this handsome cave man of hers rebelled so cleverly against the beauty and correctness of the apartment and yet never really disgraced her, as her own father would have done. It gave her added admiration for Steve though she felt it would be a mistake to tell him so. She did not believe in letting her husband see that she was too much in love with him.

Despite his growls and protests about this and that, and his ignorance as to the things in life Beatrice counted paramount, Steve adapted himself to the new environment with a certain poise that astonished everyone. The old saying "Every Basque a noble" rang true in this descendant of a dark-haired romantic young woman whom his grandfather had married. There was blood in Steve which Beatrice might have envied had she been aware of it. But Steve was in ignorance, and very willingly so, regarding his ancestors. There had merely been "my folks"—which began and ended the matter.

Still it was the thoroughbred strain which the Basque woman had given her grandson that enabled Steve to be master of his house even if he knew very little of what it was all about. It was fortunate for his peace of mind—and pocketbook—that Beatrice had accepted the general rumor of a goat-tending ancestry and pried no further. Had she ever glimpsed the genealogy tables of the Benefacio family, from which Steve descended, she would have had the best time of all; coats of arms and family crests and mottoes would have been the vogue, a trip to the Pyrenees would have followed, mantillas and rebozos would have crowded her wardrobe and Steve would have been forced to learn Spanish and cultivate a troubadourish air.

Moreover, the Gorgeous Girl was not willing that her husband should be buried in business. She could not have so good a time without him—besides, it was meet that he acquire polish. Her father was a different matter; everyone knew his ways and would be as likely to try to change the gruff harsh-featured man as to try to survey Gibraltar with a penny ruler. Now Beatrice had married Steve because cave men were rather the mode, cave men who were wonderfully successful and had no hampering relatives. Besides, her father favored Steve and he would not have been amiable had he been forced to accept a son-in-law of whom he did not approve. Mark Constantine had never learned graciousness of the heart, nor had his child.

So Beatrice proceeded to badger Steve whenever he pleaded business, with the result that she kept dropping in at his office, sometimes bringing friends, coaxing him to close his desk and come and play for the rest of the day. Sometimes she would peek in at Mary Faithful's office and baby talk—for Steve's edification—something like this:

"Ise a naughty dirl—I is—want somebody to play wif me—want to be amoosed. Do oo care? Nice, busy lady—big brain."

Often she would bring a gift for Mary in her surface, generous fashion—a box of candy or a little silk handkerchief. She pitied Mary as all butterflies pity all ants, and she little knew that as soon as she had departed Mary would open the windows to let fresh air drive out distracting perfume, and would look at the useless trifle on her desk with scornful amusement.

Before the New York trip Steve took refuge in his first deliberate lie to his wife. He had lied to himself throughout his courtship but was most innocent of the offense.

"If Mrs. O'Valley telephones or calls please say I have gone out to the stockyards," he told Mary. "And will you lend me your office for the afternoon? I'm so rushed I must be alone where I can work without interruption."

Mary gathered up her papers. "I'll keep you under cover." She was smiling.

"What's the joke?"

"I was thinking of how very busy idle people always are and of how much time busy people always manage to make for the idle people's demands."

He did not answer until he had collected his work materials. Then he said, "I should like to know just what these idle people do with themselves but I shall never have the time to find out." He vanished into Mary's office, banging the door.

Beatrice telephoned that afternoon, only to be given her husband's message.

"I'll drive out to the stockyards and get him," she proposed.

"He went with some men and I don't believe I'd try it if I were you," Mary floundered.

"I see. Well, have him call me up as soon as he comes in. It is very important."

When Steve reached home that night he found Beatrice in a well developed pout. "Didn't you get my message?" she demanded sharply.

"Just as I was leaving the office. I looked in there on—on my way back. I saw no use in telephoning then. What was it, dear?"

"It's too late now. You have ruined my day."

"Sorry. What is too late?"

"I wanted you to go to Amityville with me; there is a wonderful astrologer there who casts life horoscopes. He predicted this whole war and the Bolsheviki and bombs and everything, and I wanted him to do ours. Alice Twill says he is positively uncanny."

Steve shook his head. "No long-haired coconut throwers for mine," he said briefly, unfolding his paper.

"But I wanted you to go."

"Well, I do not approve of such things; they are a waste of time and money."

"I have my own money," she informed him curtly.

Steve laid aside the paper. "I have known that for some time."

"Besides, it is rude to refuse to call me when I have asked you to do so. It makes me ridiculous in the eyes of your employees."

Recalling the shift of offices Steve suppressed a smile. "It was nothing important, Bea, and I am mighty busy. Your father never had time to play; he worked a great deal harder than I have worked."

"I can't help that. You must not expect me to be a little stay-at-home. You knew that before we were even engaged. Besides, I'm no child ——"

"No, but you act like one." He spoke almost before he thought. "You are a woman nearly twenty-six years old, yet you haven't the poise of girls eighteen that I have known. Still, they were farm or working girls. I've sometimes wondered what it is that makes you and your friends always seem so childish and naïve—at times. Aren't you ever going to grow up—any of you?"

"Do you want a pack of old women?" she demanded. "How can you find fault with my friends? You seem to forget how splendidly they have treated you."

A cave man must be muzzled, handcuffed and under the anæsthetic of unreality and indifference to be a satisfactory husband for a modern Gorgeous Girl.

"Why shouldn't they treat me splendidly? I have never robbed or maltreated any of them. Tell me something. It is time we talked seriously. We can't exist on the cream-puff kind of conversation. What in the world has your way of going through these finishing schools done for you?"

The dove-colored eyes flickered angrily. "I had a terribly good time," she began. "Besides, it's the proper thing—girls don't come out at twenty and marry off and let that be the end of it. You really have a much better time now if you wait until you are twenty-five, and then you somehow have learned how to be a girl for an indefinite period. As for the finishing school in America—well, we had a wonderful sorority."

"I've met college women who were clear-headed persons deserving the best and usually attaining it—but I've never taken a microscope to the sort of women playing the game from the froth end. I'm wondering what your ideas were."

"You visited me—you met my friends—my chaperons—you wrote me each day."

"I was in love and busy making my fortune. I was as shy as a backwoods product—you know that—and afraid you would be carried off by someone else before I could come up to the sum your father demanded of me. I have nothing but a hazy idea as to a great many girls of all sorts and sizes—and mostly you."

"Well, we had wonderful lectures and things; and I had a wonderful crush on some of the younger teachers—that is a great deal of fun."

"Crushes?"

"You must have crushes unless you're a nobody—and there's nothing so much a lark. You select your crush and then you rush her. I had a darling teacher, she is doing war work in Paris now. She was a doll. I adored her the moment I saw her and I sent her presents and left flowers in her room, orchids on Sundays, until she made me stop. One day a whole lot of us who had been rushing her clipped off locks of our hair and fastened them in little gauze bags and we strung a doll clothesline across her room and pinned the little bags on it and left a note for her saying, 'Your scalp line!'"

"What did that amount to?"

"Oh, it was fun. And I had another crush right after that one. Then some of the classes were interesting. I liked psychology best of all because you could fake the answers and cram for exams more easily. Math. and history require facts. There was one perfectly thrilling experience with fish. You know fish distinguish colors, one from the other, and are guided by color sense rather than a sense of smell. We had red sticks and green sticks and blue sticks in a tank of fish, and for days we put the fish food on the green sticks and the fish

(Continued on Page 133)

Stewart MOTOR TRUCKS

World leadership in only seven years

THE Stewart Motor Corporation, in seven years, has taken rank among the world's leaders in truck building. An astounding growth—an industrial achievement.

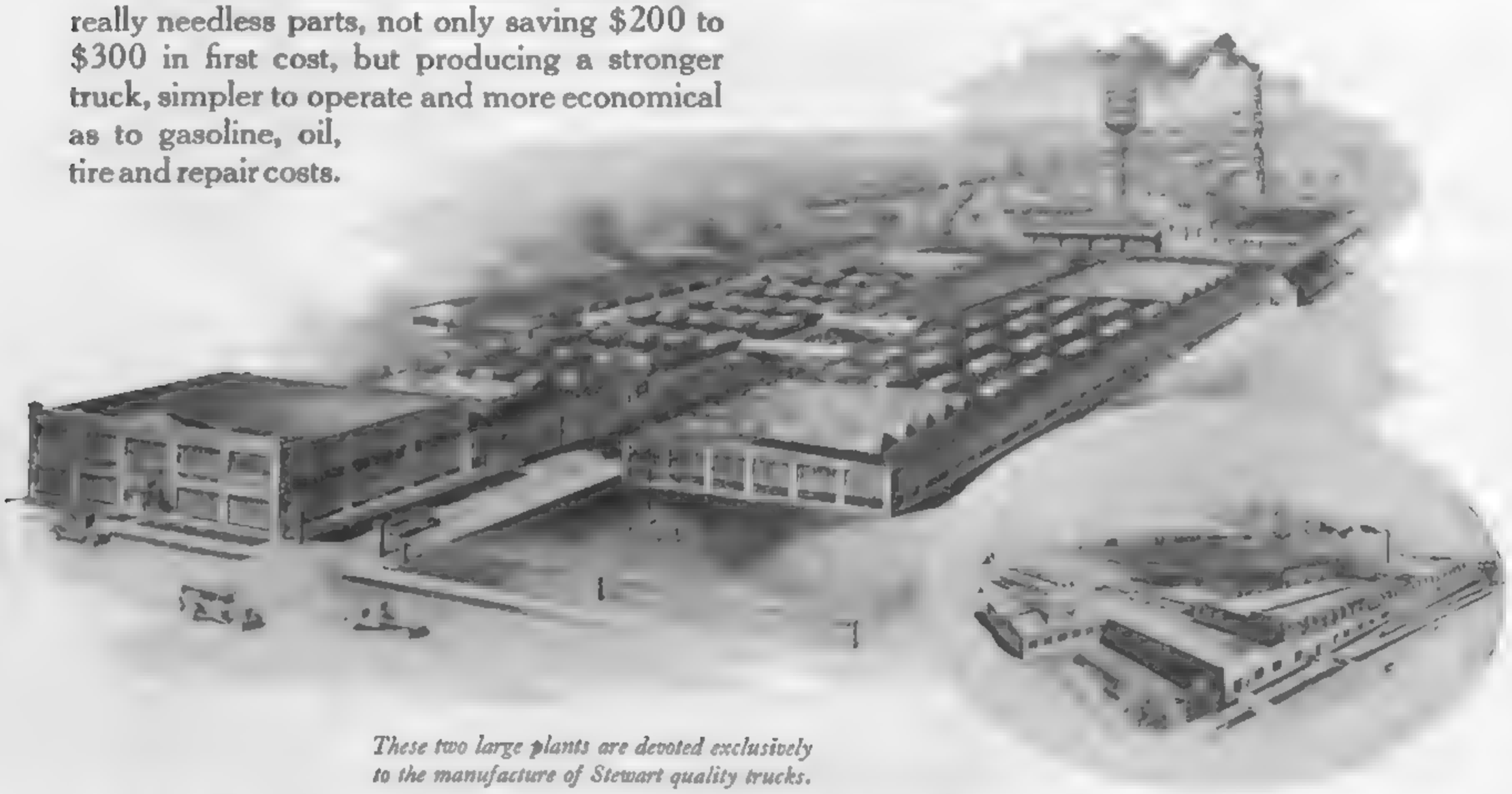
Last year the world paid over $9,000,000 for Stewart trucks and wanted more. This year, in a vast new plant, Stewart production will probably exceed $16,000,000.

Phenomenal? Yes, but inevitable.

For Stewart design eliminates hundreds of really needless parts, not only saving $200 to $300 in first cost, but producing a stronger truck, simpler to operate and more economical as to gasoline, oil, tire and repair costs.

Stewart owners are not merely pleased with the truck's every-day performance. They are enthusiastic. Hundreds of firms that began with one truck are now operating large fleets of Stewarts.

The Stewart problem has always been how to build trucks fast enough to supply the demand. But the great plant shown below has more than doubled facilities for producing Stewart quality trucks.



These two large plants are devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Stewart quality trucks.

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Stewart MOTOR TRUCKS

Stewart economy wins international fame

THOUSANDS of Stewarts are more than paying their daily way in over 600 American cities, on hundreds of farms, and in twenty-seven foreign countries.

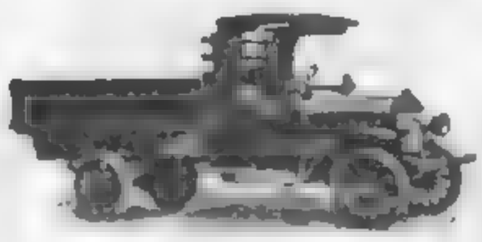
The Stewart reputation for money-saving service has circled the globe. Stewarts are largely used in England, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, Russia, China, India, Siam, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, South America, and many other lands.

Stewart exhibits this month at all the important motor shows, offer a rare opportunity to convince yourself that the Stewart is America's greatest truck value.

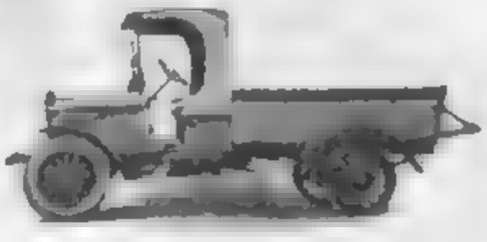
3½ ton chassis $3500

Stewarts are made in five sizes

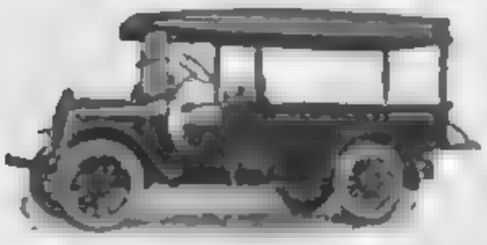
2-Ton Capacity Chassis $2575



1½-Ton Capacity Chassis $1975



1-Ton Capacity Chassis $1650

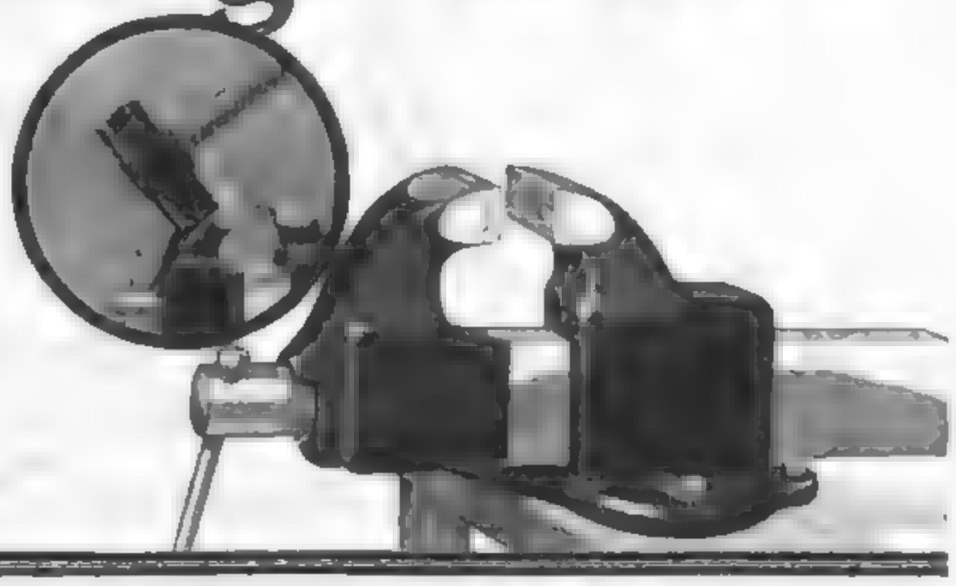


¾-Ton Capacity Chassis—$1195
Electric Starter—Electric Lights—Magneto Ignition

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

COLUMBIAN VISES

Sledge-Tested



"Break It If You Can, Andy"

BIG, brawny Andy, a motion picture hero for the first time in his life, did his best to batter the Columbian malleable iron vise into uselessness. With a 16-pound sledge he was only able to make slight dents in the front jaw, the back jaw, the beam itself—but Andy couldn't break them. After ten minutes of hammering that no other vise in the world could stand, the jaws of the Columbian Vise were still perfectly perpendicular and parallel, the beam moved freely, the vise opened and closed with the pressure of one finger on the handle.

The Columbian sledge-test is spectacular—we admit it. You don't expect your vises to get any such abuse. But how do you know they won't get it? If you buy Columbian Vises you are safe.

Columbian Sledge-Tested Vises are the only malleable iron vises made and are patented—yet they cost no more. Specify them.

THE COLUMBIAN HARDWARE CO. *World's largest makers of vises and anvils.* CLEVELAND

(Continued from Page 129)

would swim right over to get it, and then we put it on the red sticks and they still swam over to the green sticks and waited round—so it was recognizing color and not the food. And a lot of things like that."

Steve laughed. "I hope the fish wised up in time."

Beatrice looked at him disapprovingly. "If you had gone to college it might have made a great difference," she said.

"Possibly," he admitted; "but I'll let the rest of the boys wait on the fishes. Did you go to domestic science this morning?"

"Yes, it was omelet. Mine was like leather. The gas stove makes my head ache. But we are going to have a Roman pageant to close the season—all about a Roman matron, and that will be lots of fun."

"You eat too much candy; that is what makes your head ache," he corrected.

She pretended not to hear him. "It is time to dress."

"Don't say there's a party to-night," he begged.

"Of course there is, and you know it. The Homers are giving a dinner for their daughter. Everyone is to wear their costumes wrong side out. Isn't that clever? I laid out a white-linen suit for you—it will look so well turned inside out; and I am going to wear an organdie that has a wonderful satin lining. There is no reason why we must be frumps."

"I'd rather stay home and play cribbage," Steve said almost wistfully. "There's a rain creeping up. Let's not go!"

"I hate staying home when it is raining." Beatrice went into her room to try the effect of a sash wrong side out. "It is so dull in a big drawing-room when there are just two people," she added as Steve appeared in the doorway.

"Two people make a home," he found himself answering.

The Gorgeous Girl glanced at him briefly, during which instant she seemed quite twenty-six years old and the spoiled daughter of a rich man—the childish, senseless part of her had vanished. "Would you please take Monster into the kitchen for her supper?" she asked almost insolently.

So the owner of the O'Valley leather works found his solace in tucking the pound-and-a-half spaniel under his arm and trying to convince himself that he was all wrong and a self-made man must keep a watch on himself lest he become a boor!

The day the O'Valleys left for New York in company with three other couples Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord Vondeplosshe arrived in Hanover, having visited until their welcome was not alone worn out but impossible ever to be replaced. A social item in the evening paper stated that they had taken an apartment at the Graystone and would be at home to their friends—whoever they might be.

If Gay's club and his friends had determined merely to be polite and not welcome his wife, Trudy had determined that they would not only welcome her but insist upon being helpful to them; as for her former associates—they would be treated to a curt bow. This, however, did not include the Faithfuls. Mary was not to be ignored, nor did Trudy wish to ignore her. All the good that was in Trudy responded to Mary's goodness. She never tried to lie to Mary—no one did more than once. Nor did she try to flatter her. She was truly sorry for Mary's colorless life, really grieved that Mary would not consent to shape her eyebrows. But she respected her, and it was to Mary's house that Mrs. Vondeplosshe repaired shortly after her arrival.

It was quite true that Beatrice Constantine would have developed much as Trudy had were the pampered person compelled to earn her living, and, like Trudy too, would have married a half portion, bankrupt snob. As Trudy dashed into the Faithful living room, kissing Mary and her mother and shaking a finger at Luke, Mary thought what a splendid imitation she was of Beatrice returning from her honeymoon.

"As pretty as a picture," Mrs. Faithful declared, quite chirked up by the bridal atmosphere. "How do you do it, Trudy? And why didn't you write us something besides postals? They always seem like printed handbills to me."

"Especially mine," Luke protested. "One of Sing Sing with the line: 'I am thinking of you.'"

Trudy giggled. "I didn't have a minute and I bought postals in flocks. Oh, I adore New York! I'm wild to live there. I nearly passed away in New England, but of course we had to stay as long as they would have us."

She looked at herself in a mirror, conscious of Mary's amused expression. She wore a painfully bright-blue tailored suit—she had made the skirt herself and hunted up a Harlem tailor to do the jacket—round-toed, white-leather shoes stitched with bright blue, white-silk stockings, an aviatrix cap of blue suède, and a white fox fur, purchased at half price at a fire sale.

"I haven't any new jewelry except my wedding ring," she mourned. "I expected Gay's sister to give me one of her mother's diamond earrings—I think she might have. They are lovely stones—but she never made a move that way—she's horrid. As soon as I can afford to be independent I shall cut her, for she did her best to politely ask us to leave."

"You were there several weeks, weren't you?" Mary ventured.

"Yes—I grew tame. I learned a lot from her—I was pretty crude in some ways." Which was true. Trudy was quite as well-bred looking, at first glance, as the Gorgeous Girl. "It is always better to get your experience where the neighbors aren't watching. I didn't lose a minute. If I never did an honest day's work for Steve O'Valley I worked like a steam engine learning how to be a real lady, the sort Gay tried to marry but couldn't!"

"As if you weren't a little lady at all times," Mrs. Faithful added.

"Of course we are stony broke, but Gay's brother-in-law just had to loan us some money in order to have us go. They gave us fifty dollars for a wedding present. Well, it was better than nothing. Gay has talked to a lot of concert managers and he's going to have some wonderful attractions next season. People have never taken Gaylord seriously; he really has had to discover himself and he is ——"

"Are you practicing small talk on me?" Mary asked.

"You've said it," Trudy admitted. "That last is the way I'm going to talk about Gaylord to his friends. I'll make him a success if he will only mind me. Just think—I'll be calling on Beatrice O'Valley before long! She will have to know me because Gay helped furnish her apartment and was one of her ushers. It will mean everything for us to know her—and I'm never going to appear at all down and out either. People never take you seriously if you seem to need money. Debt can't frighten me. I was raised on it. All I need is Gay's family reputation and my own hair and teeth and I'll breeze in before any of the other entries. I came to ask if you won't come to see where I live?" She smiled her prettiest. "Gay is at his club and we can talk. It was quite a bomb in the enemies' camp when he married—people just can't dun a married man like they do a bachelor."

"I'll come next week." Mary tried putting off the evil day.

"No—now. I want your advice—and to show you my clothes."

"You will have clothes, Trudy, when you don't have food."

"You have to these days—no good time unless you do."

She kissed Mrs. Faithful and promised to have them all up for dinner. Then she tucked her arm in Mary's and pranced down the street with her, talking at top speed of how horrid it was they had to walk and not drive in a cab like Beatrice, and concluding with a dissertation on Gaylord's mean disposition.

"I'm not mean, Mary, unless I want to accomplish something—but Gaylord is mean on general principle. He sulks and tells silly lies when you come to really know him. Oh, I'm not madly in love—but we can get along without throwing things. It's better than marrying a clodhopper who couldn't show me anything better than his mother's green-plush parlor."

"Doesn't it seem hard to have to pretend to love him?"

"No, he's so stupid," said the debonair Mrs. Vondeplosshe as she brought Mary up before the entrance of the Graystone, a cheap apartment house with a marble entrance that extended only a quarter of the way up; from there on ordinary wood and marbleized paper finished the deed. The Vondeplosshes had a rear apartment. Their windows looked upon ash cans and delivery entrances, the front apartments with their bulging bay windows being twenty-five dollars a month more rent. As it was they were paying forty-five, and were very lucky to have the chance to pay it.

Trudy unlocked the door with a flourish. All that Trudy had considered as really essential to the making of a home was a phonograph and a pier glass; the rest was simple—rent a furnished place and wear out someone else's things. The bandbox of a place with four cell-like rooms was by turns pitiful and amusing to Mary Faithful.

"We are just starting from here," Trudy reminded her as she watched the gray eyes flicker with humor or narrow with displeasure. "Wait and see—we'll soon be living neighbor to the O'Valleys. Besides, there is such an advantage in being married. You don't have to worry for fear you'll be an ——"

"Old maid," finished Mary. "Out with it! You can't frighten me. I hope you and Gay never try changing your minds at the same time, for it would be a squeeze."

She selected a fragile gilt chair in the tiny living room with its imitation fireplace and row of imitation painted books in the little bookcase. This was in case the tenants had no books of their own—which the Vondeplosshes had not. If they possessed a library they could easily remove the painted board and give it to the janitor for safekeeping. There were imitation Oriental rugs and imitation-leather chairs and imitation-mahogany furniture, plated silver, and imitations of china and of linen were to be found in the small three-cornered dining room, which resembled a penurious wedge of cake, Mary thought as she tried saying something polite. The imitation extended to the bedroom with its wall bed and built-in chiffonier and dresser of gaudy walnut. Trudy had promptly cluttered up the last-mentioned article with smart-looking cretonne and near-ivory toilet articles. There was even a pathetic little wardrobe trunk they had bought for $28.75 in New York, and Trudy had painstakingly soaked off old European hotel labels she had found on one of Gay's father's satchels and repasted them on the trunk to give the impression of travel and money.

The kitchen was nothing but a dark hole with a rusty range and nondescript pots and pans. "Being in the kitchen gets me nothing, so why bother about it?" Trudy explained, hardly opening the door. "We have no halls or furnace to care for, and an apartment house sounds so well when you give an address. I wish we could have afforded a front one; it will be hard to have people climbing through the back halls. I have put in a good supply of canned soups and vegetables and powdered puddings, and we can save a lot on our food. We'll be invited out too, and when we eat at home I can get a meal in a few minutes and I'll make Gay wash the dishes. Besides, I have a wonderful recipe for vanishing cream that his sister bought in Paris, and I'm going to have a little business myself, making it to supply to a few select customers as a favor. I'll sell small jars for a dollar and large ones for three, and I can make liquid face powder too. Oh, we won't starve. And if you could wait for the money I know I owe you ——"

"Call it a wedding present," Mary said briefly.

"You lamb!"

Trudy fell on her neck, and was in the throes of explaining how grateful she was and how she had an evening dress modeled after one of Gay's sister's, which cost seven hundred dollars before the war, when Gay appeared—very debonair and optimistic in his checked suit, velours hat and toothpick-toed tan shoes, and his pale little eyes were quite animated as he kissed Trudy and dutifully shook hands with Mary, explaining that the Hunters of Arcadia had just offered him a clerical position at the club, ordering supplies and making out bills, and so on—because he was married, very likely. It would pay forty a month and his lunches.

"And only take up your mornings! You can slip extra sandwiches in your pockets for me, deary. I'll give you a rubber-pocketed vest for a Christmas present," Trudy exclaimed. "Oh, I say everything in front of Mary—she knows what we really are!"

At which Mary fled, with the general after impression of pale, wicked eyes and a checked suit and a dashing red-haired young matron with a can opener always on hand, and the fact that the Vondeplosshes were going to lay siege to the O'Valleys as soon as possible.

Mary decided that it was a great privilege to be a profane lady concealing a heartache, compared to other alternatives. At least heartaches were quite real.

VII

IT WAS almost Christmas week before the realization of Trudy's ambition to have Beatrice call upon her as the wife of Gaylord Vondeplosshe instead of an unimportant employee of her own husband. Trudy counted upon Beatrice to help her far more than Gaylord dared to hope.

"Bea is like all her sort," he warned Trudy when the point of Beatrice's having to invite the Vondeplosshes for dinner was close at hand; "she is crazy about herself and her money. She would cheat for ten cents and then turn right round and buy a thousand-dollar dress without questioning the price."

Which was true. Beatrice had never had to acquire any sense of values regarding either money or character. By turns she was penurious and lavish, suspecting a maid of stealing a sheet of notepaper and then writing a handsome check for a charity in which she had only a passing interest. She would send her soiled finery to relief committees and when someone told her that satin slippers and a torn chiffon frock were not practical she would say in injured astonishment:

"Sell them and use the money. I never have practical clothes."

If a maid pleased her Beatrice pampered her until she became overbearing, and there would be a scene in which the maid would be told to pack her things and depart without any prospect of a reference; and someone else would be rushed into her place, only to have the same experience. Beatrice was like most indulged and superfluously rich women, both unreasonable and foolishly lenient in her demands. She had no schedule, no routine, no rules either for herself or others. She had been denied the chance of developing and discovering her own limitations and abilities. She expected her maids and her friends to be at her beck and call twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four; she would not accept an excuse of being unfitted by illness for some task or of not knowing how to do any intricate, unheard-of thing which it suddenly occurred to her must be done.

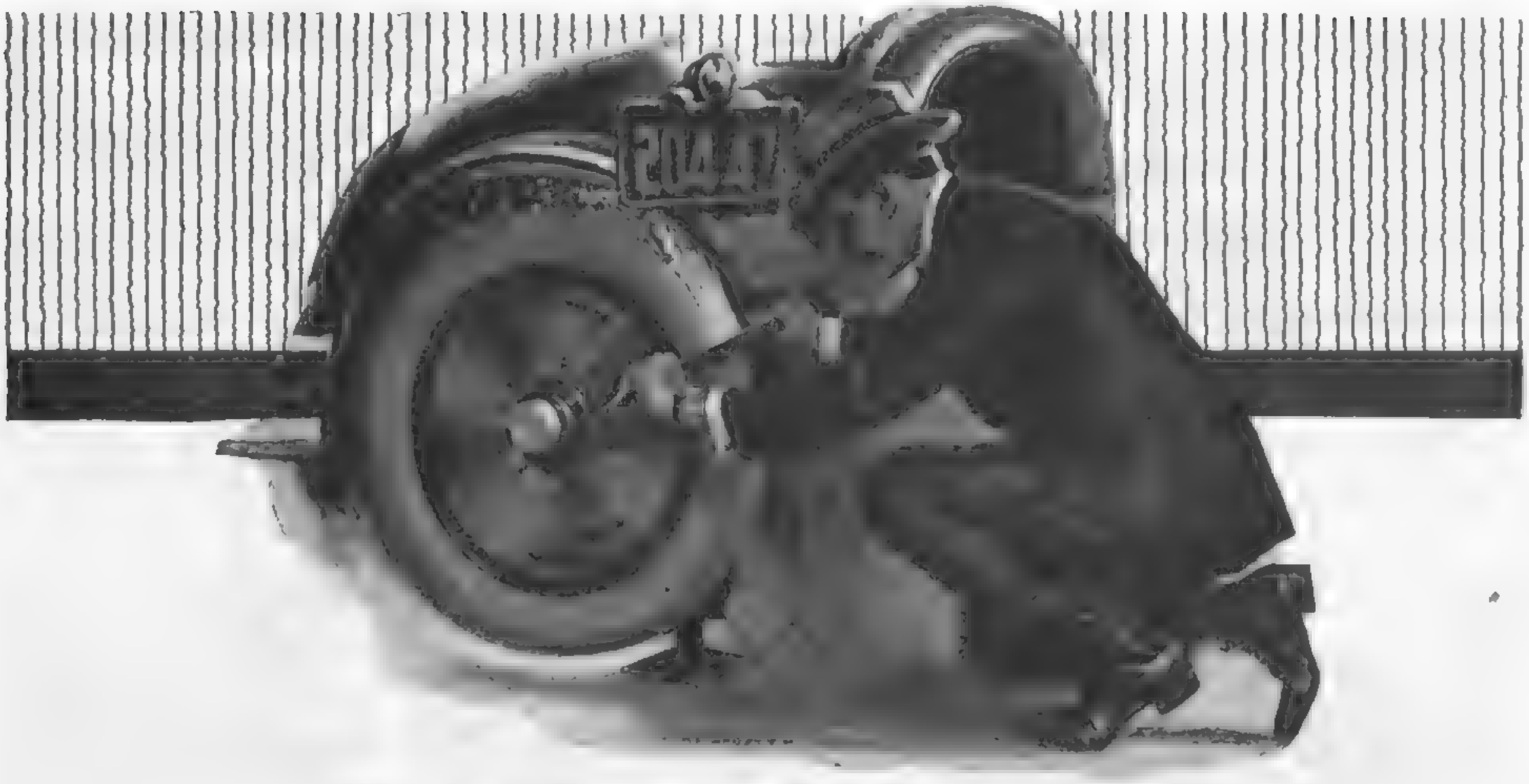
When a servant would plead her case Beatrice always told her that for days at a time she left her alone in her beautiful home with nothing to do but keep it clean and eat up all her food and very likely give parties and use her talking machine and piano—which was quite true—and that she must consider this when she was asked to stay on duty until three or four o'clock in the morning or be up at five o'clock with an elaborate breakfast for Beatrice and her friends just returning from a fancy-dress ball.

On a sunny day she often sent the maids driving in her car, and if a blizzard came up she was certain to ask them to walk downtown to match yarn for her, not even offering car fare. She would borrow small sums and stamps from them and deliberately forget to pay them back, at the same time giving her cook a forty-dollar hat because it made her own self look too old. She had never had anyone but herself to rely upon for discipline and whenever she wanted anything she had merely to ask for it. When anything displeased her it was removed without question.

American business men do not always toil until they are middle-aged for the reward of being made a fool of by a chorus girl or an adventuress. That belongs to yellow-backed penny-dreadfuls and Sunday-supplement tales of breach-of-promise suits. More often the daughter of the business man is both the victim and the vampire of his own shortsighted neglectfulness. The business man expresses it as "working like a slave to give her the best in the land." And sometimes, as in the case of Steve O'Valley, it is his own wife instead of a blond soul mate who lures him to destruction in six installments.

When Beatrice first knew of Gaylord's return she was inclined to pay no attention to his wife, despite her remarks to Steve. Then Gaylord telephoned and she had him up for afternoon tea, during which he told her all about it. He was very diplomatic in his undertaking. He pictured Trudy as a diamond in the rough, and in subtle careful fashion gave Beatrice to understand that just as she had married a diamond in the rough—with a Virginia City grandfather and a Basque grandmother and the champion record of goat tending—so he too had

(Continued on Page 137)



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It actually grinds away the tire's tread—stretches and weakens the fabric—causes inevitable punctures and blowouts.

Every time you skid you grind off miles and miles of tire service and no matter how careful a driver you may be, when roads are wet and slippery it is next to impossible to avoid skidding unless your tires are equipped with

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For Protection and Preservation

Weed Chains insure safety, economy and tire protection—Always put them on "At the First Drop of Rain."

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The Jack for Jill

Weed Chain-Jack

It works so easily that it's no trick at all for even the girls and children to operate it—simply a few easy pulls on its chain lifts or lowers the heaviest car while you stand erect. Up or down—there's no labor.

To operate a Weed Chain-Jack it is not necessary to get down in a cramped, strained position and grovel in the mud, grease or dust under a car to work a "handle" that is apt to fly up with unpleasant results. ***To lift a car*** with the Weed Chain-Jack, simply give a few easy pulls on its endless chain while you stand erect—clear from spring, tire carriers and other projections. ***To lower a car*** pull the chain in the opposite direction.

Never gets out of order. Quickly adjusted to any required height by lifting the screw and spinning the corrugated "collar" shown in the illustration. ***Try it yourself***—you will never be satisfied with any other jack.

The Jack That Saves Your Back

10 Days' Trial

If your dealer does not have them send $7.50 for any size for pleasure cars or $15.00 for the Truck size, and we will send you one, all charges prepaid. For delivery in Canada send $8.50 for any size for pleasure cars or $16.00 for the Truck size. Try it 10 days; if not satisfied return it to us and we will refund your money

MADE IN FOUR SIZES

Size	Height When Lowered	Height When Raised	Height When Raised With Aux. Step Up	Price
8 inch	8 inches	12⅝ inches	14⅝ inches	$ 7.50
10 inch	10 inches	15⅝ inches	17⅝ inches	7.50
12 inch	12 inches	18½ inches	No Aux Step	7.50
12 in. Truck	12 inches	19½ inches	No Aux Step	15.00

The 8-inch and 10-inch sizes are made with an auxiliary step as illustrated. When in operative position this step adds two inches to the height of the jack

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

Bridgeport, Connecticut.

In Canada—DOMINION CHAIN CO., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario.

LARGEST CHAIN MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

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Quality Goes Clear Through

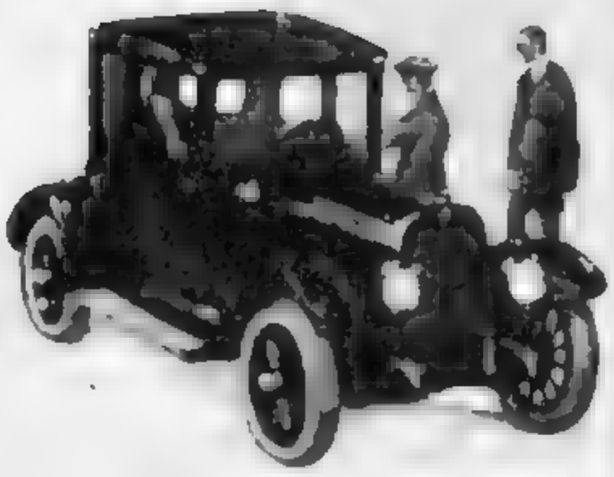
Particularly where motor car owners place a premium upon uninterrupted use and low operative cost, the Dort is looked upon as the choice of its class.

People everywhere, in fact, are coming to appreciate more and more the true worth of the simplicity and accessibility of this good-looking and comfortable car.

These factors guarantee to you the same long-lived excellence and economy in performance whether you elect to drive the Touring model, the Four-Door Fourseason Sedan, the Coupé, or the Roadster.

The sharp and clear-cut preference buyers are exhibiting toward the Dort today can be regarded as nothing short of a national recognition of the material advantages resulting from Dort simplicity and accessibility.

Look up the Dort at the Automobile Show and verify for yourself the *obvious* and *individual* superiority claimed for it.



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Touring Car	$985	Fourseason Sedan -	$1535
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F. O. B. Factory Wire wheels and spare tires extra

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Flint, Mich.

Canadian Factory, Gray-Dort Motors, Ltd.
Chatham, Ontario

(Continued from Page 133)

been democratic enough to put aside precedent and marry a charming unspoiled little person with both beauty and ability, and certainly he was to be congratulated, since he had married for love alone, Truletta knowing full well his unfortunate and straitened circumstances. . . . Yes, her people lived in Michigan but were uncongenial. Still, there was good blood in the family; only it was a long way back, probably as far back as the age of spear fighting, and he relied upon Beatrice, his old playmate, to sympathize with and uphold his course.

Secretly annoyed that the tables had been so skillfully turned, yet not willing to admit it to this pale-eyed morsel, Beatrice was obliged to say she would call upon his wife and ask them for dinner the following week.

Gaylord fairly floated home, to find Trudy remodeling a dress, scraps of fur and shreds of satin on the floor.

"Babseley, she's coming to call tomorrow!" he said joyfully, hanging up his velours hat and straddling a little gilt chair.

"Really? I wish we had a better place. I feel at a disadvantage. If it were a man I wouldn't mind. I could act humble and brave—that sort of dope. But it never goes with a woman; you have to bully a rich woman, and I'm wondering if I can."

"I did," he said, his pale eyes twinkling with delight. "It was easy too. I dragged in O'Valley's orphan-asylum days and all, and how we both married diamonds in the rough. Woof, how she squirmed!" He rose and went to the absurd little buffet, pouring out two glasses of red ink and gulping down one of them. "I wish I had O'Valley's money; I'd put away a houseful of this stuff. I'm going to dig up a few bottles at the club—in case of illness." Trudy did not want her glass, so he drank that as well.

"You take too much of that stuff," Trudy warned, gathering up her debris; "and when you have taken too much you talk too much."

Gaylord rewarded her by consuming a third glass. "Shall we eat out?"

She shook her head. "Too expensive. There's no need for it now. I bought some potato salad and I have canned pineapple and sugar cookies."

She dumped her work into a basket and flew round the dining room until she summoned Gaylord to join her in a meal laid out on the corner of a dingy luncheon table.

The wine dulled Gay's appetite and Trudy's had been taken quite away by Beatrice's proposed visit. Besides, they put the latest jazz record on their little talking machine, which helped substitute for a decent meal. They danced a little while and then Trudy planned what she should wear for the O'Valley dinner party and Gaylord figured how much money he needed before he would dare try buying an automobile, and they finished the evening by attending the nine-o'clock movie performance and buying fifteen cents' worth of lemon ice and two sponge cakes to bring home as a *piece de résistance*.

Beatrice found herself amused instead of annoyed as she climbed the stairs to the Vondeplosshe residence. At Trudy's request Gay had discreetly consented to be absent. He had pretty well picked up the threads of his various enterprises, and what with his club duties, his second-rate concerts, his gambling and commissions from antique dealers, he managed to put in what he termed a full day. So he swung out of the house early in the afternoon to buy himself a new winter outfit, wondering if Trudy would row when she discovered the fact.

Gaylord's theory of married life was "What's mine is my own, and what's yours is mine." He relied on Trudy to mend his clothes and make his neckties, keep house and manage with a laundress a half day a week, yet always be as well dressed and pretty as when she had slacked in the office and boarded without cares at Mary's house. She must always seem happy and proud of her husband and have her old pep—being on the lookout for a way to make their fortunes. She must also remain as young looking as ever and always be at his beck and call.

Gaylord was rapidly developing into an impossible little bully, the usual result of an impoverished snob who manages to become a barnaclelike fixture on someone a trifle more foolish yet better of nature than himself.

Had he been less aristocratic of family and stronger of brawn he would have beaten Trudy if she displeased him. As it was, after the first flush of romance passed, he began to sneer at her in private when she made mistakes in the ways of the smart set into which Gaylord had been born, and when she protested he only sneered the louder. He felt Trudy should be eternally grateful to him. Trudy found herself bewildered, hurt—yet unable to combat his contemptible little laughs and sneers. Trudy was shallow and she knew not the meaning of the word "ideal," but for the most part she was rather amiable and unless she had a certain goal to attain she wished everyone about her to be happy and content. As she had married Gaylord only as a stepping-stone she was fair enough to remind herself of this fact when unpleasant developments occurred. As long as he was useful to her she was not going to seize upon pinpricks and try to make them into actual wounds.

She decided to wear her one decent tea gown when Beatrice called, pleading a bad headache as an excuse for its appearance. She knew the tea gown was an excellent French model, a hand-me-down from Gay's sister, and her nimble fingers had cleaned and mended the trailing pink-silk loveliness until it would make quite a satisfactory first impression.

She cleaned the apartment, recklessly bought cut flowers, bonbons and two fashion magazines to give an impression of plenty. She even set old golf clubs and motor togs in the tiny hall and she timed Beatrice's arrival so as to put the one grand-opera record on the talking machine just as she was coming up the stairs.

Then she ran to the door in pretty confusion, to say spiritedly, "Oh, Mrs. O'Valley, so good of you! I'm ever so happy to have you. I'm afraid it isn't proper to be wearing this old tea gown, but I had a bad headache this morning and I stayed in bed until nearly luncheon; then I slipped into the first thing handy. . . . Oh, no. Only a nervous headache. We took too long a motor trip yesterday, the sun was so bright. . . . No, indeed; you do not make my headache worse. It's better right this minute. . . . Now please don't laugh at our little place. Can't you play you're a doll and this is the house you were supposed to live in? I do—I find myself laughing every time I really take time to stand back and look at the rooms. . . . Put your coat here. Such a charming one, the skins are so exquisitely matched. I do so want to talk to you."

She had such an honest, innocent expression that Beatrice found herself won over to the cause. Trudy understood Beatrice at first sight; she knew how to proceed without blundering.

"Sit here, Mrs. Steve, for I can't call you Mrs. O'Valley with Gay singing the praises of Bea and Beatrice and the Gorgeous Girl."

"Then—er—call me Beatrice," she found herself saying.

"How wonderful! But only on condition that I am Trudy to you. How pleased Gay is going to be! He adores you. You have no idea of how much he talks about you and approves all you do and say. I used to be a teeny weeny bit jealous of you when I was a poor little nobody." She passed the chocolates, nodding graciously as Beatrice selected the largest one in the box.

Trudy chattered ahead: "I was glancing through these fashion books this afternoon to get an idea for an afternoon dress. Of course I can't have wonderful things like you have"—looking with envy at the Gorgeous Girl's black-velvet costume—"still, I don't mind. When one is happy mere things do not matter, do they—Beatrice?"

Beatrice hesitated. Then she fortified herself with another bonbon. This strange girl was both interesting and dangerous. Certainly she was not to be snubbed or ridiculed. Vaguely Beatrice tried to analyze her hostess, but as she had never been called upon to judge human nature she was sluggish in even trying to exercise her faculties.

In China fathers have their daughters' feet bound and make them sleep away from the house so their moans will not disturb the family. In America fathers often repress their daughters' self-sufficiency and intellect by bonds of self-indulgence, and when the daughters realize that a stockade of dollars is the most flimsy fortress in the world against the experiences which come to every man and woman, the American girls are the mental complement of their physically tortured Chinese cousins—hopeless and without redress.

"You have made this place look well," Beatrice said presently. "It is a perfect tinder box. Papa knows the man who built it."

Trudy flushed. "We are merely trying out love in a cuffette," she said sweetly, "instead of the old-style cottage. We can't expect anything like your apartment. We have that prospect to look forward to. Besides, we have the advantage of knowing just who our real friends are," she added, smiling her prettiest.

Beatrice disposed of another chocolate. She told herself she was being placed in an awkward position. She had occasion to keep thinking so every moment of her visit, for Trudy hastened to add that she had never liked office work and yet Mr. O'Valley had been so good to her, and wasn't it splendid that America was a country where one had a chance and could rise to whatsoever place one deserved; and when one thought of Beatrice's own dear papa and handsome husband, well, it was all quite inspiring and wonderful—until Beatrice was as uncomfortable about Steve's goat tending and her father's marital selection of a farmer's hired girl as Trudy really was about the apartment and her secondhand frock.

Trudy lost no time in introducing the magic vanishing cream and liquid face powder, and before the call ended Beatrice had ordered five dollars' worth of each and some for Aunt Belle, and she had offered to take Trudy to her bridge club some time soon.

As the door closed Trudy sank back in her chair, informing the imitation fireplace joyously, "It was almost too easy; I didn't have to work as hard as I really wanted to." Wearily she dragged off her tea gown for a bungalow apron and then prepared a supper of delicatessen baked beans and instantaneous pudding for her lord and master.

The dinner with the O'Valleys was equally fruitful of results. Despite Steve's protests that he did not wish to know Gay and that Trudy was impossible, he was forced to listen to their inane jokes and absurd flatteries and to look at Trudy in her taupe chiffon with exclamatory strands of burnt ostrich, and watch her deft fashion of handling his wife, realizing that people with one-cylinder brains and smart-looking, red-headed wives usually get by with things!

After their guests had departed Steve began brusquely, "Do you like 'em?"

"No; I told you before that they amused me. She is fun, and poor Gay is a dear."

"Are you going to have them round all the time? That woman's laugh gets on my nerves, and I want him shot at sunrise. They can't talk about anything but the movies and jazz dancing and clothes."

"What do you want them to talk about? Don't pace up and down like a wild beast." Beatrice came up and stood before him to prevent his turning the corner.

He looked down at her without answering. She was clad in shimmering white loveliness cut along the same medieval lines as the gown another Beatrice had worn when Dante first saw her walking by the Arno; her hair was very sunshiny and fragrant and her dove-colored eyes most appealing.

He burst out laughing at his own protest. "Am I a bear? Come and kiss me. If you like them or they amuse you just tote 'em about, darling. Only can't you manage to do it while I am out of town? They do fleck me on the raw."

"Hermit—beast," she dimpled and shook her finger at him.

"I just want you," he said simply; "or else people who can do something besides spending money or sponging round for it."

"Sometimes you frighten me—you sound booky."

"I'm not; I want real things, Bea. I feel hungry for plain people."

"You have them all day long in your office and your shops; I should think when you came home you'd welcome a good time."

"Our definitions differ. Anyhow I'm not going to find fault with your friends. I've nothing against them except that they are time wasters."

"Trudy boarded at your wonderful Miss Faithful's house."

"In spite of Mary's common sense, and not because of it."

"You think a great deal of that girl, don't you?" she asked, patting his sleeve.

"She deserves a great deal of credit; she has worked since she was thirteen, and she is as true-blue as they come."

"Do you think she will ever marry and leave you?" she asked, laying the sunshiny head on his arm.

"I never want her to; I'd feel like buying off any prospective bridegroom."

"That's not fair." Her hand stole up to pat his cheek. "She has the right to be happy—as we are, Steve!"

He stared at her in all her lovely uselessness. "You funny little wife," he whispered—"fighting over losing a postage stamp one minute and buying a new motor car the next; going to luncheon with the washed of Hanover and spending the afternoon with Trudy; making fun of Mary Faithful's shirt waists and then pleading for her woman's happiness. . . . Beatrice, you've never had half a chance!"

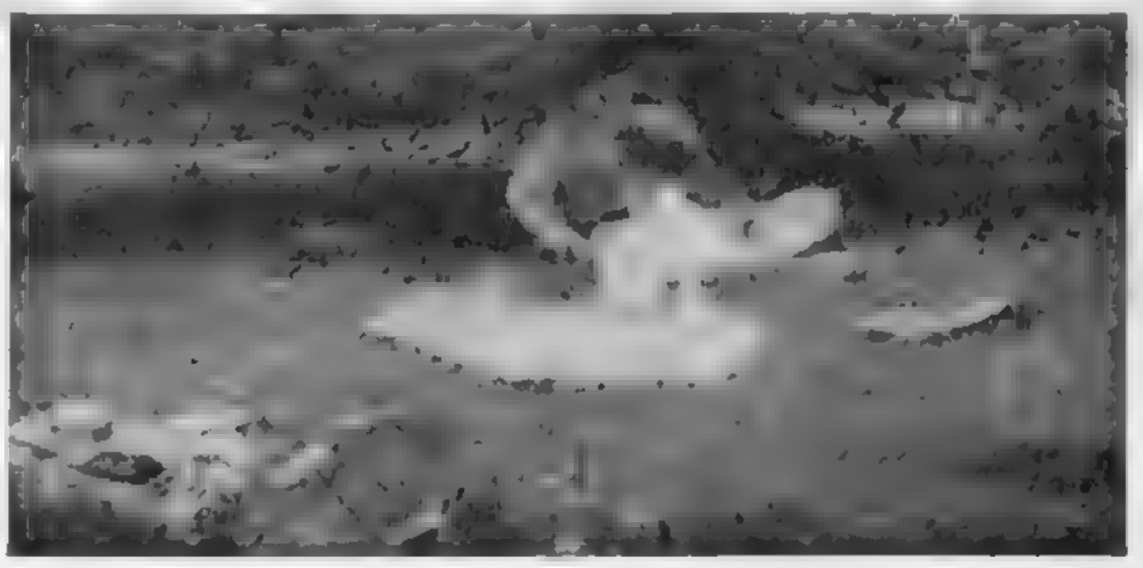
The next afternoon Mary and Luke Faithful were summoned home. Later in the day Steve received word that their mother had succumbed to a violent heart attack. He found himself feeling concerned and truly sorry, wondering if Mary had anyone to see to things and relieve her of the responsibility. Then he wondered if this death would cause a dormant affection to become active love, as often happens, causing him to lose his right-hand man. He reproached himself for knowing so little of her private life. When he went into her deserted office to find a letter it seemed distinctly lonesome. It was hard to realize how suddenly things happen and how easily the world at large becomes accustomed to radical changes. Already a snub-nosed little clerk was taking up a collection for the flowers.

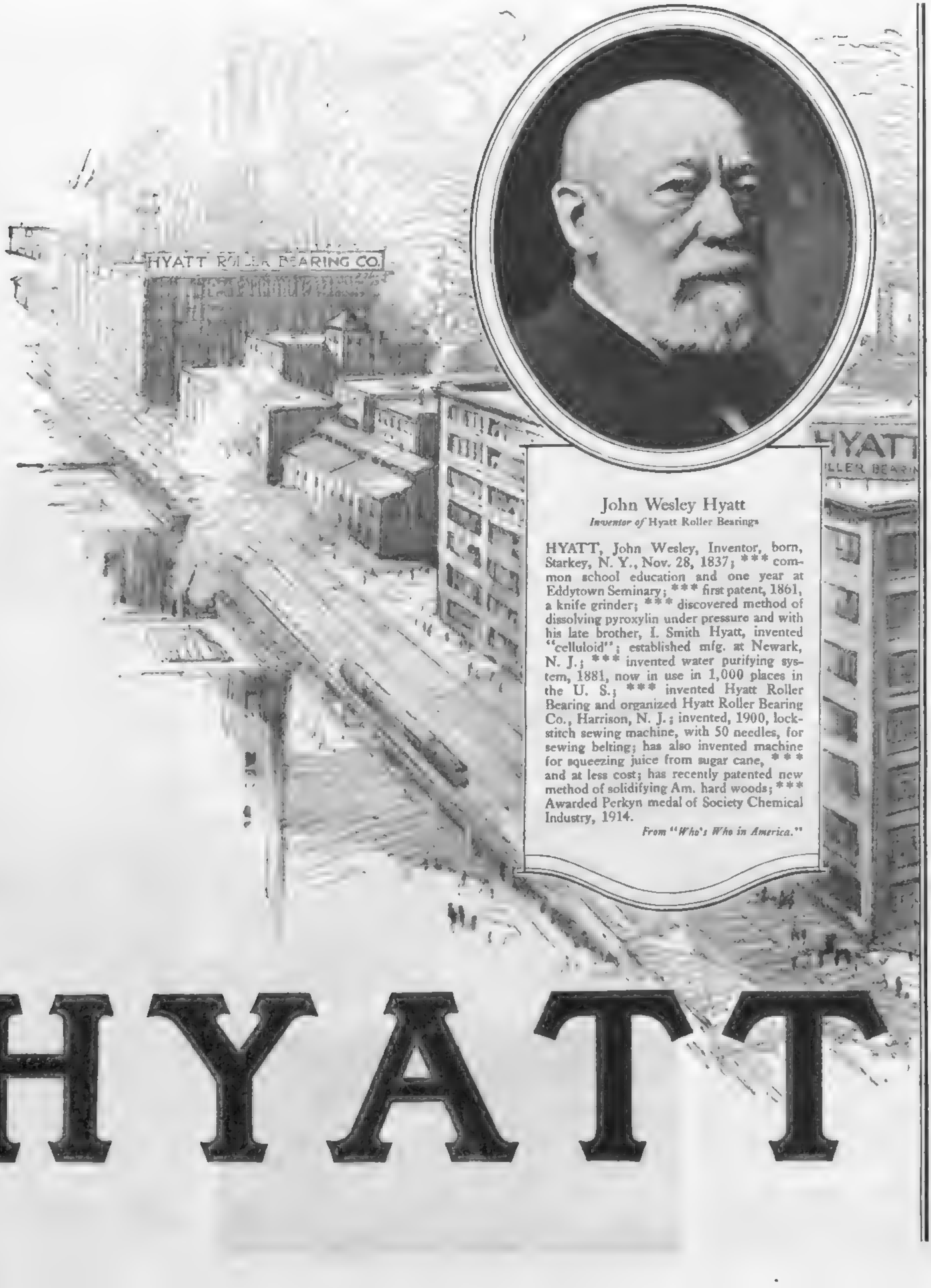
For the first time in years Steve felt depressed and weary. The anaesthesia was losing its power.

Within the coming week as vital a mental change was to come to Steve as the death of Mrs. Faithful was to cause in Mary's life. And as Mary, to all intents and purposes, would resume her business routine with not a hint of the change, so would Steve fail to betray the mental revolution that was to take place in his hitherto ambitious and obedient brain.

Briefly what was to happen was this—after visiting Mary in her home and after seeing the Gorgeous Girl during a test of one's abilities, Steve was to realize there are two kinds of persons in the world: Those who make brittle detailed plans, and those who have but a steadfast purpose. His wife belonged to the former class and Mary to the latter, which he was to discover was his choice at all times!

(TO BE CONTINUED)





John Wesley Hyatt

Inventor of Hyatt Roller Bearings

HYATT, John Wesley, Inventor, born, Starkey, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1837; *** common school education and one year at Eddytown Seminary; *** first patent, 1861, a knife grinder; *** discovered method of dissolving pyroxylin under pressure and with his late brother, I. Smith Hyatt, invented "celluloid"; established mfg. at Newark, N. J.; *** invented water purifying system, 1881, now in use in 1,000 places in the U. S.; *** invented Hyatt Roller Bearing and organized Hyatt Roller Bearing Co., Harrison, N. J.; invented, 1900, lock-stitch sewing machine, with 50 needles, for sewing belting; has also invented machine for squeezing juice from sugar cane, *** and at less cost; has recently patented new method of solidifying Am. hard woods; *** Awarded Perkyn medal of Society Chemical Industry, 1914.

From "Who's Who in America."

HYATT

How An Idea Became An Industry

NECESSITY is the mother of Invention, and Invention the mother of Industry.

Ideas, born of necessity in the master mind of the inventor, grow into great industries and go forth in the form of manufactured products to serve the world.

Years ago John Hyatt needed a reliable bearing for a new sugar cane mill which he had created, and the Hyatt Roller Bearing, successfully meeting his needs, proved a far greater achievement than he anticipated.

Conceived by a mind which ranks high on the honor roll of inventors, the idea of the Hyatt Bearing has borne great fruits.

It has developed into the largest plant in the world making roller bearings exclusively.

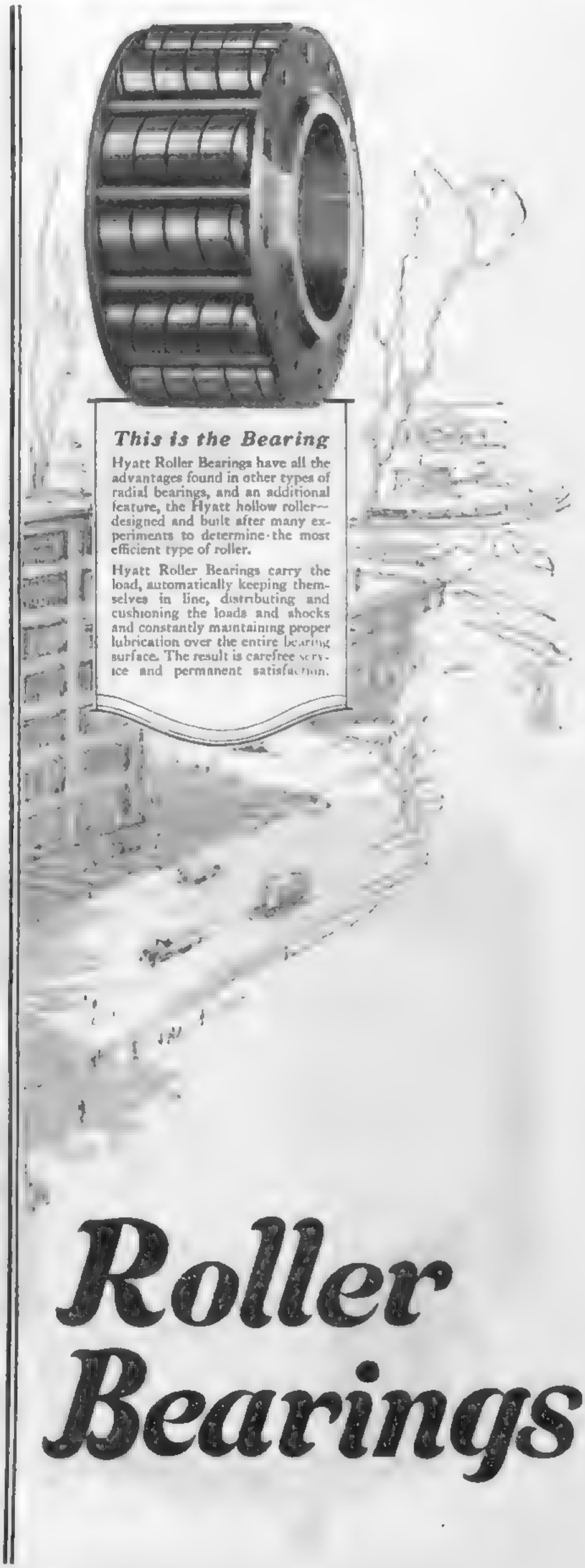
Many millions of Hyatt Bearings are now manufactured annually.

Their use has extended to practically every class of machinery and every form of transport where efficient, dependable bearing performance is demanded.

They are operating in mammoth industrial plants—in mine cars and factory trucks—in farm tractors and implements—and in millions of motor cars and trucks.

HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY

Tractor Division: CHICAGO — *Motor Division:* DETROIT — *Industrial Division:* NEW YORK


This is the Bearing
Hyatt Roller Bearings have all the advantages found in other types of radial bearings, and an additional feature, the Hyatt hollow roller—designed and built after many experiments to determine the most efficient type of roller.
Hyatt Roller Bearings carry the load, automatically keeping themselves in line, distributing and cushioning the loads and shocks and constantly maintaining proper lubrication over the entire bearing surface. The result is carefree service and permanent satisfaction.
Roller Bearings

How Maytag Revolutionized the Electric Washer

EVERY housewife knows that under modern conditions a washing machine is a positive home necessity. The question today is, "Which washing machine is best?"

* * * *

The Maytag Company were pioneers in the making of washing machines. During our long experience we have made thousands of experiments and many unusual discoveries. We found, for example, that the continuously rotating *cylinder* had many vital advantages.

So in The Maytag Cabinet Electric Washer you find this advanced type of cylinder.

Other things, many of revolutionary character, were brought to light.

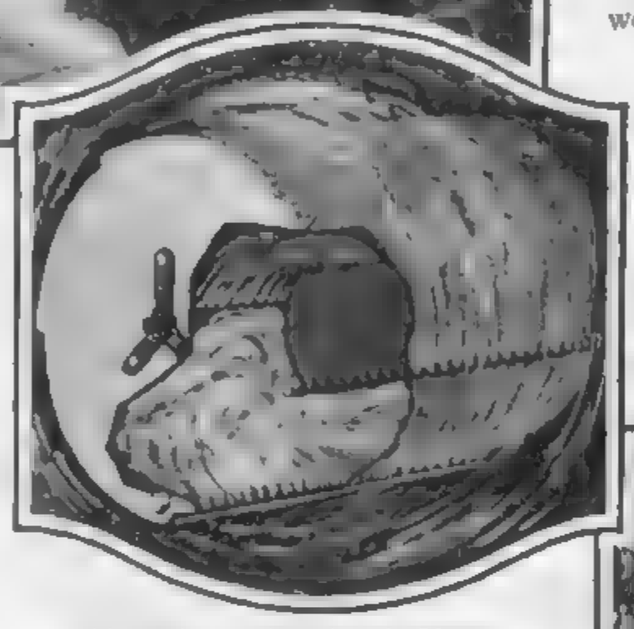
But, most important of all, we discovered a great secret in the mechanical washing of clothes—a principle that gives remarkable speed and thoroughness, combined with careful handling.

A 14-Year Development

Look at a piece of soiled cloth through the microscope. You will find that a greater part of the dirt

The rushing millrace which inspired the Maytag principle

is clogging the meshes. Very little clings to the individual threads or strands. Our experiments proved this fact true. They also proved that the quick, thorough way of washing clothes of any kind—is to flush hot suds *through the material* with sufficient *force* to clean out each of these clogged *meshes*.



The millrace adapted to the Maytag aluminum cylinder

The Maytag Millrace Principle

Please note the illustrations. The larger one shows the well-known millrace—a narrow channel through which the water is forced with greatly increased velocity and power—before it strikes the millwheel.

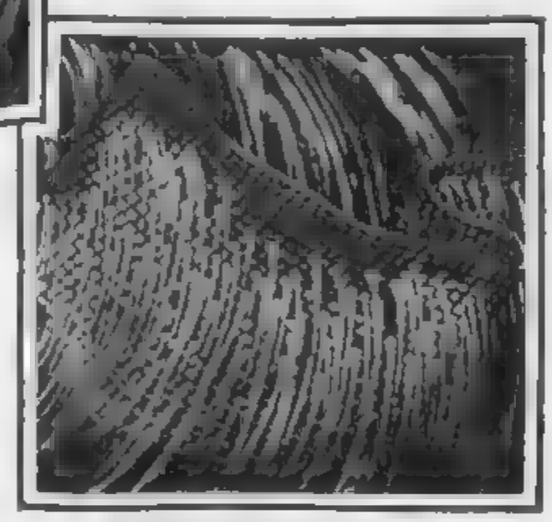
Note now the construction of the Maytag aluminum cylinder. Unlike other types, this highly perfected cylinder has only five openings through which the water enters the inside. Each one of these openings is built on the millrace principle. As the cylinder revolves, the hot soapy water rushes through these gates. It enters the inside with greatly increased force, where it is flushed through every part of the clothes with a remarkable cleaning action. At least five times to each revolution of the cylinder, this flushing takes place.

The result is revolutionary. Delicate things that require careful handling can be washed with perfect safety, because only water touches them. Washings that usually require 15 to 25 minutes are completed in 10 to 12 minutes Heavy blankets or delicate materials are handled with equal ease.

Many Other Improvements

The Maytag Electric Washer is entirely metal. The cylinder is of cast aluminum—very light, yet wonderfully strong. Accommodates six sheets. Handles full load perfectly, due to the millrace principle. Positively cannot injure finest fabrics.

Cylinder rotates one way only. This smooth action insures long life, as you can readily understand. It is also the reason for the unusual quietness of the Maytag.



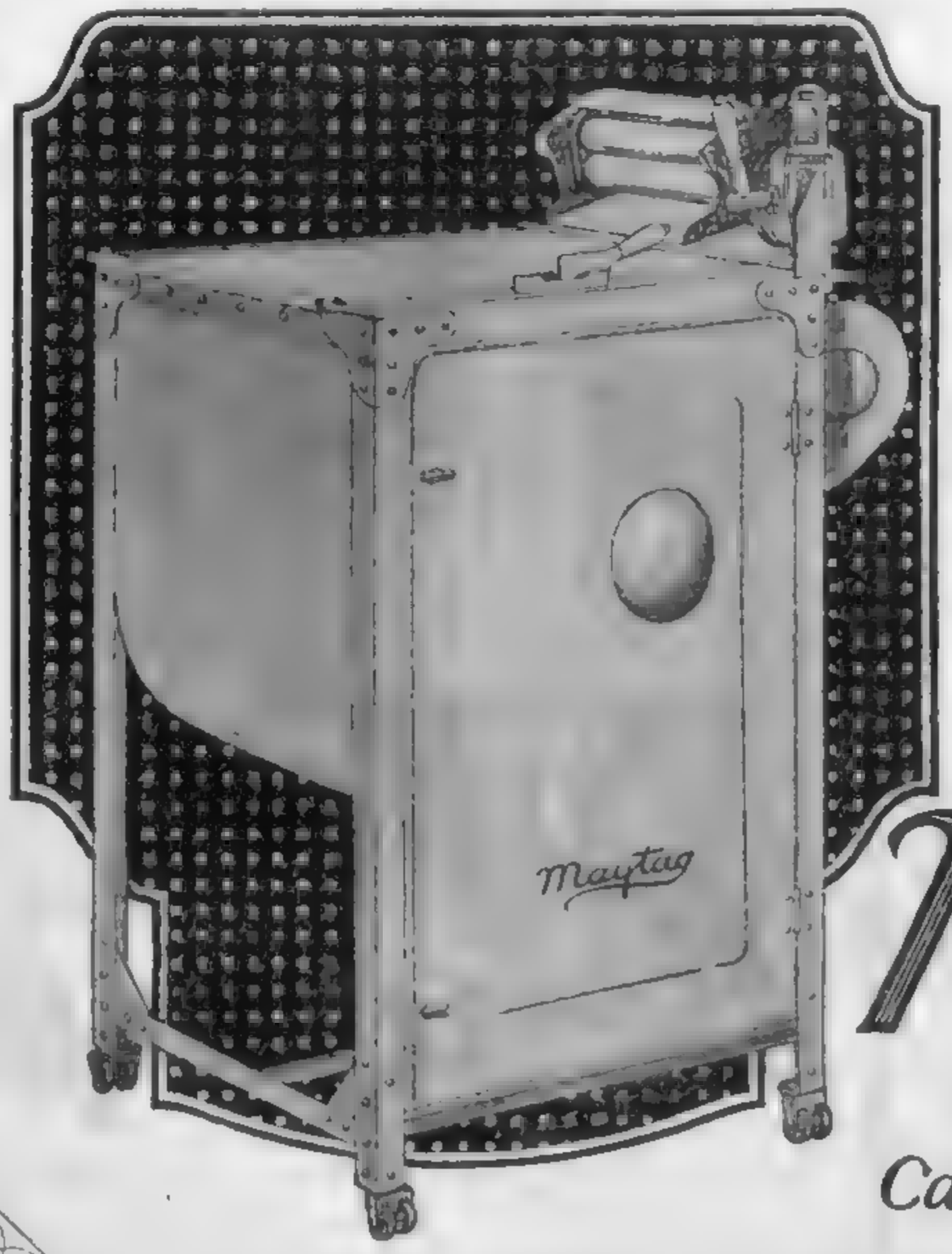
Flushing each mesh free of dirt is the Maytag system

Go See the Maytag

Have your local dealer show you this improved machine. Note its unusual beauty—its sturdy, all-metal construction. Note, too, that all operating mechanism is enclosed. Study the action of the "millrace" principle—an exclusive Maytag feature.

If you do not know the Maytag dealer, write us.

The Maytag Company, Dept. 100, Newton, Iowa



Maytag

Cabinet ELECTRIC WASHER

TOUJOURS DE L'AUDACE

(Continued from Page 7)

since formally engaged or married. Perry had been bucking his head against that stone wall for more than a year and Camilla had been as steadily insistent in her stand. Her insistence, as much as anything else, kept Perry from doing as she wished. He had no rooted antipathy to work. Sometimes it was a bore to have nothing to do, but there was a stubborn streak in him—he did not wish to yield. Besides it was a bad precedent to set.

"I don't like your making it a condition," he had told her more than once. "If I give in now I'll never be able to call my soul my own."

"Then why should you expect me to give in?" she was accustomed to ask.

She asked him this question to-night when their eternal argument reached the familiar stage, and he said ardently: "Because you care for me."

"But—you care for me, too, Perry. Why should I do the surrendering any more than you?"

"Blast it, because it's a woman's place to!" he told her a little impatiently, and his impatience roused an answering spark in her.

"I'm not going to, Perry," she said. "I meant just what I told you Saturday. When you show me you're ready to take life seriously, show me you've some fighting blood in you, then I —"

"Saturday?" he echoed sullenly. "I didn't see you Saturday."

She looked at him a little surprised.

"I mean at the Country Club, Perry."

"I wasn't at the club Saturday."

Faintly concerned, she said: "I came in from a round with Jennie and you were on the veranda and we had tea before Jennie left. You remember?"

"See here," he told her, "I don't know whether you're joking or not. If you're joking it's not particularly funny. You had your fun, anyway, about that famous luncheon of ours last March. But it's not funny twice."

"But, Perry," she said, "I was right then! Don't you remember—the head waiter told you he saw us together?"

"You'd been corrupting him," he laughed. "Now I suppose you've corrupted Jennie. You won a pair of gloves from me on the head waiter's word, but I won't bet this time."

She hesitated a little, then moved her right hand in a faint gesture of surrender.

"All right. I don't know why you deny it."

"I tell you, I wasn't at the club," he protested angrily. "Don't be stubborn, Camilla!"

She laughed a little.

"It's something to persuade you to call me Camilla, anyway."

When a few minutes later he rose to go they were both a little angry—as friends can be—with each other. He was sullen, she impatient. Each thought the other stubborn and unreasonable. She went with him into the hall while he slipped on his coat. In doing this he felt the bulk of the little parcel in his side pocket and remembered that he had brought a birthday gift for her.

He drew it out ungraciously.

"Here's your birthday present," he said, "Many happy returns and all that."

She said: "You needn't think you have to give me a birthday present."

"You'd be sore if I didn't."

"I don't want anything from you in that spirit, Perry."

He tossed the sealed packet upon the card table in the hall.

"Suit yourself. There it is. Throw it in the ash can or give it to Katie."

"You might give it to Katie yourself," she said acidly.

He glared at her—and swept her surprisingly into his arms and kissed her. This victory by force restored his good nature, even though she tore herself away from him.

"You're a provoking thing," he said. "There! That's a birthday present you can't throw away!"

"Oh!" she cried half breathless and thoroughly angry with him. "Oh, you——"

He laughed, and flung open the door.

"Night, sweetheart," he called, and ran down the steps to his car.

She thrust the door violently shut—heard him laugh again—heard his car roar as it turned to slide down the drive and away.

When he was gone she stood still, rubbing her lips with her pressed fingers. His packet lay where he had left it. She took it up, stared at it as though her anger at him were now directed against this innocent thing. She made a movement to throw it aside—hesitated. In the end she took it with her when she went upstairs. There was a jewel safe in the wall of her room. She put the unopened parcel in this safe—deep in, behind the other things.

As she was doing so, the maid, Katie, came in to help her make ready for the night. Katie saw what she was doing.

III

WHEN Perry ran down the steps from Camilla's house he was in a cheerful frame of mind. He was inclined to be pleased with himself. He felt that he had won a tactical victory over Camilla by virtue of the fact that when they parted she was angry and he was not. In any argument it is victory to anger your opponent and remain calm yourself. And besides—he had enjoyed kissing her. He was half minded to go back and do it again, but even Perry's audacity fell short of the measure necessary for that. So he dropped into his seat, manipulated levers, stepped on the starter and shot away. The drive fell into a steep descent before him, his front wheels tipped down the sharp drop.

As he was gathering speed it seemed to Perry for a split fraction of a second that he had seen the figure of a man dodging below the hedge on the right-hand side of the drive. The impression was so faint that after his first impulse to stop the car and take a look round he decided that he must have been mistaken. He had really seen nothing definite. It was as though a shadow had stirred and that was all. He reached the foot of the drive and swung to the right and forgot the matter.

An automobile was standing against the curb near the foot of the drive from Camilla's home. Perry noticed it casually as he shot past, because it had an unusually high hood and showed lines of power. He could not put a name to it, decided that it must be a custom-built car and wondered why a custom-built car should be standing by the curb here and at such an hour. A moment later he reached Beacon Street and turned into it toward town. He decided to smoke and stopped his roadster at one side of the street while he lighted a cigarette. He had the match cupped in his hand when he saw reflected in the glass of his wind shield the lights of another car coming from behind him. As he tossed the match away the other car swerved and stopped half a block away, and Perry looked back with some curiosity and saw that it was the same car which had waited by Camilla's home.

He had a moment's uneasy wonder. It did not definitely occur to him that anyone was following him. There was no reason why anyone should do so, but he wondered; then cast his wonder and uneasiness aside and threw in his clutch. If they wanted to follow him they would have to drive the engine under that high hood to the top of its bent. Perry's own car had speed and to spare.

It was that slack hour of evening traffic a little before the theater crowds begin to come home with their headlights gleaming on the asphalt. Perry and the pursuing car had Beacon Street almost to themselves. There were always policemen hereabouts, but it is no easy trick to catch the number of a swift car that is upon you with a roar and beyond you with a dart like that of a swallow. Perry pushed up his speed—and up and up. And once or twice, snatching a quick look behind him, he saw that the other car was hanging on.

A policeman stepped out into the street half a block ahead. Perry knew that his forward number plate was cunningly hung immediately beneath his left-hand headlight—protected from sight by the glare of the light itself. He reached forward and switched on his headlights full blast and at the same time switched off the rear light leaving that number plate unillumined. The policeman dodged and Perry was a block away before the officer could have pulled his revolver if he had wished to do so.

But the other car likewise shot by. Perry was enjoying himself. These two came rocketing in through the shaded length of Beacon, bounced across the car tracks west of the railroad bridge, roared across the bridge and slowed abruptly at sight of a mounted policeman on post at Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street. Perry took the crossings thereafter at a discreet twenty-five. He covered the blocks between at a leaping forty.

He was bound for the club and a game of cards, and when he reached the cross street and swung aside in that direction he pulled up long enough to see what his pursuer would do. The high-cowled car swept past the cross street and on downtown without stopping. He waved his hand mockingly in that direction—thought he saw an answering wave.

The club members were accustomed to park their cars at an angle against the wall in an alley beside the building. Perry turned in there and found a vacant place and slipped expertly into it. He switched off the headlights, switched on the tiny riding lights in front and rear and lighted another cigarette before he swung out and went inside. There were half a dozen older men in a chatting group in the big living room, two or three others in scattered chairs. One or two of them nodded to Perry or hailed him. He tossed hat and coat to the attendant at the coat room and ran upstairs. The card rooms were there.

The group about the table welcomed him. The banker pushed a stack of chips in his direction and made a note of the amount. Perry began to play with the gay recklessness that was characteristic of him. Because they expected recklessness of Perry he profited largely by the fact that the first hand dealt to him was a perfectly natural and pat full house.

When he had gathered in the plump pot Pete Binney, who had unwisely supported the club flush in his own hand, said: "You sure fooled me, Perry. You bet that as though it was a pair of fours."

Perry laughed.

"That's the science of the game, Pete. Skill will tell, you know; skill will tell!"

He took the next pot on three queens.

Most men liked to have Perry sit in a game of poker. He livened the thing up, they said. Those who liked a wide-open game welcomed him on that account; those careful souls who hugged their cards and played with discretion and conservatism welcomed him because when his luck was against him he was a heavy loser. By the same token, when the cards ran his way they avoided clashing with him. And these first two hands this night seemed to establish that the cards were, as the saying goes, working for him.

Nat Hancock was the first to drop out of the game. He left at eleven. At midnight or a little thereafter the others decided it was time to quit.

Perry had had a profitable evening. He pointed this out to them, and Joe Jameson said good-naturedly: "Thank the Lord, you didn't accept my invitation and come in the game last night!"

Perry looked at him in quick surprise.

"Was there a game last night? I'd have come down if I'd known."

Joe said: "What do you mean, you would have come down? I saw you downstairs about half past eight."

"You ought to let it alone, Joe," Perry told him, laughing. "I wasn't round here at all last night. Didn't feel like company. Stayed at home."

"Damn it, I saw you—talked to you! I asked you to come up!"

Perry demanded, suddenly a little angry, "What is this—a joke?"

"No," Jameson told him. "I don't see any joke in it."

Pete Binney, who had banked the game, was adjusting his tally.

"I'll cash those chips of yours, Perry. Last call," he said.

Perry shoved the chips across the board.

"Did you see me here last night, Pete?" he asked.

Pete shook his head.

"No. I was round all evening too. Guess Joe was seeing things."

Jameson laughed.

"I can't stay and argue with you, Perry. Have it your own way. So long."

"Wait a minute!" Perry cried. "I'll go down with you—we'll have a drink."

"No drink for me as late as this."

Pete spoke up.

"If you urged me I don't know how I could refuse," he laughed, and Perry dropped a hand on the other's shoulder.

"You're on, Pete," he said.

Jameson went on his way. Perry stared after him, a bit uneasy for a reason he could not define. This thing had happened before. Camilla claimed to have seen him on two separate occasions, though he knew she was mistaken—now Jameson. Yesterday old Theron Ammidown had spoken of meeting him on State Street at a time when Perry knew he had been at home and asleep in his bed. That was Tuesday morning. A curious string of incidents. He could see no particular meaning in them. He laughed and thrust the matter out of his mind. What did it matter anyway?

He and Binney sat over their glasses for another half hour. Binney lived at the club and suggested that Perry stay for the night, but Perry shook his head.

"Car's outside," he explained. "I'll jog along home."

"When you jog I'll fly," Pete told him. "You never went under thirty in your life."

Perry laughed, ran downstairs, recovered hat and coat, said good night to old Barney, the door man, and went out into the alley where his car was parked. There was an electric light in this alley, but Perry noticed that it was not burning to-night, so that the place was dark as a cavern, between the tall buildings on either side. Two or three cars were still here, his own farthest from the street. He walked toward it, whistling a little and pulling on his gloves. When he came to where it stood he saw that one of the club's heavy ash cans had been overturned and had rolled against the rear wheel on the left-hand side nearest the wall. He stooped to drag it out of the way. As he stooped something crashed through the soft felt hat he wore. He had for an instant a curious feeling that he was suspended in midair on waves of ringing sound.

Then he had no further feelings at all.

IV

WHEN Perry came to his senses again the process was painful and long drawn out. His head hurt, his mouth tasted bad, he smelled unpleasant smells—all these before he opened his eyes at all. When he did open his eyes he thought he must have been reading a story, must have fallen asleep and fallen into ugly dreams. He said to himself: "You're dreaming, you darned fool! Go back to sleep!"

But he could not go back to sleep, because his head hurt more and more, and in the end he opened his eyes again and looked about him. What he saw made him doubt whether he was himself, or someone else. He put his hands to his face to brush them across his eyes and clear his vision and he felt upon his cheeks the bristles of a two or three days' beard.

He was lying on something unpleasantly lumpy and hard. He was looking up at something that seemed to be the underside of a floor, except that it was fashioned of iron or steel. His eyes roved round and found a steel wall against his shoulder on one side. In the other direction he looked out into a cluttered disorderly mess of men and men's belongings—three or four men, one sewing awkwardly at some rough material which he held upon his knees, another smoking with eyes straight ahead of him in a dumb apathy like that of a beast, and two more lying in bunks against the farther wall, looking like nothing so much as a twisted roll of old clothes with a head on one end.

Perry said: "What the ——"

He sat up and bumped his head against the steel above him and worked himself out of his narrow quarters and tried to stand up. But his legs were shaky. He was forced to sit down again.

The man who was sewing said in a hoarse, throaty voice: "He's come out of it." And the man who smoked looked impersonally at Perry, then got up and climbed a steep, ladderlike stair at the top of which blue sky showed.

Perry knew where he was; that is, he knew in a generic sense. He knew that he was in the fo'c's'le of a steamship and at sea. He could feel the throb of the engines; he could feel the lift of the ship upon the swells. The man who was sewing gave him a curious glance or two and went on with his work; the other men continued to sleep. Perry took stock of himself.

(Continued on Page 145)

AJAX

TIRES

Transforming An Idea Into A World-Great Institution

THAT is just what Ajax Rubber Company has done in the comparatively short space of fourteen years.

Ajax, from the first, has been a synonym for tire service. The *spirit of service* is the foundation idea on which this great organization is built; service in a two-fold sense—service for the dealer who sells tires—for the buyer who uses them.

As to Ajax Organization

Ajax Rubber Company enters the new year under even more favorable auspices than ever before. Production facilities have been multiplied, present plants enlarged, and an entire new plant is under way. This means a vastly greater number of Ajax Tires, both Cord and Fabric, of that same supreme quality which has won such notable preference for Ajax.

The Ajax organization of sales and service is developed to even wider scope. The technical efficiency of the organization has been re-inforced to maintain, and even improve, the high quality of the Ajax product. Superior quality of products will continue to be fundamental in our efforts.

Dealers who sell Ajax Tires are of the keen, courteous type—good, successful business men with whom you like to deal. There are many thousands of these Ajax dealers. Ajax factory branches serve them unceasingly, that they in turn may best serve you.

And As to Ajax Products

You know the splendid reputation Ajax Tires enjoy. They yield so much actual value, both in high mileage and in all-round satisfaction, that Ajax users seldom change.

Ajax Cord—featured by the Cleated Tread; it holds. Indented grip spot in the middle of each cleat gives added safety. Double Shoulders of Strength buttress the wearing surface. They add many, many miles.

Ajax Road King—a non-skid fabric tire famed for dependable service. Note the heavy tread, buttressed, like the cord, with Ajax Shoulders of Strength.

Ajax Inner Tubes—sleek tubes of heavy, pliant rubber. The valve pad is *between the plies*, so air cannot seep through. Red or grey, as you desire.

Ajax H. Q. (High Quality) Tire Accessories—a complete line, including every accessory needed in making emergency or permanent repairs.

Ajax quality products unqualifiedly recommend themselves on the basis, not of the claims we make, but of the service records they have set.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC.

NEW YORK

Factories: Trenton, N. J. Branches in Leading Cities

THE Ajax Tire Supply Depot in your neighborhood is headquarters for Ajax Tires, Ajax Tubes and Ajax H. Q. (High Quality) Tire Accessories. Ajax Dealers are on a sound business basis, for Ajax grants a definite written franchise, which gives them many advantages.

For 1920, the company has again increased these advantages. Hence Ajax Dealers are even better equipped to serve their customers to the utmost.

1920

How One Garage Owner Reduced His Sponge Bills

By Elmer R. Murphey, President

In a Chicago garage not long ago, I overheard the owner complaining about the high cost of sponges

"We buy a large bale," he said, "and they seem to be gone in no time."

"How do you buy them—by the pound?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Why not?"

"That's why they're high," I said. "They are probably loaded with epsom salts or glucose to increase their weight. This loading disappears the first time you wash the sponges."

He'd never heard of buying by the piece, and he hadn't thought about getting an advertised brand. Sponges were just sponges to him.

I sent him a "Colossus" Sponge weighing about 10 ounces and asked him to compare it with one of his.

A few days later he telephoned, "I have learned something. I tested your sponge with one of ours of the same weight. After washing them both, yours was 50% larger than ours. I am sure we have been paying for considerable 'loading' in our sponges.

"From now on we are going to buy sponges *by the piece.*"

Adopt this plan in buying *your* sponges. Demand quotations on a certain size sponge *by the piece* instead of *by the pound*.

The U. S. Army and Navy have adopted this plan. So have leading railways, manufacturers, painters, decorators, and hundreds of others.

Every sponge we sell is guaranteed to be a pure sponge. It is marked with the "Colossus" trade mark either on a tag on the sponge, or a label on the bale.

Send us a specimen of the sponges you have been using and we will send you a sample of "Colossus" in the size and grade best fitted to your needs.

Dealers Take the guesswork out of your sponge business by selling "Colossus" Sponges packed in case assortments graded, price tagged and guaranteed to your customers under a trade mark known wherever sponges are used. You can supply practically any demand for sponges with our $13.35 "Colossus" Assortment. Ask your jobber Write us today for catalog

James H. Rhodes & Company

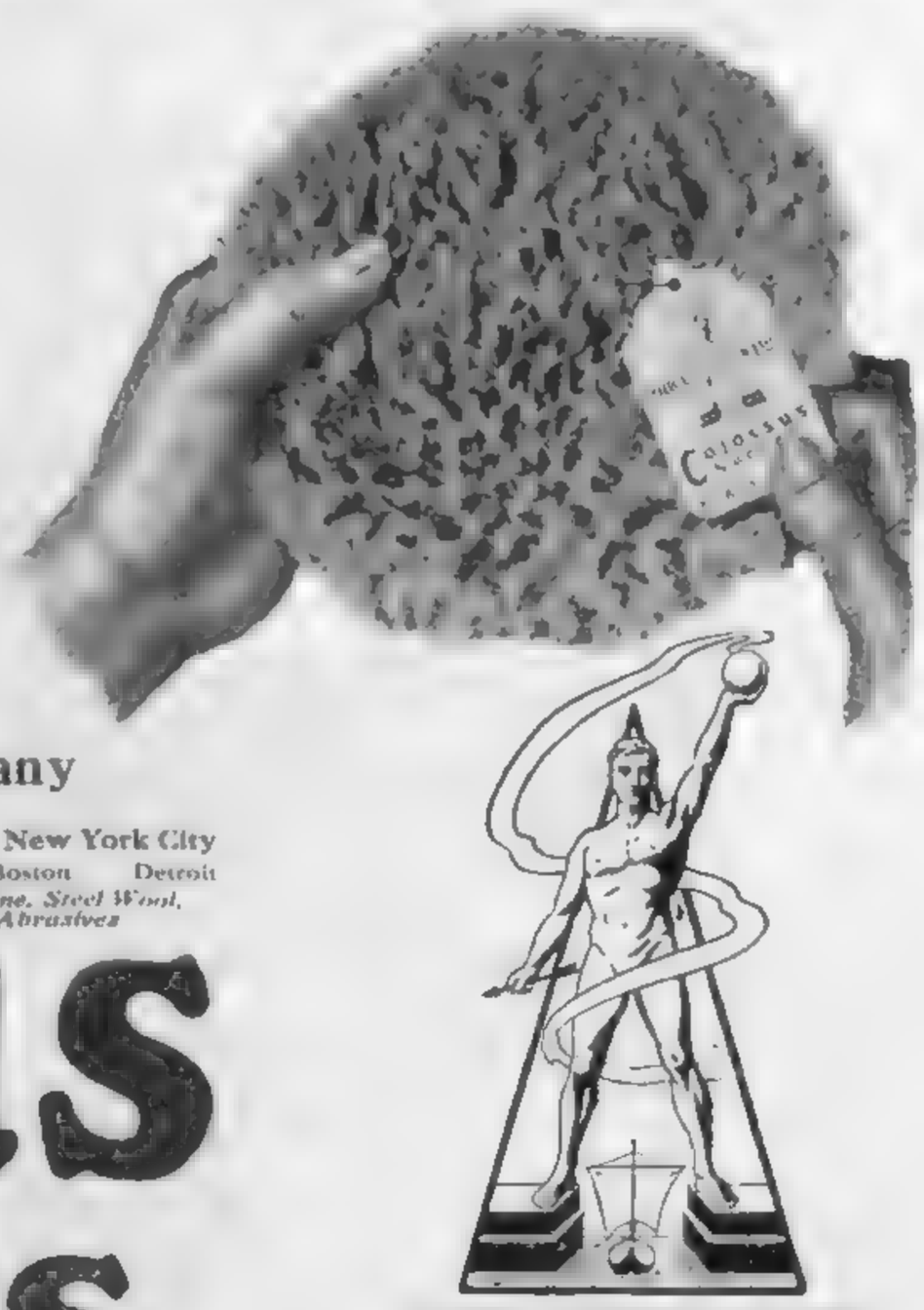
America's Leading Sponge Packers

153–159 W. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill. 115–117 Fulton St., New York City

San Francisco Cleveland Cincinnati Philadelphia Boston Detroit

Manufacturers and Producers of Sponges, Chamois, Pumice Stone, Steel Wool, Felt Wheels, Buffs, Felt and Cut Felts, Emery, Rouge and Abrasives

Colossus Sponges



COLOSSUS OF RHODES TRADE MARK

You can always tell a "Colossus" Sponge or a bale of "Colossus" Sponges by the Colossus of Rhodes trademark. Look for it. It's your guide to pure sponges.

(Continued from Page 141)

There was a lump on his head. There was a bad taste in his mouth. He was conscious of a curious, numb sort of nausea, which he thought might be the after effect of some drug. He smelled whisky and found that the smell originated in his own garments. They must, he thought, have been soaked with the stuff.

In the course of this investigation he saw that the clothes he wore were not his own, and he grinned.

"Got a new suit of clothes out of it anyway," he told himself.

The clothes were nothing to brag about—a shabby coat, patched and nondescript pants, broken-down shoes. An old sweater, the neck slack and gaping, served as shirt. And there were no undergarments to protect his skin from the contamination of these ugly things.

"I've read about it, but I never thought it was so," he thought cheerfully. "Perry, my son, this is a lark."

He was beginning to enjoy himself in spite of his discomfort. This was adventure. Considering rapidly, he decided that his absence from home would work no great harm. Camilla might be worried—that would be good for her. He was going to have some fun out of this.

But he wanted fresh air and he got up and climbed unsteadily to the deck—a littered, ill-kept expanse—the deck of a tramp steamer heavily laden. The man who had smoked was coming toward him with another man. Perry, inwardly chuckling, prepared to play his part.

"Shanghaied guys always make a fuss at first," he thought. "I'll have a crack at it."

The man who had smoked passed him and went stolidly below. The other man halted in front of Perry and grinned sourly and said: "Well, how do you feel?"

"Where am I?" Perry asked, trying to keep his voice dull and weary.

"'Board the John T. Hard, out o' Boston for Cardiff."

"Cardiff?" Perry echoed. "Good heavens, I don't want to go to Cardiff!"

"You're going," said the man cheerfully.

"But I've never been there!" Perry protested. "I don't know anyone in Cardiff!"

"Then what'd you sign on for?" the other asked.

"Sign on! I didn't sign anything!"

"Come, don't try that!"

"I want to see the captain!" Perry cried. "This is a mistake! I want to see the captain right away!"

The other nodded.

"Come along," he invited, and turned away.

On his way to the bridge Perry had time to get some fresh air into his lungs, some strength into his legs. His brain was clearing and he was enjoying himself thoroughly. At the foot of the ladder that led up to the bridge he saw an opportunity to start some excitement. The wireless cabin was there, the operator lounging in the doorway.

Perry swung toward him, struck out at the man, got a grip on the other's coat and jerked him forward. He thrust out one foot, tripped the operator and sent him sprawling, then jumped across the threshold into the little cabin. There was a bolt on the door and he had slipped it fast before his guide had time to interfere.

Perry knew something of wireless, as most inquiring young men do nowadays.

In a matter of split seconds after the door shut behind him he was sending, "Shanghaied, aboard ——" he spelled laboriously, his fingers stiff and unfamiliar. Then a window was burst in and a man he had not seen before thrust a revolver through the broken glass.

"Enough of that!" said this man. "Come out o' there!"

Perry cried: "You'll not shoot! You don't dare! I ——"

The revolver crashed and a bullet splintered the wood at Perry's feet.

"Next one into your leg," said the man calmly. "Come out o' that!"

Perry threw up his hands. He laughed.

"All right," he surrendered. "Don't shoot, I'll come down!"

Half an hour later, having listened to words of wisdom from the captain, Perry was back in the fo'c's'le ready to go through with the thing. He felt that he had done his part. He was pleased with that wireless cabin episode.

"Just the same," he decided, "I'm glad I didn't get away with it. I'm going to have some fun out of this."

He did. He had the fun of hard and steady toil, back-breaking and blistering. He had the fun of aching muscles, of being too tired to sleep. He had the fun of cracked and bleeding hands, salt-pickled. He had the fun of an appetite that made the most of the least satisfactory viands he had ever seen. He had the fun of flooding strength that made the torturing toil come easier till he was able to do it without effort—with rather an exultant triumph in his own capacities. He had the fun of a riotous North Atlantic storm; he had the fun of seeing boats and gear and every loose thing battered and swept away by pounding seas. He had the fun of a battle with the bully of the fo'c's'le and he had the fun of victory—at the cost of two smashed knuckles in his right hand and a sprained thumb. Bandaging his hand afterward, he apostrophized it good-humoredly. "You'll never be the lily white again, old man," he said.

He landed in Cardiff on the sixteenth day with no more than the price of half a dozen meals. And through the maze of the docks there, with men swarming everywhere like rabbits in a warren, he worked his way to the street and asked the way to the United States consul's office. He had had his fun; now he thought of cabling for money and taking a run over to the Continent before going home.

He found the consul on the second floor of a thoroughly broken-down sort of a building in an office that was not all it might have been. The main office had a high counter across the middle, a flag over the door and lithographs of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley on the walls. The softwood floor was worn and dirty; the windows were thick with dusty incrustations. He asked to talk with the consul, and told his story and got sympathy.

"Too bad," the consul said.

Perry laughed.

"Not as bad as that. I've enjoyed it. But I'll go home by liner, thanks. That is, if you'll cable to Theron Ammidown, of Boston, and tell him I'm here and ask him to cable me some money."

"I'll be glad to oblige you to that extent," the consul said with a measure of caution in his voice. He had heard strange tales before and was by consequence inclined to doubt. Nevertheless, this one might be true.

When the cable had been dispatched, Perry stayed for a little, talking with the official. The consul liked an audience and Perry learned some things that interested him—among others, that a ship captain would not sign a man for a voyage to the States because it was hard to get new men there.

"They want someone for a round trip," the consul explained.

After a while Perry left and went out and found a sailor's restaurant and had something to eat. There should be an answer to the cable by late afternoon and then the consul would lend him money for clean clothes and a bed until he could cash the cabled draft next day. He went back at a little before four o'clock. The consul looked at Perry with a cold, hard eye. He consulted a slip of paper, looked at Perry again.

"Who did you say you were?" he asked.

"Danton. Perry Danton."

"Of Boston?"

"Yes."

"And you wanted to cable Theron Ammidown?"

"Sure! What's the matter! Let's have the sad news."

"Dangerous game," said the consul. "I'm not going to have you arrested this time, but I'd advise you not to try it again."

Perry's eyes narrowed. He leaned across the counter toward the other.

"Say what you've got to say," he advised, "and say it quick!"

The consul without comment passed him a cable blank and Perry read the message it bore. The message ran thus:

"American Consul, Cardiff, Wales:

"Man in your office impostor. Perry Danton lunches with me to-day. Just talked with him. Advise arrest.

"THERON AMMIDOWN."

Perry read this once and then he read it again and then he rubbed his eyes and read it for the third time—and did some thinking.

"You know," he told the consul, "this is funny."

"I don't see the joke," the official said.

"Why, the joke's just this: I'm really Perry Danton."

The consul turned away.

"Get out of here!" he advised. "I'm not much of a hand for jokes like that."

Perry hesitated, then he laughed, then he got out. Outside he considered for a space. He was decidedly puzzled, half inclined to be uneasy, half inclined to be amused. He did not know what to think—thought many things—thought one thing surely. He must get back to Boston without overmuch delay. There was business for him there. This affair might be serious.

At dark that night he signed on the cargo boat Lynmouth, bound for Boston. He had signed for the voyage, Boston and return, but when he had made himself at home in his narrow quarters forward he told himself cheerfully: "The Boston part sounds good to me all right, but there's not going to be any return."

V

THE Lynmouth made a quick voyage, as though the rusty craft sympathized with Perry's impatience. In the late afternoon of the twelfth of June they made the Light and picked their careful way into the lower harbor. Against the sunset Perry glimpsed the custom-house tower ahead of them and saw the rugged outlines of a building here and there and the gilt dome upon the Hill.

They dropped anchor at quarantine a little before dark and this was a thing Perry had not expected. He had counted on being able to slip ashore sometime that night while they were tied up at the wharves. The delay irked him, for the sight of the islands and the glimpse of familiar things ahead had made him eagerly impatient. He wanted to get home, to find out what was going on, to discover what this tangle was all about. And before darkness fully fell he had time to study his surroundings and plan what he meant to do.

He did it at a little after eleven o'clock that night. Secure from observation in the shadowed well deck of the Lynmouth, he tied his shoes, his socks and his ancient sweater into a compact bundle and hung it about his neck. The night was warm. At the last minute he grinned and said to himself, "Might as well go the whole hog," and he took off his trousers and secured them in the bundle with his other garments. He made them fast between his shoulders. They would get wet—a small matter. Wet garments will dry, give them time. He slipped soundlessly into the water with the help of a trailing rope, which he dropped overside, and began to swim. He had laid his course before darkness fell. He expected to make the shore by relays, using what islands lay in his path. He was accustomed to the water, a stout swimmer, able to keep going indefinitely though at no startling speed. The water was warm, a little mist lying upon it as though it steamed. He had no misgivings.

As matters chanced, luck was with Perry. When he made his first landing at the top of the tide he was near stumbling over a small and disreputable skiff drawn well above high-water mark. There were oars in it, one of them badly splintered as to blade. But Perry was in no mood to quarrel with his luck. He made a reconnaissance in the darkness and discovered a fisherman's hut on the higher land above the shore. There were no other buildings near. Nevertheless, the fisherman might be wakeful. Perry managed to lift the skiff till one gunwale rested on his right shoulder and he bore it thus staggeringly down to the water. Ten minutes after he reached the island he was afloat, cautiously paddling with the good oar, dropping the island into the darkness behind him.

The inadequacy of his craft amused him. He found that it leaked with a surprising fluency and it was cranky, stubborn, unwilling to hold any given course for any given length of time. There was an empty bean can in the boat wedged under the rear seat and he bailed with this now and then. But in one of these intervals of bailing he saw by the movement of the riding lights on small craft near him that he was being carried out by the ebbing tide. Thereafter he bailed no more—let the boat leak as much as it chose.

He was able to mark progress and he sweated at the awkward ill-matched oars. He had not stopped to put on his clothes.

"I'm likely to have to swim again," he told himself with a grin.

And as it happened, he was right. The boat foundered, slipped under water beneath his weight when the water inside rose too near the gunwale level. Perry found himself sitting in the harbor to his neck and the next minute the boat slid awkwardly out from under him, bumping his shin and his elbow. He had held on to the oars, but released them now and one of them shot up butt first and struck him cunningly in the right eye so that he saw many gaudy lights and uttered some gaudy words.

The foundering of his craft had not surprised him; he had been expecting it as the water rose higher. He had been willing it should founder, since the shore was at that time only a matter of a hundred yards away. He left the skiff to its fate and struck out toward this shore and almost at once he felt the mud flats beneath him. The mud was greasily unpleasant to his feet, so that he continued to swim as long as the water was sufficiently deep and then stood up and waded ashore. It was half tide. He came out of the water and found more mud before him.

He said to himself: "Wish I was a clam. I'd like this if I was a clam."

But not being a clam, he pushed on till he reached high-water mark. Then he hunted back and forth for some bit of running water where he might wash himself clean before dressing, but nothing offered. In the end he twisted his garments in his hands to wring the water out of them and used this stream of dirty water to scour away the worst of the mud. Then he dressed in his wet clothes and his soggy shoes and wished there was a wind to dry him. Since there was no wind, he began to run up and down upon the beach to manufacture his own air currents and after a little of this he turned inland and came to cottages and streets and followed these streets to and fro in an aimless sort of a jog trot. He was in no hurry. He had no money to hire an automobile; he had only enough for a meal or two, and car fare to town—and no cars would run till dawn.

He had breakfast in a lunch cart by the car barns and took the first car inbound. It was still early when he emerged from the subway at Copley Square and started through Dartmouth Street to Beacon. Unconsciously he walked at top speed. He was in a hurry without knowing it. And he was enjoying in anticipation the surprise of Arklay and Hasket and Mrs. Rumson, when they should see him. They would be glad to see him. Old Arklay—and Mrs. Rumson had a heart as big as a house. She would probably take him into her arms if he let her. He decided to kiss her roundly. She would cry, he expected—happy tears.

Turning into Beacon Street, he felt like breaking into a run, but he restrained that impulse. Beacon Street was still asleep. One or two cars passed, and a truck outbound on some urgent errand. He saw no pedestrians—saw no one at all except a policeman on the corner, who looked at him with suspicion. Perry did not know him—a new man on the beat since last month. He was used to being looked at with suspicion by policemen. Policemen always look that way at young men who drive their cars at sixty miles an hour.

He turned up his own steps with a bound. The house looked just the same. It had looked the same for a hundred years; the curtained windows of Mrs. Rumson's sitting room on the street level, the service door under the front steps. At the top of the steps he jabbed his thumb against the bell, looked up and down the street, grinned with pleasure at being home, and then turned to look through the glass of the front door for first sight of Arklay coming to answer the ring.

When he did this Perry got the first glimpse of himself that he had had for close to a month and at this first glimpse he looked quickly over his shoulder to see who else was there, for this man who was reflected in the glass panel of the door was surely not himself—not Perry Danton!

Perry Danton had been a slim, well-set-up young fellow with a small, clean-cut head and a decently good-looking face, and his clothes had always been beyond reproach. This man whom Perry saw reflected in the glass of the door—he turned his head this way and that so that the light might shine upon his countenance for the sake of a better view—was broader of shoulder than Perry had ever been. He had the slouched look of men whose muscular arms hang forward in an attitude of readiness. His head looked round and hard with the cap pulled low on his uncut hair. Furthermore, there was a grizzle of beard on chin and cheeks and there was below and round his right eye a blue shadow that seemed to

(Continued on Page 149)

"This *New* Westinghouse Ignition Does the Job Better"

A hot spark at all speeds and all times—

Nothing in the operation of your motor-car, your motor truck or your tractor is more important. Few essentials, moreover, are more difficult to assure.

It's a big job—putting the spark where it's needed every time. That's why Westinghouse engineers—with all their experience—spent several years designing, constructing and testing before announcing as ready for use the new battery ignition unit which is being shown for the first time at the New York Automobile Show.

This Westinghouse unit—type SC—embodies a number of new features of design—features that make it rugged, long-lived and efficient.

In every respect this new ignition unit *is* a fit companion for Westinghouse starting and lighting equipment, which is used by more than twice as many automobile manufacturers as use any other make, though it is higher priced, and is to be found on cars of the highest quality, as the following list shows:

These 67 Makes are Westinghouse Equipped

Passenger Cars

Allen
American
Argonne
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Case
Climbers
Crawford
Cunningham
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Hollier
Hupmobile
King
Locomobile
Lexington
McFarlan
Mercer
Metz
National Six
Pan American
Pierce-Arrow
Porter
Revere
Standard
Stearns
Singer
St. Louis
Stanwood
Stevens-Duryea
Velie

Motor Trucks

American Truck
Day-Elder
Denby
Dual
Duplex
Garford
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Oneida
Mutual Motors
Mutual Truck
Nelson Le Moon
Northway
Parker
Pierce-Arrow
Republic
Riker (Locomobile)
Service
Tiffin
Titan
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Mine Locomotives

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Baldwin

IF YOU ARE interested in a full description of the mechanical and electrical details of the new Westinghouse Ignition Unit, send for Publication 1606.

Westinghouse Service Covers the Continent—There are now 162 Westinghouse Service Stations, each one operated by men trained in the Westinghouse plant or by Westinghouse specialists in automotive equipment.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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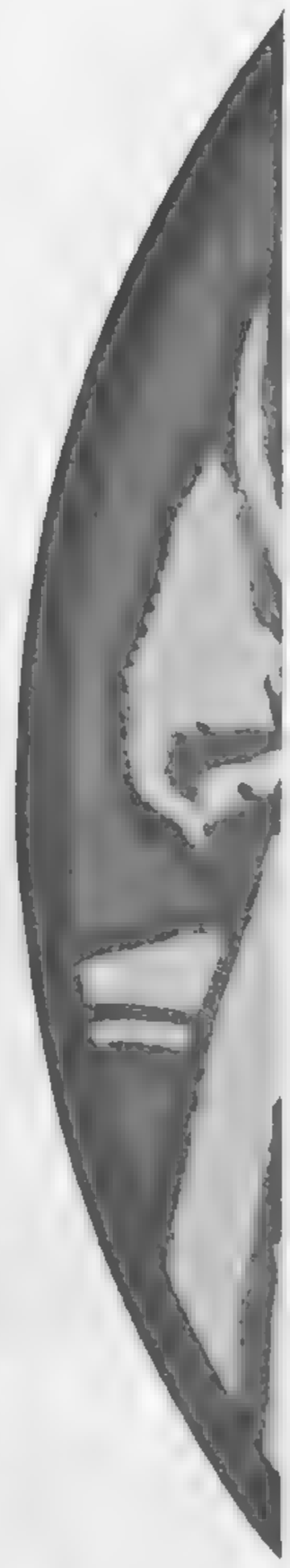

During the New York Automobile Show, headquarters of the Westinghouse Automotive Equipment Department will be at the Hotel Commodore during the Chicago Show, at the Congress Hotel.

Westinghouse

STARTING, LIGHTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT

W
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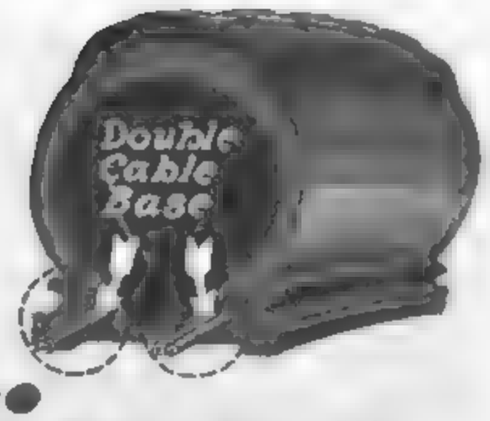
ELECTRIC

FEDERAL
Double Cable Base Tires



Reinforced Against Rim-Rub

FEDERAL Tires cannot rub the rim and *rob* the tire of road-wear because their exclusive Double-Cable-Base construction positively prevents it.

Within their pliant, yielding base, four steel, stranded cables hold Federals to the rims with an unshakable grip.

Held permanently correct, Federal Tires cannot chafe against the rim. Rim cuts, blowouts just above the rim are ended because the cause is removed.

All Federal Tires—"Rugged" white tread (extra ply fabric) and "Traffik" and "Cord" black treads have this exclusive Double-Cable-Base construction.

The surest way to lower your mileage cost is to see your nearest Federal Dealer.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER CO., of Illinois. Factories, Cudahy, Wis.
Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes & Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle & Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting & Mechanical Rubber Goods

(Continued from Page 145)

Perry to be growing darker while he watched. He remembered that malignant oar. Also, this reflected man in the glass wore a shabby faded sweater sagging open at the neck and his pants were too large for him and his shoes were larger still.

Perry, looking closer after his first shock of surprise, said to himself: "It's you all right, you human scarecrow! But I wouldn't know you, Perry, my son." He laughed softly. "Arklay won't know you—that's sure," he added.

Then he realized that Arklay had not yet answered the bell, and he rang again and after a few minutes he rang for the third time. It was on the heels of this third ring that Arklay came. Through the thin curtain within the glass of the outer door Perry saw the butler come into the vestibule and peer out at him uncertainly.

Perry called: "Open up, Arklay!"

And Arklay shot back the lock on the outer door and opened it a crack and looked out. Perry noticed that Arklay had not loosed the chain and he laughed. It was as he expected. Arklay did not know him.

"Come, Arklay, old man," he said, "it's me. Perry. Take off that chain and let me in."

Arklay looked at him with the hard old eyes of a worldly-wise butler and asked severely: "What is it you want?"

"I want to come in," Perry told him. "I want some breakfast and a shave and some clean clothes, a bath—lots of things."

"Go away!" said Arklay.

"Damn it, man," said Perry, half impatient, half amused, "I tell you it's me—Perry! Did you think I was dead?"

If Arklay's soul was as unmoved as his countenance this moved him not at all. He said again: "I'll have to ask you to go away."

He would have shut the door, but Perry stuck his foot into the narrow crack that the chain permitted the door to open.

"Arklay," he insisted, "rub your eyes! You're still half asleep. I know I've got a black eye and a beard and one or two other things, but I'm Perry all the same."

Arklay seemed to hesitate for a moment and Perry thought he was relenting, but the butler was simply considering how best to cope with this matter.

"I don't know whether you are drunk or not," the old man said severely at last. "Mr. Danton is still asleep—in his bed."

That did stagger Perry. The cablegram to Cardiff had puzzled and disturbed him, but he had considered the reasonable interpretation of that message too unreasonable for possibility. So far as he had tried to explain it to himself at all he had thought it must be a joke of some kind. It appeared the joke was serious. For a moment the seriousness of it overwhelmed him. He cried in something like a panic: "You're crazy, Arklay! I was kidnaped a month ago! I've been to Europe and back!"

Arklay said impassively: "Mr. Danton has not been away." He produced a little silver whistle and held it suggestively near his lips. "Go away or I shall be forced to summon the police."

Perry's sense of humor came back to him. He laughed.

"Oh, all right, old man! I'll be good. Put away your weapon. Say, listen, are you—you mean what you say about my being here all this time?"

Arklay put the whistle in his mouth and Perry held up both hands in good-natured protest and backed down the steps and turned away.

He heard Arklay close the door decisively behind him and he walked as far as the next corner and sat down on the curbing and put his head in his hands and tried to think. He was completely at a loss. The very impossibility of his predicament overwhelmed him. It couldn't be true. But it was true. He groped for a key that would solve the puzzle, reconcile truth with an impossibility.

After a while he got up and walked through to the promenade along the Basin and sat down there and stared out across the water. Without any particular consciousness of the passage of time he remained there until midmorning, groping for some solid footing in this puddle of bewilderment. When he got up at last it was with some faint notion of going back to see Arklay again.

As he entered Beacon Street he saw his own roadster draw up and stop before his own house the length of the block away and he walked slowly in that direction, not knowing what to expect, not knowing what he should see. When he was still half a block away he saw himself come out of the house, step into the car and drive off in the direction of town. For a moment he was angry, then he laughed and waved a hand after the figure in the vanishing car.

"My son," he said half aloud, "for nerve I've got to hand it to you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEEING'S BELIEVING

(Continued from Page 15)

"By the way, Nellie, can you lend me twenty-five dollars?" he asked in a comradely way.

"I've got only five left," I said apologetically, "but you are welcome to that!"

He took it and tucked it away.

"That makes about fifty that I owe you!" he said in his calm, pure voice. "What a mercy it is that there are a few women who can be treated exactly as if they were men—or at least I mean on a purely human ground without any of the old false traditions of sex!"

Of course I felt the indirect compliment, and it was with a warm appreciation of my own unique, modern and Emancipated standing that I bade him good night and let myself in with my key.

Inside the hall a surprise awaited me. Mrs. Smeers, the landlady, met me with the information that I had a caller in the drawing-room who had insisted on waiting, and upon entering that chamber of late Victorian horrors, there of all people was my boss, Mr. Kellogg, absorbed in the perusal of that lower-middle classic, the Rubaiyat. He looked up quickly at my entrance, almost as if he had recognized my step, and put down the book.

"Miss Kelly!" he exclaimed. "Will you forgive me for waiting so late? I simply could not go without seeing you!"

"Go where?" I asked blankly, for he had said nothing of any prospective absence in the office that day.

"I'm going to Hungary!" he explained. "I've had my passport for weeks, and only this afternoon I found I could squeeze in on the Cadoric, which sails to-morrow."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "What on earth are you going over for?"

"For the paper!" he said. "I'm going to tell the truth about the Soviet there. And the chief wants you to take my place while I'm away. Will you?"

"Of course!" I said, though it would mean a lot of extra work—running his department as well as my own—but everyone in our office would do anything for the chief. "Of course! But how exciting. I know a most distinguished writer who is going on the same boat, Lola Langdon. You will meet her, of course. She's a particular friend of mine. You know, she's the one that hired the church for the unemployed to sleep in!"

"It wasn't a church, it was a car barn!" replied Mr. Kellogg. "Yes, I remember. The same money would have secured a hotel, but I suppose that would have been less 'intriguing'—that's the current word, at least, in the effete circles!"

"Well, she's a perfectly splendid woman," I said defensively. And as I spoke, to my surprise, Mr. Kellogg arose and came over to the vacant place beside me on the sofa, his face very serious.

"Nellie Kelly," he said, as if it was all one word, "I—I want—that is, will you marry me?"

For a moment I was simply stunned with surprise. Not at the proposal, for I had known he was going to say something sometime, as every woman always does. But just what, and when it would be, I had no idea. You see since Carter had broadened my views on these subjects I felt rather confused and ready for practically any suggestion, such as a Bolshevik lease marriage, for example. So I was a little jarred by a proposal which might have happened in any suburban parlor instead of on South Washington Square.

"Why, Mr. Kellogg ——" I began.

"Call me Dick!" he put in.

"Well then, Comrade Dick," I amended.

"Damn the comrade part!" he said. "Excuse the damn, Nellie Kelly, but I don't want to be a comrade to you; not in any of the village senses, that is. I want to be your perfectly good husband."

"Well, Dick, then," said I, "I'm not sure that I believe in marriage!"

Dick looked thoroughly alarmed.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Don't you tell me any such rot! I know you too well to believe you."

"It is the fact of marriage that I object to," I explained loftily. "It is death to self-expression. No artist can survive under it."

"Oh! So you are afraid household responsibilities would cramp your style!" he replied reflectively. "But there isn't much chance of that. I admire your stuff too much. You are some little artist, my dear—a live wire if anybody wants to know!"

A curious warm thrill went through me at these words, and for a moment the image of Carter faded. Dick was certainly nice to look at in a well-washed, collar-advertisement sort of a way. And he appreciated the fact that my heart was really in my work, though he seemed to be the first person to suspect it. What would the comrades think of this opinion? All at once I seemed to see Carter's curls and hear his liquefied—I mean liquid—voice telling me to be a Free Seeker after Truth, and I repressed the memory of some really very decent-looking parlor furniture I had recently seen in the window of an installment house, and firmly withdrew my hand from Dick's.

"No!" I said. "I can't do it—I came to the village to be free and I intend to be if it kills me!"

"But, dear!" he cried. "Don't you see what terrible fakers most of these people are? Their talk is mostly for effect. The minute any of them became successful, they'd—they'd move uptown!"

"It's simply that you don't understand them!" I replied.

"I'm too bourgeois, I suppose!" said he. "But never mind, Nellie Kelly. You'll find them out some day. And then perhaps I'll have a chance."

"They do great work for the world!" I said rather crossly.

"They are about as useful as the parsley on an omelet!" said Dick, rising. "Well, I'll have to go. But before I do, tell me one thing. Do you care for somebody else?"

I hesitated a moment, I am ashamed to confess it. Dick did look so nice. Just as if one could rely on him to take care of you, and spend money on you, and as if he would smell of English soap, tobacco and toothpaste, if one were to kiss him. But somehow his very self-reliance set me off—I mean gave rise to an inhibition. For I had learned to be independent and even learned the joy of having others dependent on me. Especially Carter, of course. When I thought of how absolutely he counted upon my enthusiasm to produce his drawings, how he depended on my—my comradeship, how wonderful his insight into Life and its Shams was, and how he had taught me to search for Truth, and how bourgeois his talk always made the office seem, I felt that I must at all costs remain true to what he believed me to be.

"Yes," I said at length. "There is someone. We are merely spiritual comrades, but we are both artists and we must remain bound together in our freedom!"

There was a sort of disappointed pause.

"Well, of course that settles it!" said Dick at length. "I shan't ask you again. Only if he doesn't do the right thing by you I'll knock his damn head off!"

After he had gone I kept thinking over that last sentence and simply could not go to sleep. I wished he had used some other phrase, but doing the right thing sounded altogether too much like what I had said to Carter myself. But then, of course Dick Kellogg could not be expected to appreciate how Carter felt about marriage. Carter should really have lived in Russia or Hungary, where regular marriage is, I believe, against the law. Dick talked about my eyes being opened. Well, perhaps his would be! He was going over with Lola, and he would have every opportunity. At the thought I sat bolt upright in bed.

Opportunity! I should say he would! Or, to put it differently, he wouldn't have a chance in the world. Lola had already been married four times, and was again a widow, though what the men see in her I can't imagine unless it is her money. And Dick was just her type. She had always married successful business men. That's why she could afford to write vers libre and radical essays. I buried my face in the pillow and groaned. Somehow I hated Lola at that moment. Then I conjured up Carter and consoled myself with his image and the realization of how completely himself he was, as he had once so aptly put it.

But I had experienced an emotional vibration which left a distinct subconscious memory, as Havelock Ellis would say. And during the three months which followed, a series of jolts or, I should say, sequential coincidences occurred, each of which set this subconscious memory vibrating, though at the various times I was unconscious of it, or perhaps subconscious of it, and it was only the culminative result which made me realize what had been happening to me.

The first of these shocks occurred a month after my taking on Dick Kellogg's work at the office. A lot of the manuscripts which were submitted came to his desk. He did what we call the weeding out, in fact; and of course in his absence they came to me. Imagine my astonishment upon discovering among them a story from Fritz West! It was called Love's Labor Rewarded, and I cast aside all other matters to read it at once, because of course I expected something fearless and strong and radical.

Frankly I did not expect it would be the sort of thing we could publish, and it wasn't. But not for the reasons I had anticipated. We could not publish it because—I must tell the Truth, painful as it is and was because it was not good enough. It was—well, mawkish! A love story of the supposedly popular type, but badly done—a mere attempt at potboiling I suppose. I sat there almost paralyzed for a time when I had finished it, wondering whether it was some sort of a ghastly joke on me. Then I realized that it couldn't be, because I had carefully concealed the fact that I was subediting the paper, for fear of being properly criticized by our little group of intellectuals. So it wasn't a joke. And it had to be returned. I couldn't endure to write anything to him about it, and so called the office girl and told her to return it with a printed slip. She was a pert young thing, and when she looked at the title and author she remarked, "As usual!"

"What do you mean, Theda?" I inquired, calling her as she insisted upon being styled.

"Mr. Kellogg always sends this bird's stuff back!" said the ambitious one.

"Always!" I said faintly. "Bring me the card index, please."

With feverish fingers I sought the damning evidence, and found it. This was the twentieth manuscript by Fritz that the Record Breaker had returned! Fired by the terrible discovery, I looked up one possibility after another, and imagine my horror and chagrin when I discovered the rejection of ten poems and two essays by Lola.

This dreadful discovery so upset me that I could not take any luncheon, though, keeping in mind the necessity of eating enough to be in fit condition to do my work properly, I went to the usual place and ordered. I was toying with my crackers and milk when Mr. Daulton, our art editor, came in and getting permission sat down at my table.

"What ails you, Kelly?" he asked. "Bacon and eggs—coffee—cream."

This last was to the waitress.

"I have learned something, and the eye-opener is sticking in my throat!" I replied.

"Amazing surgical error!" he murmured. "Thought you looked as if something was wrong. Why not a bodkin or crochet needle instead?"

"Forget the art-needlework department for a moment," I pleaded. "I'm doing Di—Mr. Kellogg's work while he is in Hungary, and it's over there."

"In Hungary?" he said, attacking the eggs. "It ought to be in your heart, not your eyes—or was it throat?—in that case."

"Don't be foolish!" I said severely, blushing violently against my will. "I mean over in his department."

"Oh!" said Mr. Daulton.

(Continued on Page 153)

The Unfilmed Stars of

Millions of movie fans are daily whisked away on a magic carpet to lands of romance, travel, adventure—through films bearing the mark: "Vitagraph."

Vitagraph stars are known by name and face in every village and city. But few give thought to the "unfilmed stars"—the mechanical equipment which transforms the inanimate ribbon of celluloid into a living, breathing story.

Vitagraph, always a leader in the motion picture industry, has been a pioneer in developing mechanical equipment for the production of the finished films of the "silent drama."

And the story of the part played by Robbins & Myers Motors in this development is one in which we take wholesome pride.

At the very start of the industry, Mr. Albert E. Smith, president and directing genius of Vitagraph, foresaw that the success of their productions would depend upon the quality of work done in the developing and reproducing processes as well as upon the work of the artists in the studios.

Consequently, he caused to be designed and perfected a series of ingenious machines—and to power this mechanical equipment he selected Robbins & Myers Motors.

"Few classes of work require the dependability in power equipment which is so vitally important here," says Mr. A. Ross, head of Vitagraph's mechanical department.

"The first Robbins & Myers Motors we installed nearly fifteen years ago are still in constant service; and we have never spoiled a

Robbins & Myers

Drawing from a photograph showing a special production being filmed at Vitagraph studios

the Movies

single picture through a failure in the operation of our mechanical equipment. R&M Motors are the unfilmed stars of the Vitagraph Studios."

Just as power users have found R&M Motors assure uniform quality of output and reliable, lasting service, so, too, have makers of motor-equipped devices found that they can insure the dependability of their appliances by equipping them with these motors.

And the public has learned, also, that the Robbins & Myers name plate on the motor is assurance of service satisfaction. Look for it when you buy a motor or motor-driven device.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

For Twenty-three Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors

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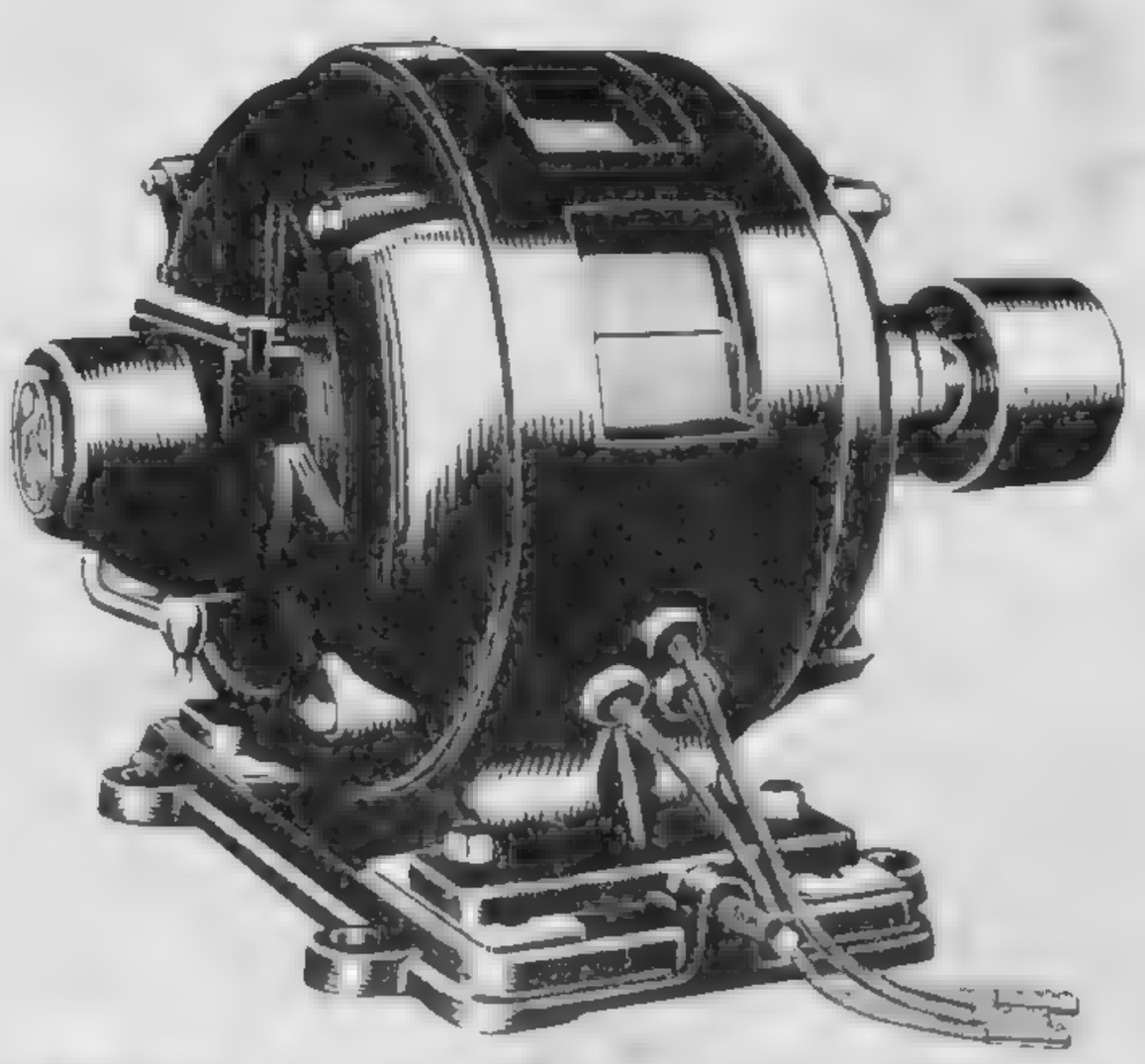


Motors

I'll Tell You How To Get A Pleasant Shave

And Why This Double-Bevel Blade Makes Your Face Feel Fine

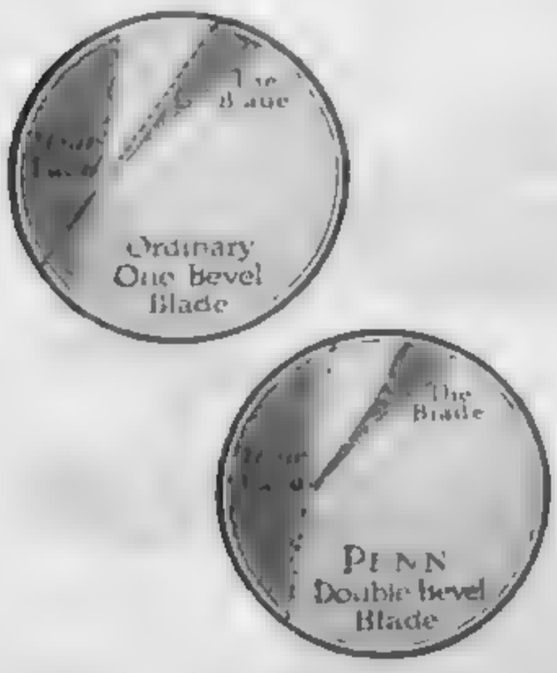
by A·C·Penn

I WISH I could talk in person to every man who has shaving troubles. Since I can't, I am going to talk to as many as I can reach through The Saturday Evening Post.

I'm going to tell exactly why and how my razor will give you a *new kind of shave.*

▫ ▫ ▫

Some years ago, while visiting the cutlery centers of Europe, I picked up a certain hand-ground razor in a little side-street shop.



Comparison showing the reason why the Penn Double-Bevel Blade does not dig into the skin

When I tried it the next morning, I was astounded.

Here I had been shaving with all kinds of razors for years, trying every new edge I could find, but never before had I found a razor that I could *hardly feel on my face.*

A. C. Penn, who found and developed the Double-Bevel Blade

Furthermore, instead of leaving the skin tender or sore, it actually made it feel better than it had before—smooth, soft, pleasant. I liked to stroke it with my fingers.

Believing this fine shave to be accidental, I used the razor again next day. The same easy, fine-face-feeling shave. I tried it several days running—always the same result.

▫ ▫ ▫

Then I went back to the old razor-smith.

"Why," I asked, "does this razor of yours give me a shave that makes my face feel *healed* instead of *sore?*"

He thought a minute, then he said:

"Simply this. Because I grind my blade with *two bevels* instead of one.

▫ ▫ ▫

"When a razor scrapes and leaves your face sore, that's because it is shaving off some of the *skin* along with the beard. The blade is digging into the surface of the skin. The pressure necessary to carry it through the beard makes it dig.

"In grinding *my* razors, I add an *extra bevel*—very narrow—you can hardly see it—right close to the edge.

"This bevel lifts up the keen edge, and holds it flat against the face. Thus it shaves off the beard, but does not dig into the skin.

"That's why my edge leaves your face feeling fine."

▫ ▫ ▫

Well, that was exactly the edge I had been looking for.

When I got home, I started to work to apply this double-bevel edge idea to the safety-razor blade. A difficult job, since such blades must be ground by machine in great quantities.

But I knew that was exactly the kind of blade thousands of dissatisfied shavers were looking for.

The Penn Double-Bevel Blade I offer you today, is identical with that wonderful hand-ground edge that the old European razor man used to make.

It will give you quick, easy, sensationless shaves that make your face feel as though a healing touch had gone over it.

▫ ▫ ▫

You experimenters with all kinds of razors may hesitate to take this on faith. But if you'll take the trouble to get a Penn Razor with the Double-Bevel Blades, you'll thank me for telling you this story.

▫ ▫ ▫

Penn Double-Bevel Blades fit all models of Penn Razors. The new Penn Adjustable Razor and ten double-bevel blades, in handsome leather case, $5. Penn Shaving Sets, including adjustable razor, ten blades, and honing strop, in leather case, $7.50 and $10.

New-Model Penn Razor, instantly adjustable to all types of beard

Make up your mind now to change shaving *pains* to shaving *enjoyment*, by getting a Penn Adjustable Razor today, from the store where you usually trade. If they have not yet been stocked, write us—we'll see that you get one.

Penn Razor ADJUSTABLE

"With the Double Bevel Blades"

A. C. PENN, Inc.
Singer Building, New York, N. Y. Newark, N. J.

(Continued from Page 149)

And then I told him what I had discovered.

"That's nothing!" he exclaimed. "You ought to see some of the things I get. Perfectly awful stuff. Why, I've had a hundred crazy drawings from a bug named Carter Durant—— Why, what is the matter, Kelly?"

"Oh, it's nothing!" I murmured into my handkerchief. "A little indigestion, I guess."

He let me go, and it wasn't until I was outside that I realized I had left him to pay my check.

That afternoon was a terrible one, and as the time approached for me to meet Carter and take him—I mean go with him—to dinner, my soul was so full of complexes that I felt as if I were lined with an old-fashioned patchwork quilt. But when I did actually meet him he was so gay, so charming, so care-free and altogether delightful that I had not the heart to speak of dull, prosaic matters like the office.

"Let's dine uptown at a really good place and see a musical show afterward," he suggested, tucking his arm through mine. "I'm completely fed up on the village."

I agreed of course, and so we spent another delightful evening, as we so often had before, laughing at the uptowners and walking home down silent and deserted Fifth Avenue afterward, our talk turning into a more serious vein. He told me, I recall, how wrong it was for the artist to have children. How the grind of providing for them had ruined many a genius. It was terribly interesting and Modern, and, of course, I didn't speak of what Daulton had said. Neither then nor later. Somehow when I was with Carter—and only then—I realized how little my business associates really knew of Beauty.

And so the weeks slipped by. Occasionally the office got a brief note from Mr. Kellogg saying that he was getting some fine dope, and would be back before long. But from Lola not a word. It was ominous. I felt it, because she is a great letter-writer ordinarily. Dick did not mention her, but I knew that was no sign he wasn't seeing her. It was very puzzling. Especially her silence. But Fritz and Mercedes explained it one night at the Brevoort as we all sat drinking mazagrans of coffee.

"Of course she hasn't written!" scoffed Mercedes. "The Authorities would probably rob the mails to get her stuff. She isn't taking any chances with getting the Truth about the Soviet into the country."

"That's it!" echoed Fritz. "Lucky thing I'm here to print her stuff when she does come back. None of the kept press will, that's a cinch. They print only what their masters, the capitalists, dictate."

I thought of Love's Labor Rewarded, but said nothing. What was the use? They would only accuse me of having been bought out by the trusts or something. And it was just as I was making this mental note that the Shadow of Tragedy crept into my life. It had to come, I suppose. No artist really begins to create until he—she—it has lived, and to Live is to Suffer. And I am probably a woman in the larger sense for my heartaches. Though perhaps it would not have been a tragedy for me if I had been able to be Bigger about it all. But I wasn't. It started with my catching Carter looking at that blond creature in the double mirror.

Fritz was explaining the Soviet decree on the Drama. He was quoting from Document Number Nineteen.

"They intend laying the foundation of a genuine democratic proletarian, socialistic art," he was saying, "by staging such plays as represent bourgeois Society in a negative—satirical vein."

"Yes, indeed?" I said politely. But just then I saw Carter see that woman—a very bourgeoise woman of about thirty she was, plump and blond—and he recognized her, that was evident. He at once got up, taking his coffee with him.

"I'll be back later!" he said, and actually moved over to her table. There was an older man with her who seemed to be her father. He looked like a grocer. They certainly were not at all the sort of persons one would have expected Carter to know, but he sat right down with them in the most exasperatingly familiar way and received a cordial greeting. I could not hear a word they said, however, with the noise of dishes and so forth, and Fritz's chatter.

"It is necessary not only to socialize and democratize Art, but it is a matter of great urgency," he went on, absorbed only in his theme. "The people must be made to want Art whether they like it or not!"

Just at this point Carter kissed the woman's hand and I could stand no more. Of course I realize that one of the chief difficulties of the relationship between the sexes is jealousy; that jealousy is old-fashioned nonsense and that no well-balanced modern woman would experience such an obsolete emotion. Carter had often explained this to me. So of course I was not jealous. I was merely struggling with a congenital habit of mind handed down from my Victorian progenitors, as Moll has so wonderfully explained.

But, anyway, I got up and Carter saw me in the mirror and left off kissing that fat pussycat's paw and came back to our table just too late to pay the check. But I was in no mood to sit there talking, and so he and I went out and the Fritzes went over to another table where the meal was just starting. I controlled myself pretty well until we got outside. Then I asked the question I could no longer restrain.

"Who was that?" I demanded

"Who was who?" he asked with an attempt at innocence.

"You know—the fat blonde!" I said in a tone that implied "no nonsense."

"Oh! Her?" said Carter. "She's just a woman I know—an uptowner. She's a frightful bore. You wouldn't care for her at all!"

"I dare say!" I snapped. "But why kiss her hand?"

"Oh, I painted her portrait long ago," Carter explained. "And once you paint 'em they expect that sort of thing. Just business, my beautiful!"

Well, of course that explained things, and I loaned the dear boy twenty-five instead of the ten he asked for, and we parted most affectionately.

It is strange how much of the private life of Greenwich Village takes place in public. It is a characteristic peculiar to the locality, I believe, and quite unknown to the Suburbs. Though of course when the Suburbs comes to the village and brings its own cocktails, that's another story. But I am thinking now chiefly of Encounters in Cafés and so forth, and how lots of people who have no parlors get engaged in the Square, or arrange for their divorce over a demi-tasse and a piece of pastry. But so it is in our corner of the world—in any, for that matter. Take a look round the next restaurant you find yourself in and count the number of low-pitched earnest conversations! Note the women who are surreptitiously wiping their eyes, the men who are vindictively wordless!

"Of Course I Believe in the Freedom of the Artist and All That," She Went on Quite Calmly

Well, be that as it may, my next real emotional revolution occurred, as had the former one, in a café, and the same café at that.

Even the same table, and it took place about a month later.

I had come in alone to get a bite of dinner as so many lonely women in the village do, hoping to see a friend or two, despite prohibition. The old place was not half so gay as formerly, and this was a Monday night, and at six o'clock practically empty. I had had a hard day of it, getting Dick Kellogg's desk in order, for he was expected back at any time now, and on top of that I had made up a spread on filet-lace table covers and a note on Kut-Outs for Kutie-Kiddies for my own department, and I was about all in. I stood in the doorway while a bus boy took my dripping raincoat and umbrella, and looked about the scarcely populated tables. And who on earth should I see but Lola!

At first I hardly recognized her, because instead of her customary draperies she wore a Reconstruction Aide's uniform, and she didn't have a scrap of make-up. Ordinarily she carries a first-aid kit containing compact powder, lip stick and eye pencil. But she seemed to have changed her equipment's character. She looked tired and wan, but very lovely, and with her was a man whose back was toward me. As she recognized me and waved a greeting he turned round, and it was my boss, Mr. Kellogg!

Well, I went over to them with decidedly mixed feelings, and after a little furore of greeting accepted their invitation and sat down. I could see at a glance that Mr. Kellogg and Lola were on the best of terms. It made me feel very queer.

"Lola!" I cried, plunging at once into the great sea of questions that flooded my brain. "How was it—did you see anything?"

"Anything!" exclaimed Lola. "My dear, I saw everything!"

The answer was certainly emphatic enough, but the tone wasn't quite what I had expected.

"Is there really a Soviet there?" I asked.

"Believe me, there is!" said Dick. "Ask her!" He pointed at Lola.

"There is nothing except the Soviet," she replied.

"And does it work?" from me.

"My dear, it works perfectly!" said Lola in as bitter a tone as I have ever heard from the lips of any human. "It works—is working. Everything prescribed in those pamphlets of Lenine's and so forth is in full practice."

"And isn't it heavenly?" I asked, a curious doubt creeping over me.

"It's hell!" said Lola briefly.

Dick Kellogg nodded assent and laughed. "She's right!" he said. "Only I expected to find it, and you see Lola here didn't."

"Tell me!" I begged her.

"My dear," she began earnestly, clasping and unclasping her hands with nervous tension as she talked, her eyes like two live coals, "my dear, the Soviet is a Moloch which crushes out every atom of individuality of liberty that is desired of mankind! You cannot sleep, eat, dress, read, amuse yourself love, even, except as those terrible, ignorant, thick-skinned men at the head of it say you may. What is more, they enforce their laws with the uttermost ease and completeness. Why, the very first thing they did was to confiscate my carriage!"

"How horrible!" I exclaimed. "But why?"

"Because the Soviet does not permit the wearing of jewels above a certain value for fear of engendering class envy! But that was the least of it. You know how delicate I have always been about my food? Well! In order to eat at all I had to apply at the Soviet house for a food ticket. Anyone can get one by applying. I was obliged to register according to my age and profession. I put down 'author' of course, and received a brain-worker's card—a yellow card, which I presented at the Soviet eating house, where I was served with a horrid piece of fish, some rice and a bit of wilted lettuce. The man who sat next to me had meat and potatoes and plenty of it, which he ate quite audibly. He was a hand worker—a laborer—and he had a red card! And there was nothing to do but submit or go hungry!"

"That's right!" interjected Dick.

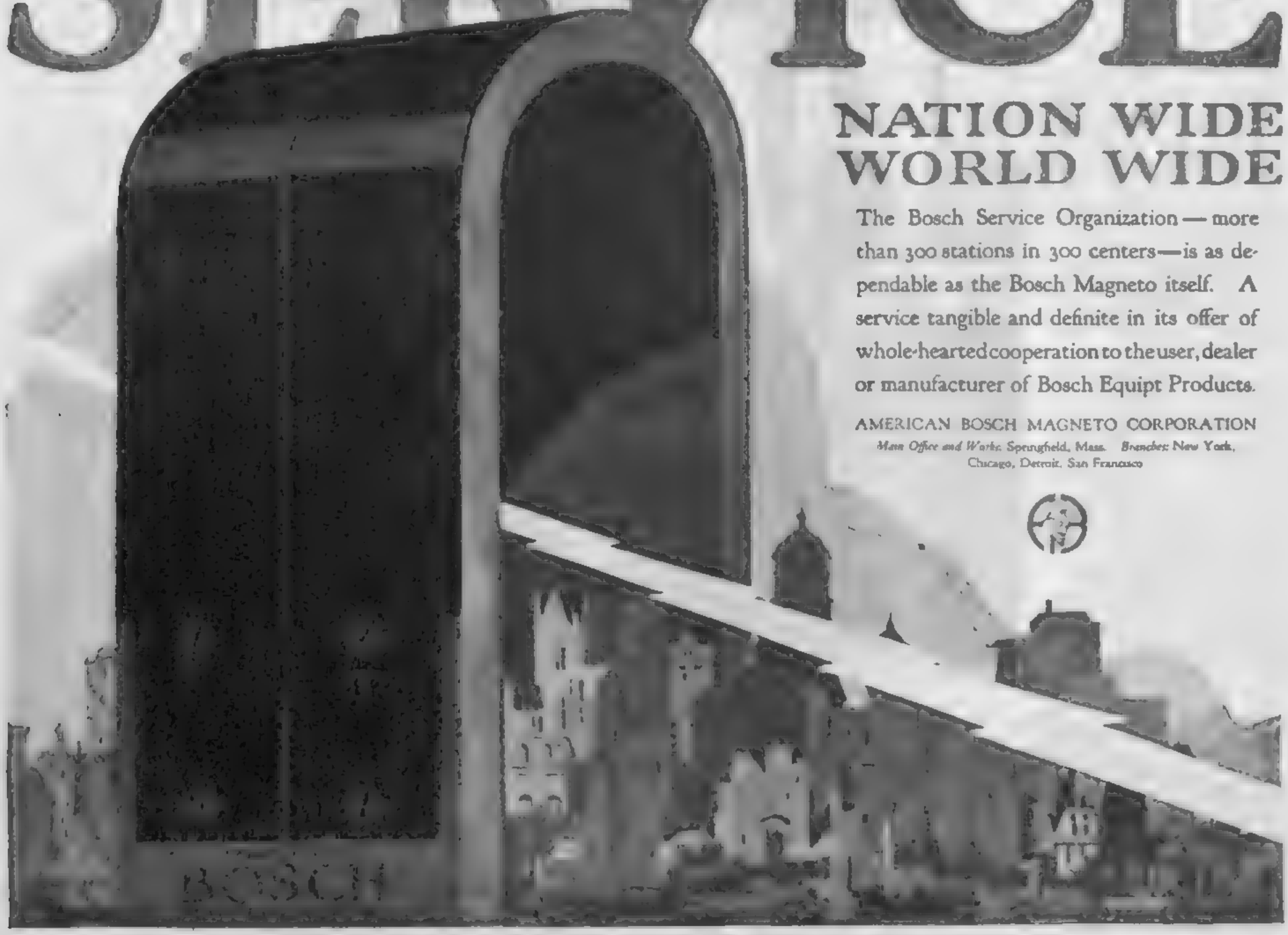
"And it was the same way with clothing!" Lola went on. "I needed a coat and had to apply for a permit in the same way before I could get one. And then it was a thin, miserable one suitable for a brain worker! Bah!"

"How simply shocking!" I cried. "Do you mean to tell me this is carried on through the entire life of the whole people?"

(Concluded on Page 157)

BOSCH

UNIVERSAL SERVICE



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WORLD WIDE

The Bosch Service Organization — more than 300 stations in 300 centers — is as dependable as the Bosch Magneto itself. A service tangible and definite in its offer of whole-hearted cooperation to the user, dealer or manufacturer of Bosch Equipt Products.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works, Springfield, Mass. *Branches:* New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco

AMERICA'S SUPREME

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ALABAMA
Drennan Motor Car Co., Avenue C and 20th St., Birmingham
Mobile Electric Garage, 210 No. Royal St., Mobile.

ARIZONA
Motor Supply Co., 317 N. Central Ave., Phoenix
Arthur Hendey, 143-147 So. Cortez St., Prescott
Babbitt Brothers, Aspen Ave., and S. F. Street, Flagstaff

ARKANSAS
Electric Service Co., 917 No. "A" St., Fort Smith
Brown & Holland, 620 West 7th St., Little Rock

CALIFORNIA
Auto Electric Service Co., 471-5 South 1st St., San Jose
Central California Electric Co., Visalia.
Young & Chamberlain, 1310-5th St., San Diego
Western Machine & Foundry Co., Cota and Anacapa Sts., Santa Barbara.
Waterman Brothers Co., "L" and Tulare St., Fresno
George W. Roberts Electrical Works, 325 "D" St., Marysville.
Ray Ignition Works, Third and Citrus Sts., Redlands
W. S. Maxwell Co., 207-9 N. El Dorado St., Stockton.
The Motor Car Electrical Co., 2324-2330 Broadway, Oakland
L. & T. Company, 300 Fourth St., Santa Rosa
Jensen Bros. Auto Co., Front and Cooper Sts., Santa Cruz
Herbert Hedges, 317 N. 5th St., Oxnard
Guarantee Auto Electric Works, 97 W. Colorado St., Pasadena
California Garage, 879 Higuera St., San Luis Obispo
Cousins Tractor Co., 110-18 East 7th St., Hanford.
Central California Electric Co., Exeter
Central California Electric Co., Lindsay
C. E. Coggins, 409 Main St., El Centro
Bakersfield Gas and Auto Sup. Co., 20th and G Sts., Bakersfield
Bair's Garage, 6th and "D" Sts., Eureka
Auto Ignition Co., 345 South 1st St., San Jose
Frank Andrews, 719 Ninth St., Modesto.
American Bosch Magneto Corp., 1262-72 Post St., San Francisco
Kimball-Upson Co., 609-11 "K" Street, Sacramento
E. A. Featherstone, 958 S. Los Angeles St., Los Angeles.
Lounsbury & Shaffer, 625 "M" St., Merced.

COLORADO
Cascade Auto Co., Colorado Springs
The Gall Auto Specialty Co., 1322-1332 Lincoln St., Denver

CONNECTICUT
Geo. B. Wiestefeld Co., 190 Whalley St., New Haven
Universal Auto Co., 132 Allyn St., Hartford
Rippowam Garage, W. Main and Mill River Sts., Stamford.
Garlock & Haynes (cor. Bank and State Sts.), New London
Electrical Contractors Corp., 169 East Main St., Waterbury
Auto Service Co., Inc., 225 John St., Bridgeport
Moran Storage Battery Co., 58 Shetucket St., Norwich

DELAWARE
Wilmington Storage Battery Co., 121 French St., Wilmington

DIST. COLUMBIA
Miller-Dudley Co., 1625-14th St., N. W., Washington

FLORIDA
Estaver's Garage, 214-24 Monroe St., Jacksonville
G. Norman Baughman Co., Florida Ave. and Jackson St., Tampa
Electric Equipment Co., Miami.

GEORGIA
Wade & Co., 413 Mulberry St., Macon.
Harris Tire Co., Perry and Drayton Sts., Savannah.
Oxburn Abston & Co., 291-3 Peachtree St., Atlanta
Automotive Electric Service Station, 620 Broad St., Augusta
Columbus Auto Repair Co., 512-4 12th St., Columbus
Hight Accessory Place, 227 East First St., Rome

IDAHO
Electrical Hospital, 147 Second Ave. N., Twin Falls
Electric Machinery & Engineering Co., Pocatello.
J. C. Clay, 22-26 "A." Street, Idaho Falls
Bertram Motor Supply Co. of Idaho, 121 South 10th St., Boise
Auto Electric Supply Co., 203 First St., Moscow.

ILLINOIS
American Bosch Magneto Corp., 3737 Mich. Ave., Chicago
Decatur Battery Service Station, Decatur.
Zinser Brothers Garage, 314 Scott St., Joliet.
Washington Garage, 811 Chicago Ave., Evanston
Fred Swanson Co., 12-14 E. Washington St., Champaign.
P & M Accessory Co., 170 Seminary St., Galesburg.
Ottawa Electric Co., Foot of Clinton St., Ottawa
Northern Ignition Co., 1211 Diversey Parkway, Chicago.
Hackett-Harvey Co., 410 W. Washington St., Bloomington
Eric J. Gustafson, 417 Winnebago St., Rockford.
Graham-Seltzer & Co., 517 Fulton St., Peoria
Fortin Bros. Garage, 151-9 Station St., Kankakee.
Chapin Electric Garage, 407 Jackson St., Springfield
Butzow Brothers Garage, 330 Elm St., Sycamore
Abbott Auto Electric Co., 719 Main St., Quincy.

INDIANA
Wayne Motor Service Co., 718 Harrison St., Fort Wayne.
Meyer's Motor Electric Co., 9 South First St., Vincennes.
High Tension Electric Co., 617 N. Capitol Ave., Indianapolis
J. S. Cox, 222 South 7th St., Terre Haute.
Battery Service Co., Inc., 620-622 Columbia St., Lafayette
The Auto Electric Equipment Co., 701 S. Hohman St., Hammond

IOWA
Mason City Battery & Electric Co., 24 First St. S. W., Mason City
A. B. Johnson Service Co., 106-114 Brady St., Davenport
Hodges Battery Works, 405 Valley St., Burlington
Electric Equipment Co., 300 Chestnut St., Atlantic
Electrical Service Co., 412 Second Ave. E., Cedar Rapids
Dubuque Exide Battery Station, 16 Eighth St., Dubuque
Central Battery & Electric Co., 318 E. Fifth St., Waterloo
Auto Motive Service, Inc., 1113 Locust St., Des Moines
Automotive Electric Service Co., 609 Pearl St., Sioux City

KANSAS
Mills Electric Co., 7 So. Walnut St., Hutchinson.
Keele Electrical Co., 215 W. 6th St., Topeka
Johnson Bros. Auto Supply Co., Wichita.

KENTUCKY
Andrew Cowan & Co., 421 West Main St., Louisville.

LOUISIANA
John M. Walton, St. Charles and Girod Sts., New Orleans.
Henderson's Garage, Sprug and Fannin Sts., Shreveport.

MAINE
Swan's Garage, 244 Spring St., Portland
A. L. Ebbeson, 225 Main St., Bangor.

MARYLAND
Carl Spoerer's Sons Company, 901 So. Carey Street, Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS
Auto Electric Service Station, 830 Main St., Worcester
J. E. Newton Co., Bedford and Troy Sts., Fall River
Alfred Markus, Arch St., Lowell.
Hart Garage Co., 15 E. Main St., Gloucester
Howe Auto Electric Co., 385 Warren Ave., Brockton
Auto Electric Service Sta., 660 Pleasant St., New Bedford
E. B. Atmus, 143 Chestnut St., Springfield
Motor Parts Co., 104-106 Brookline Ave., Boston.

MICHIGAN
Trombley Electric Co., 126 So. Jefferson St., Saginaw
Sparling Auto Electric Service, 502 Huron Ave., Port Huron
Michigan Tire and Accessories Co., Grand Rapids
Electric Service Co., 7th St. and Clay Ave., Muskegon.
American Bosch Magneto Corp., 1250 Woodward Ave., Detroit
Jackson Storage Battery Co., 219-221 Francis St., Jackson
Thompson Storage Battery Co., 115 N. Church St., Kalamazoo.

MINNESOTA
Zamboni & Sons, 301-3 No. Cedar St., Owatonna.
Newell Electric Co., 167 West 6th St., St. Paul
Kelley Hardware Co., 525 East Superior St., Duluth
Battery & Electrical Repair Co., 113 Center St., Winona
Western Motor Supply Co., 12th St. and Harmon Place, Minneapolis
Mankato Service Co., 628 So. Front St., Mankato.

MISSISSIPPI
J. B. Davis, 121 S. Farish St., Jackson.
Bostick Auto Supply Co., "A" St. and 22nd Ave., Meridian

MISSOURI
Armstrong Auto Co., 1515 Buchannan Ave., St. Joseph
Holthaus Saddlery & Auto Supplies Co., 3235 Locust St., St. Louis
Beach Sales Co., 1725 McGee Street, Kansas City

MONTANA
Motor Service & Sales Co., 301 Main Street, Anaconda
Montana Motor Co., 107 Pattee St., Missoula
Electric Service Station, 12 No. 29th St., Billings
Electric Service Station, 110 Fourth Ave. S., Lewistown

NEBRASKA
G. W. Shaffer, Kearney
Randall & Noll, 317 S. 11th St., Lincoln
Macy's Battery Station, 412 "D" St., Norfolk.
Electric Garage, 733 North Broad St., Fremont
J. S. Davis Auto Co., 4th and Locust Sts., North Platte.
Powell Service Co., 724 S. 16th St., Omaha

NEVADA
Tonopah Electric & Tire Co., Tonopah
Lincoln Highway Garage, 300 Altman St., Ely.
Brown & Mulberry, Inc., Fourth and Sierra Sts., Reno.

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Ernest E. Austin, 123 Canal St., Manchester

NEW JERSEY
R. V. Dorbeck, Riverside and W. Front St., Red Bank
R. V. Dorbeck, West End, Long Branch
Victor A. Wise & Bros., 10-12 Pine St., Morristown
Tire Trading Co., 31 William St., cor. Halsey St., Newark
Reliable Magneto Repair Co., 28 Prince St., Paterson
Middlesex Battery & Supply Co., 41 Albany St., New Brunswick
Laing Machine Auto Repair Co., 410 Sycamore St., Plainfield
J. H. Hearnen, 105-7 S. Warren St., Trenton
G. B. Hoefer, 11 N. Ohio Ave., Atlantic City
Coleman Auto Electric Service Co., 867 Bergen Ave., Jersey City

NEW YORK
Albert H. Ziegler, 42 Main St., Flushing
Van Demark Motor Car Co., Inc., Elmira
Claudio Vidal, 23-25 Beaver Street, New York
Utica Cycle & Supply Co., 115 Columbia Street, Utica
Tiffany Diamond Garage, 96 Market St., Poughkeepsie
Geo. H. Tyrrell Co., Inc., 2659 Webster Ave., New York
New Rochelle Garage, 316 Main St., New Rochelle
C. Per Lee Noxon, 243 W. Adams St., Syracuse
L. R. Mack Amsterdam Corp., 12 Market St., Amsterdam
J. Lawrence Hill Co., 21-29 Plymouth Ave., Rochester
O. M. Hawkins, 340 Observer St., Rockville Center
L. E. Hughes, 3 Fulton St., Troy.
Eleco Engineering Co., 239-41 Water St., Binghamton
Bronxville Garage, Sagamore Rd., Bronxville
Bolton Wechtel Co., Inc., 1188 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn.
Albany Garage Co., Howard and William Sts., Albany
American Bosch Magneto Corp., 223-5 West 46th St., New York
Henry and Ferguson, Inc., 1210 Main St., Buffalo
New York Motor Parts Service Co., 241 W. 68th St., New York

NORTH CAROLINA
Jarvis Storage Battery, 803 N. Trade St., Winston Salem
P. B. Comer, 533 So. Elm St., Greensboro.
Woodside Motor Co., 12½ N. Church St., Charlotte
Carolina Battery Co., 33 College St., Asheville

NORTH DAKOTA
Howard B. Tilden, 71 Fifth St., North Fargo
Minot Battery Service Co., Champion Imp. Co. Bldg., Minot
Thomas McGoocy, 117 No. 3rd St., Grand Forks

OHIO
Youngstown Motor Equipment Co., 28 Pyatt St., Youngstown
Seederly Battery Co., 514 5th St., East Liverpool
National Electrical Co., 139 W. Pleasant St., Springfield
L. C. R. Storage Battery Co., 122-130 N. St. Clair St., Dayton
Lancaster Ignition & Storage Battery Co., Lancaster
Fergus Electric Co., 524 Main St., Zanesville.
Bissinger Magneto Co., 118-20 East Spring St., Columbus
A. M. Allen Electric Co., 310 Water St., Akron.
Oskamp Ignition Co., Race and Seventh Sts., Cincinnati
Electric Power Maintenance Co., 1101-7 Monroe St., Toledo
Bissinger Magneto Co., 2344 Euclid Ave., Cleveland.
Ohio Battery and Ignition Co., 421 Cleveland Ave. N. W., Canton
Beckman Electric Co., 124 S. Central Ave., Lima
Gilbert Electrical Supply Co., 10 S. Walnut St., Mansfield
The Monrad Eng. Co., 919 4th St., Portsmouth.

OKLAHOMA
Walsh Electric Co., 919 So. Main St., Tulsa
Severin Tire & Supply Co., 600 No. Broadway, Oklahoma City
Peabody Battery and Starter Co., 440 W. Broadway, Muskogee.

OREGON
Ballou & Wright, Broadway and Oak St., Portland.
Pendleton Automobile Co., Court and Johnson Sts., Pendleton
Cook & Foster, 116 14th St., Astoria
Auto Electric Service Co., 171 S. Commercial St., Salem

PENNSYLVANIA
J. G. Schaff Electric Co., 71 North Main St., Chambersburg
Doubleday Hill Electric Co., 5952 Baum Boulevard, Pittsburgh
Williamsport Auto Electric Co., 420 W. 3rd St., Williamsport
Tri State Garage Co., 70-76 E. Fayette Street, Uniontown
Stough & Lucas, 112 No. George St., York
Charles B. Scott Co., 119 Franklin Ave., Scranton
Arthur P. Myers, 109-11 Market St., Harrisburg
Le Jeal Cycle & Mobile Works, 21-23 Sassafras St., Erie
Johnson Motor Service Co., 4549 Barney St., Wilkes Barre
Electric Equipment Co., 44 N. Prince St., Lancaster
Electric Repair Shop, Howard Ave. and Railroad St., Pottsville
Cramer-Arble Auto Co., 1724 Eleventh Ave., Altoona.
Bonsall & Wilson, First Ave. and Main St., Coatesville
Berks Auto Co., 514 Cherry St., Reading
Bradford Garage Co., 70 Chestnut St., Bradford
Allentown Electrical Devices Co., 52 South Second St., Easton
Allentown Electrical Devices Co., 524 Hamilton St., Allentown
Motor Parts Co., 847 No. Broad St., Phila.
Doubleday Hill Electric Co., 719-21 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh
Thompson Auto and Supply Co., 627 Edgemont Ave., Chester

RHODE ISLAND
American Ball Co., 115 Clifford St., Providence

SOUTH CAROLINA
Gas Engine & Electric Co., 280-2 Meeting St., Charleston
The Auto Electric Co., Inc., 1216 Hampton Ave., Columbia

SOUTH DAKOTA
Power & Flodin, 222 So. Phillips Ave., Sioux Falls
Hatfield Motor Supply Co., 205 So. Lincoln St., Aberdeen
Automotive Electric Co., 523 No. Main St., Mitchell

TENNESSEE
Southern Auto Supply Co., 613 Broad St., Chattanooga
R. T. Clapp Battery Co., 513 State St., Knoxville
Automobile Electric Service Co., 720 Commerce St., Nashville
Oxburn Abston & Co., 610-612 Monroe Ave., Memphis

TEXAS
Ragsdal Auto Supply Co., 810 West Concho, San Angelo.
Western Battery & Magneto Co., 314 East Boulevard St., El Paso
Starter Service Co., 285 West 10th St., Fort Worth
Electric Service Station, 812 Scott Ave., Wichita Falls
T. M. Caldwell Co., 119 West 5th St., Amarillo
J. Christensen & Co., 716 Tremont St., Galveston
S. K. Callahan, 416 Houston St., San Antonio.
Beach Sales Co., 607 South Ervay St., Dallas
Houston Electrical Service Co., Clay and Main Sts., Houston

UTAH
Auto Service & Supply Co., 146 No. Main St., Logan
Inter Mountain Elec. Co., 43-59 E. 4th So. St., Salt Lake City
Ogden Auto Service Co., 2452 Grant Ave., Ogden

VIRGINIA
Stoke Electric Co., 507 Commerce St., Roanoke
Reliance Electric Co., 711 Granby St., Norfolk
Frank I. Kilgore, 503 Cumberland St., Bristol
Hudson Morgan Electric Co., 624 Main St., Lynchburg
Dallas A. Shafer & Co., 218 North Adams St., Richmond

WASHINGTON
Leese Brothers, 2820 Rucker Ave., Everett
W. W. Shean Auto Co., 412-16 Yakima St., Yakima
Standard Auto Co., 1215 Dock St., Bellingham
Pacific Electric Machinery Co., 764 Commerce St., Tacoma
Poulson Auto Co., Broadway and Market St., Aberdeen
Mayfield Bros., Fourth and Rose Sts., Walla Walla
Child, Day & Churchill, 1217 First Ave., Spokane
Ballou & Wright, 1513 Twelfth Street, Seattle
Electric Supply Co., 17 Orondo Ave., Wenatchee

WEST VIRGINIA
Standard Automobile Co., cor. 9th and Market Sts., Wheeling
McKinley Storage Battery Co., 611 Fourth Ave., Huntington.

WISCONSIN
H. A. Druse, 619 Main St., Racine
L. C. Fuke Electric Co., 433-35 No. State St., Beloit
R. H. Colburn, 283 Main St., Oshkosh.
Benton Electric Co., 222 Main St., La Crosse
Automotive Elec. Service, 124-126 W. Main St., Madison
E. M. Anderson, 1921 Winter St., Superior
Acker Electrical Co., 606-8 North 8th St., Sheboygan
Lemke Electric Co., 509-11 Cedar St., Milwaukee
Johnson's Electric Shop, 114 Scott St., Wausau

IGNITION SYSTEM

We outgrow our old foolish fears~

Who now is afraid of

COFFEE

People once were afraid of the steam engine. "It will blow up"—"It will jump the track"—they said. But we all know better *now*.

Time has disproved many old fallacies. Yet, some good people still believe that coffee doesn't "agree" with them,—a popular *delusion*.

There are many food fads. Some think they can't eat bread,—some think they can't eat potatoes. There is probably no food that can be said to agree with *everybody*.

In reality—coffee is more healthful for more people than any other beverage. It is consumed in greater volume than any other. Coffee is the mainstay of the *millions*.

The government sent 2,000,000 doughboys "over there" and fed them on real coffee, all they could drink,—four times a day. And there was much "nervousness"—among the *Germans!*

Ask a Brazilian to name his country's greatest service to mankind, and he will proudly answer,—"Brazil furnishes three-fourths of the world's coffee."

Better a dinner of bread and beef with *coffee* than a ten-course banquet without it. And coffee is the cheapest item of your menu,—it costs *less* than two cents per cup.

SIGNIFICANT—*"The Medical Standard" says:—"Taken after meals coffee is an aid to digestion. Under its influence the development of digestion is more perfect and more rapid. It is a stomachic of the first order, especially when taken hot."*

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COFFEE *is* the Indispensable Drink!

(Concluded from Page 153)

"I certainly do!" she said with emphasis. "It makes for the most horrible dead level you can picture!"

"But what about amusements?" I asked.

"There are none!" said Lola gloomily.

"Unless you call a weekly public concert of classical music amusement. Anyone who wants can attend free. I went a couple of times in sheer desperation, but it taught me how good a little jazz can sound!"

This from Lola!

"Is this a dream?" I asked, turning to Dick. "Is she fooling or is this the way the Soviet works out?"

"It's even worse!" said he seriously. "We didn't see any blood or atrocities such as you hear about. But the spiritual oppression on the imagination, on the joy of living, is more than Hunnish. In fact, Lola thinks the Hun must have originated them. It's the millennium—it works—and it's hell!"

"Well, you said you'd bring back the truth!" I remarked.

"I have, and I shall tell it just as I promised!" declared Lola. "But I am going to vote the Republican ticket as a result!" And I have never seen her so beautiful, so inspired as at that moment.

Dick Kellogg tapped a fat manuscript which he held in his hand.

"She has already told it!" he said significantly. "She wrote it on the boat coming over. How she had to get a U. S. A. uniform to keep from being nationalized, and the whole awful story. And it's one of the finest things of its kind I have ever read. The truth just sings in every line of it. She is allowing me to submit it to the Record Breaker and I'm absolutely sure the chief will print it. It's far better stuff than my own."

"How splendid!" I said. "It is great to have you both back and to hear the Truth about the Soviet. The crowd will give you a banquet, Lola, and you must speak to us about your experiences. It will be wonderful! But now I must go home. I'm not much on late hours, you know!"

"Don't know that I blame you, not caring to sit round in the current gloom!" said Dick, shaking hands with me again. "Not much like the dear dead days beyond referendum and recall, is it?"

I said it wasn't, and made my escape. Somehow I wanted to get away from those two; I seemed subtly out of it, though there was nothing I could exactly put my finger on. And I just hated Lola for being so attractive and such an artist. Her style must have improved vastly since her last submission to the Breaker or Kellogg wouldn't seriously think anything she had written would have a chance with them. Besides, she was a fake, a poseur, and always had been. I couldn't and didn't believe she had so completely changed in three months. Let Dick find it out for himself. He would in time! And, anyhow, I didn't care. I had Carter, and my freedom; and that was—or should have been—enough for anyone. I would marry him out of hand one of these days and show the world that I was not bound by any narrow conventions. For no one need know we were actually married, as of course I would keep my own name.

I fell asleep on this comforting thought and the next morning I called up all the members of our little group, told them that Lola was back, and arranged for the banquet. They were unanimously enthusiastic about the idea and it was arranged for two weeks from the date, so that we could prepare for plenty of publicity—a police raid if necessary—to give the thing éclat. I purposely was silent concerning Lola's views on Bolshevism. I felt it was hers to tell, not mine, and so I only replied, to all inquiries, that she had brought back an amazing story and would tell it at the dinner. Then I went to the office, determined to ignore Mr. Kellogg should the opportunity arise.

But it didn't. He seemed awfully busy, as the paper was being made up and he had some stuff to get into it, and so the seclusion of my private office was complete until late in the morning when Theda, the junior vamp, ushered in a lady.

Oh, yes! She was a lady! If anyone had doubted her word for it she would have set him right in short order. I am certain of that. And she was the blonde to whom Carter had spoken—or to be exact, whose hand he had kissed that evening in the café. She came in, rather fat and light-blue in effect, smiling and pleasantly powdered as to nose. I am quite sure her custom was to wear a Mother Hubbard and curl papers until noon; but upon this occasion she had broken the rule and was resplendent in blue silk and an imitation white fur. Instantly I doubted Carter's statement that he had painted her. If he had it must have been several pounds earlier in life when she was a model, for she certainly was not a portrait commission. She was evidently a woman of some character, however, despite her perfectly evident domesticity complex, and she shut Theda out with a firm hand before addressing me.

Then she came forward and took a seat. If I had not seen Carter speak to her I would have supposed she was shell stitches from South Orange, New Jersey, or How to Press the Wild Flowers from somewhere in Wyoming. But I knew better, even before she spoke.

"I hope you won't mind me coming to see you, deary," she began. "But seeing you with Carter the other night made me feel maybe it would be better to come direct and have it out. He told me who you are."

"You have the advantage of me!" I said stiffly.

"Why, don't you really know?" she replied, opening her pale eyes very wide. "Why, he said you knew! I'm his wife!"

Can you conceive of my feelings! The office appeared to be swimming about me, with my canary birds in their cages, potted geraniums and all my other hokum about to smite me on the head. The lady seemed to think I had agreed or something, for she went right on talking. I grasped the arms of my swivel chair and listened as best I could.

"Of course I believe in the freedom of the artist and all that," she went on quite calmly. "And I've always allowed Carter a soulmate so long as it didn't go too far. You'll understand, I'm sure, that I believe it's that way with you. You are the tenth since we was married."

"But—but ——" I began in misery.

"That's all right," said Mrs. Carter soothingly. "I know it's all innocent enough. Carter, he hasn't the spunk for anything really wrong. And I'm not jealous. That's not what I'm here for."

"Then what?" I blurted out.

"It's on account of the children," she explained. "Maude and Billy. You see he's crazy about them kids, but so long as he's got you or some other woman to depend on for a little spending money he won't go to work at the advertising place and earn shoes for 'em, for all he's so fond of the kids. And so what I really come to ask was that you lay off lending him a cent for a while so's he'll go to work and we can kind of catch up on the bills!"

There was what Bergson terms a stunned silence for a moment before I could reassure her. And then I did, with a vengeance.

"Mrs. Durant, you have suffered terribly!" I said. "But you shall no longer do so through me! I renounce him forever! I give you my word, I had not the remotest idea that he was married! I—I'm not that sort of a girl, and you shall have him back at once, intact!"

"Oh, I don't want him back exactly," put in his wife. "It would be too much nuisance, having him round the house all the time. I've got sort of accustomed to his outside interests. He's taught me to be that much up-to-date. But I'd like him to earn a little something."

I thought she would never go. My little office seemed overwhelmed with her talcum-scented presence. But at last she left, and the instant she had done so I seized the telephone and called Carter's studio.

"Meet me at the café at once!" I commanded, and then hung up before he could reply. I jammed on my hat any old way and rushed into the outer office. There I almost collided with Dick, who was rushing from the pressroom.

"Lola's article has gone over big!" he said. "The chief is going to run it in the next issue. But don't tell her. I'm going to bring a copy of it to the banquet as a surprise!"

"I don't give a—a damn!" I said excitedly, and brushed past him into the street.

In the café Carter was waiting for me in unsuspecting nonchalant languor, smoking a cigarette and sipping a cup of coffee which he doubtless expected would be on my check. When he saw the wild look in my eye he drew himself together and almost rose from his seat.

"What's up?" he asked. "Has the revolution begun?"

"It has!" I replied savagely. "But not the one you refer to. Carter, I've come to tell you that I am through!"

"So many women have told me that!" he replied, raising his eyebrows and delicately flecking the ash from his cigarette.

"You—you little beast!" I exclaimed furiously. "Have you no idea what a gentleman is?"

"Certainly I have," he replied amusedly. "A gentleman is one who does something no gentleman should in a way in which only a gentleman could."

"Don't be funny!" I said. "Because I am serious. I have come simply to tell you that I know you are married. That I know you to be a cheat, a cad and a liar, and a leech on self-supporting women. There!"

Carter turned white as a sheet and rose to his feet.

"It is time that the equality of the sexes permitted a man to strike a woman for a remark of that kind!" he said unsteadily.

"Cowards don't strike even men for telling the truth," I replied.

And then Carter Durant walked out without a comeback—I mean without a masculine reaction of any kind, and I never saw him again.

It happened that my mother out in Missouri was taken ill at that time and so I was obliged to turn all arrangements for the banquet to Lola over to Mercedes and take the next train west. In a way I was glad enough to do it, for you may be sure my heart was very sore and my pride and vanity were terribly hurt. At least, that is to say, I was suffering from a terrific nervous reaction. Lola was seeing a lot of all of our little group, so I gathered, but not much of Dick, who was naturally absorbed in picking up the loose ends of his department after so long an absence.

But when I got to Four Corners, Missouri, mother was feeling much better, and so it came about that I calculated by making close connections I could make New York and the village in time to hear Lola's speech on the big night, if not to get there for the banquet itself. And things worked out just that way. For once the Transcontinental was practically on time, and when I left the station I hailed the first taxi bandit to take me to the Brevoort, where the banquet was being held.

Once arrived there I scarcely waited to powder my nose before making for the large hall in which the party was being held, to which I was at once admitted by a waiter who knew me, and who warned me to silence with a gesture. I went in and the door was gently closed behind me.

Inside I found myself in semidarkness behind a large screen which hid the door from the banquet hall. Lola was already speaking, as I had inferred, and another latecomer stood beside me. It was Dick Kellogg, in business clothes. He greeted me with a silent nod and we both refused the beckoned invitation of the captain to enter farther and find seats. Lola's voice was passionate and deep. She wore long earrings and her uniform had been discarded for a flowing robe. Not more flowing, however, than her language.

"And so you see, dear Comrades," she was saying, "I found a perfect Soviet, working on oiled wheels, unhampered by the difficult conditions obtaining in Russia. In Hungary each worker is fed in accordance with his or her needs—the perfect food for the particular vocation—fish, and such things for the brain worker—red meats for the laborer in field or factory—all by the exquisitely simple device of issuing cards of a color which indicates the class of worker to be fed; and all sit down in brotherhood at the Soviet table. Clothing is distributed in the same idealistic way, and no one is permitted to excite useless envy by the display of unreasonable jewels. But don't think, Comrades, that the efforts of the labor kings, as I may call them, stop there. No indeed! Amusement is provided, and of a type practically inaccessible to the working men and women of America. Concerts of classical music are offered each week, free, to the masses, where the most erudite symphonies are performed. And this is only one instance of the many wonderful things that are being done in Hungary by the Bolshevik. Until my return, and my renewed contact with the Comrades here, I had no idea how deeply in sympathy with the Bolshevik ——"

"I should say not!" said Dick under his breath. "The damn little faker! The little fraud! She's been swung back like a—a chameleon by Fritz and that rotten bunch! If ever I heard a speaker telling an audience what they wanted to hear! Come on, Nellie Kelly, let's get out into the air!"

I followed him dumbly and he led the way to the café and ordered some chicken à la King and coffee without consulting me. He looked as handsome as a god, even if his collar did want changing and he showed other signs of overwork. My heart was beating with excitement at the realization that he not only didn't care a scrap for Lola but actually saw what a fraud she was. And then it was that the long training which Carter had given me in the equality of the modern man and woman allowed me courage for a desperate try. He had said he never would again, and so I had to!

"Dick!" I said suddenly. "I—will you marry me?"

He looked startled for a moment, and then he seized both my hands.

"Do you mean it or is it a joke?" he asked hoarsely.

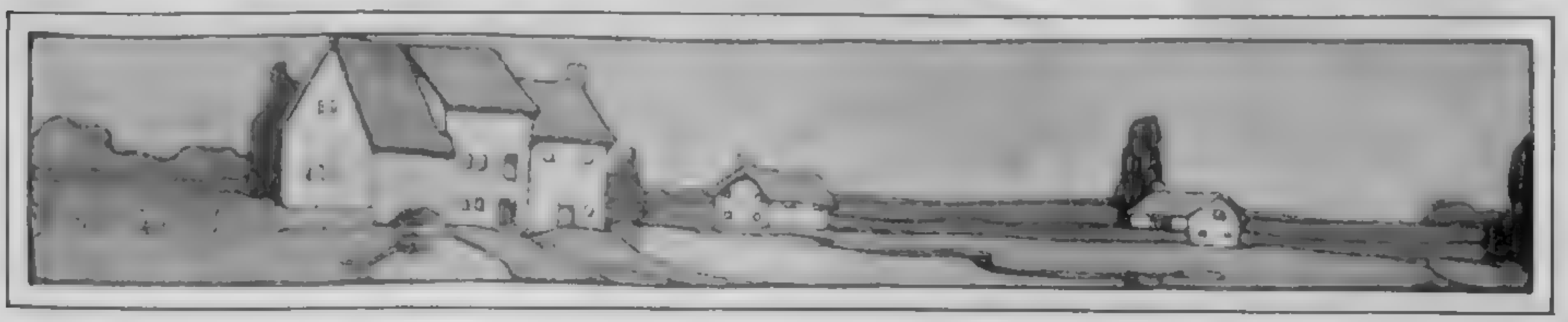
"Then the answer is yes?" I said, trying desperately to keep a decent cafe exterior.

"Good Lord, yes!" said he savagely. "But it'll mean a home in the suburbs"

"I don't care," I said stoutly, "as long as we don't have to eat in a Soviet house! Only stop trying to hold both my hands and that paper at the same time. What is it, anyway?"

A slow grin of returning sanity and humor spread over his face as he smoothed it out to show me.

"It's to-morrow's Record Breaker," he said with a wicked gleam in his eye. "And Lola's article is the feature!"



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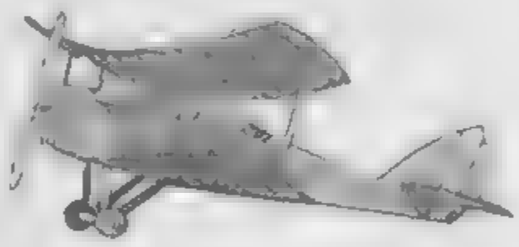

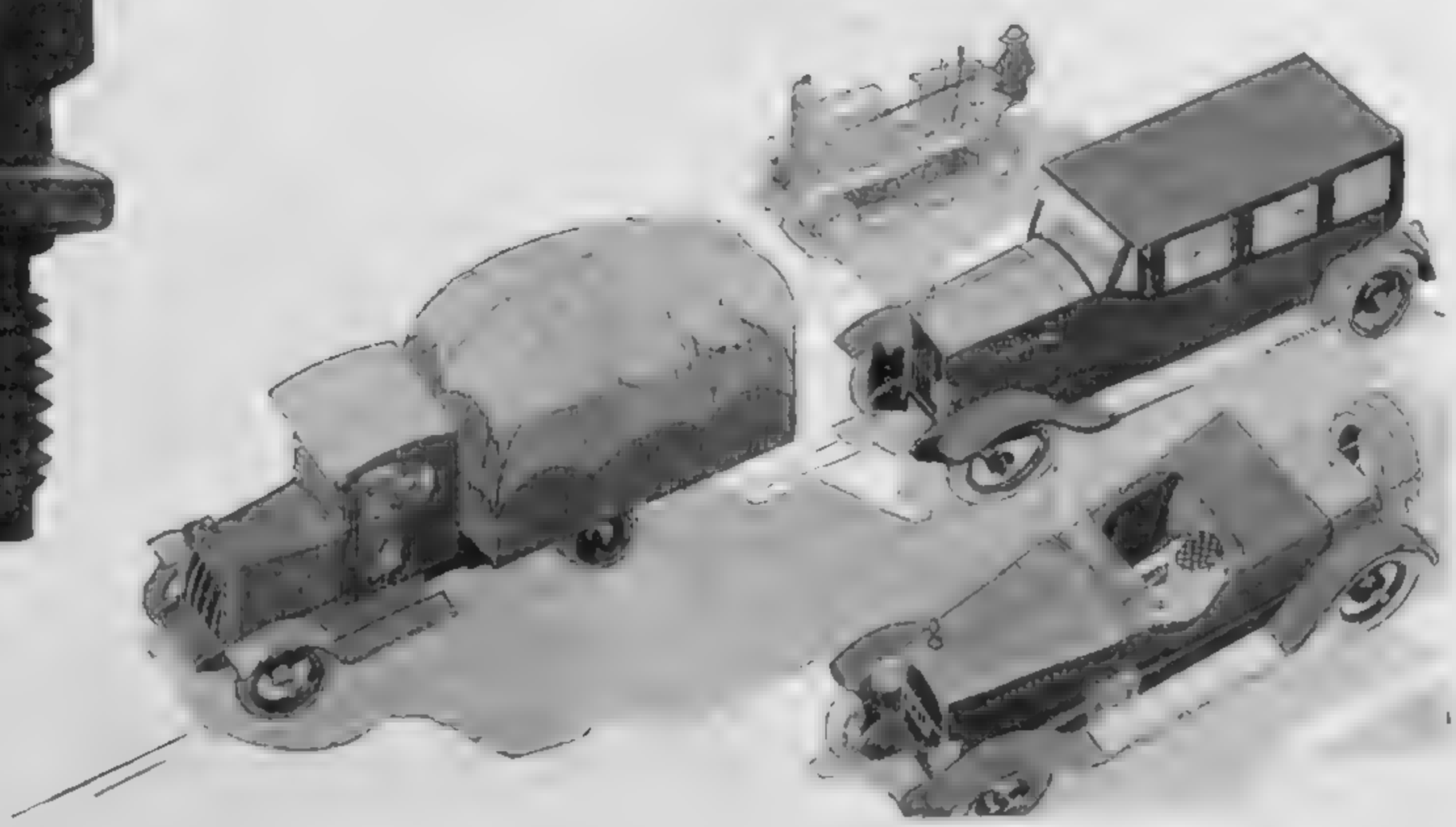

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HAVE POPULI A VOX?

(Continued from Page 4)

They are politicians, and a Presidency means, first, power for their party; and, second, power for them, with benefits for the people incidental and remote, and appreciations negligible of any but the partisan situation in the country and the partisan requirements of their party and themselves. They are not operating or planning for the future of the republic, but are operating and planning for the future of the Republican Party on the one side and the Democratic Party on the other.

It would be simple enough to prove this by cataloguing again the men who have the sanction of the Old Guard and the Old Gang for their candidacies, but it is not necessary. Not one of these candidates but is political in his bearings, and political in his maneuvers to get the nomination. Some may say they are not, but they all are just the same.

There are two great outstanding facts in the politics of the United States. The first is—though the people who do the voting do not seem to sense it themselves—that there has come a partisan disintegration that leaves the party designations Republican and Democrat mere terms without substance or immediate meaning. Ask any man who is a Republican why he is a Republican, or, rather, what the Republicanism he professes means, and he will give you substantially the same answer as will be returned if you ask a Democrat what Democracy means. That is, the two parties, so far as fundamental policies go, have ceased to be definitive of any wide divergences in political and national feeling, and are merely convenient mediums for the expression of the right of suffrage. The country has progressed, but the two old parties have stood still and have gradually been shredded of individualism and substance until the names of them are merely ornate signboards on empty houses.

The second outstanding fact is that though the Old Guard and the Old Gang, being wiser as to political currents and reflexes and demonstrations than the people who cause those currents and reflexes and demonstrations—being apprised of changes both in sentiment and in belief—know exactly that this has happened, and why, and how great is the real though not apparent nonpartisanship of the country, they continue to try to herd their sections of the public, the voters who are classed nominally as Republicans and Democrats, under the old banners and to rally them with the old battle cries. They insist that the shadow of the present is the substance of the past. They work incessantly to hold their forces, not neglecting the while to work their partisan will on those forces—or to try to.

Can They Get Away With It?

The odd feature of this is that the Old Gang and the Old Guard, because of the amazing lack of concern in political affairs that obtains in this country, except at stated intervals and then but briefly, are far more successful than even they dare hope to be. They do many things they do not think they can do; and the accomplishment of each unwarranted enterprise, of course, promotes the adventure of several more.

There is no more warrant, viewing the real political understanding and feeling and allegiance in this country as it is, not as it is held to be by obsolete party designation, for nominating a man for President as a Republican or as a Democrat than there would be in nominating a man for President as a nonconformist or as a vegetarian; but that is probably what will happen unless the average American exerts his authority in the matter.

Thus far the Old Guard and the Old Gang have had not even protest to deal with, to say nothing of active opposition. They are working by sufferance, of course, but any way they are permitted to work is a good way to them. They are operating as the Old Guard and as the Old Gang in default of vital objection. If they can get away with it they will consider themselves lucky, for they know that the exact moment a united protest is made they must cease leading and become followers. Their authority is usurped. Their power is chimerical. Their procedure is archaic. Their purposes are partisan. Their understanding is fogged. They play their politics in the 1880 manner, but they are not so dense that they do not sense the weakness and futility of their positions, should the great mass of the people take the matter into their own hands. Furthermore, they are fully justified, as is at present indicated, in going as far as they like, because the great mass of the people seem to be content to take what is handed to them by these machinists.

Suppose this situation continues until next June—what then? There will be two conventions, Republican and Democratic, and various candidates will appear before them—various favorite sons, all political—and none, if it can be avoided, with a preponderance of delegates. Then the Old Guard at the Republican Convention and the Old Gang at the Democratic Convention will proceed to deal and dicker and compromise and recompromise, until some man emerges who is fairly agreeable in professions and promises to the desires of the Old Guard and the Old Gang to get power or retain it; and the satisfactory Republican will be nominated by the Old Guard, and the satisfactory Democrat will be nominated by the Old Gang. Then the American people will have the opportunity to choose between the two, but no matter what choice is made that man will be beholden first to the Old Guard or the Old Gang that nominated him, and not to the American people who elected him.

The Creatures of the Bosses

It is an illuminating commentary on the lauded intelligence of the American people that they have allowed this manipulation to go as far as it has gone, and it will be a damning indictment of that intelligence if they do not stop it at once. The fundamental of politics that is not considered, or is ignored, by the people who are subject to that politics, and in reality the authors of it and owners of it, is that a political boss or an association of political bosses has no power that is not delegated or assumed. His authority is all conferred. He can be removed instantly by voting him out of power, and his candidates with him. He really is a parasite feeding on the favor of the people who vote his tickets, but owing to the complaisance of those voters he fattens when he should be destroyed. The assumption that any given group of leaders has any right except that of usurpation to dictate politics to people is as absurd as the statement that the people have not only the right but the power to dictate politics to the leaders is true.

However, the prerogative of leadership has been assumed for so many years, and the people, because of their own indifference and lack of energy, have been so complaisant under it that what was originally an assumption has come to be regarded not only by the bosses but by the bossed as a right and a necessity instead of the adventitious thing it is. Working with that knowledge, the situation has arisen, as it has arisen many times before, of these leaders in both great parties setting themselves up as the final adjudicators of candidates, and the selectors of them. They deal, and the people meekly play the cards that are dealt to them.

Categorically this is the situation: The close of the war, on November 11, 1918, found the United States fairly organized for war but radically disorganized for peace. The progress of the war, from August 4, 1914, until we went into it in April, 1917, and thereafter until the Armistice, made it apparent that the conclusion of the war would bring not only international problems but domestic problems fully as pressing and considerably more important. This obvious knowledge brought forth a great variety of discussion and theory and a small amount of action and practicality. Coincident with the declamation and theorizing were certain problems rising from conditions, highly susceptible to theory but not particularly improved by it. These problems were and are national and to be solved only nationally. All national solutions of such problems must be political in the first instance because the Government is political and because the Government is the great determining factor in every war reflex, whether it be economic or social. A centralization of Government, necessary because of the war, meant a continuation of centralization for the reason that it is impossible to handle sectionally situations and phases that were caused and created by centralized authority. A national war produces a peace that must be national also.

Therefore, as the Government is the symbol and the substance of nationalization, and as the Government is the product of politics, the tremendous future of this country is the politics of it. Therefore, inasmuch as the Presidency is the executive power of the Government and the authority of it, and the Presidency is the product of politics, the Presidency becomes the most important political question and the most important national question; for if the Presidency is right the country will be measurably right, and if the Presidency is wrong the country will be disastrously wrong for four of our crucial years.

The whole thing comes down to this: Do the American people intend to stand by and allow an Old Guard of one obsolete party and an Old Gang of another obsolete party to select for them men of their own obsolete and partisan stripe for candidates for President? Do the American people intend to place in the hands of a politician of one stripe or another the great, pressing, vital problems of this period? Do the American people intend to take what is handed to them and confide their whole future to some hack of an organization man who has neither the ability to comprehend the task before him nor the vision to see further than the narrow partisanship of his creators?

The future of this country depends on the contented and productive prosperity of its people—that is, on their business progress. The English, taunted as being a nation of shopkeepers, sought to alibi themselves by passing the taunt on to us and decrying our diplomacy as dollar diplomacy. That was a compliment instead of a derogation so long as it was true. What Americans have to regret about it is not that our diplomacy may have been dollar diplomacy at one time but that of late it has not been dollar diplomacy and has been dime diplomacy. Furthermore we are a nation of makers, of sellers, of traders—we are a business people; and any American with the good of his country at heart must pray that we shall continue as such, basing his supplication on the results of idealism, theory, Utopianism and radicalism in our affairs as demonstrated during the year just passed.

A Business Man for President

Our present national needs are clearly based on two premises: The first is that we are a business people; the second is that the matter of paramount importance is the election of the right man for President in 1920; and as our national fabric is a business fabric the right man for President in 1920 undeniably should be a business man.

Our great advance in business came during the past thirty years. We have steadily progressed since we have been a nation with our foundations, but the structures erected thereon did not begin to take on their present tremendous proportions until about thirty years ago. Has that business progress—the most important, most vital of our national demonstrations—ever had the slightest recognition from the politicians? It has not. Let me catalogue the men who have been President in that time, and those who have been unsuccessful candidates against them, beginning, say, with 1884. Cleveland, a lawyer, was elected, and Blaine, a professional officeholder, defeated. Harrison, a lawyer and officeholder, was elected over Cleveland next time, and Cleveland defeated Harrison at the third trial. Then came McKinley and Bryan. McKinley was a lawyer and officeholder. Bryan, the man who ran against him, was an orator, and continued as such through his three essays for the place. Roosevelt was a publicist; Parker a lawyer and a judge. Taft was a lawyer who had held public position most of his life. Wilson was a professor; and Hughes a lawyer and a judge.

That is the list. Not a business man in the lot, and during that term of years the greatest, most important, most significant and most essential feature of the development of the United States was not its development along lines of either law or lawmaking, but was our business development.

It is not to be denied that our present and our future depend on the continuance

(Continued on Page 162)

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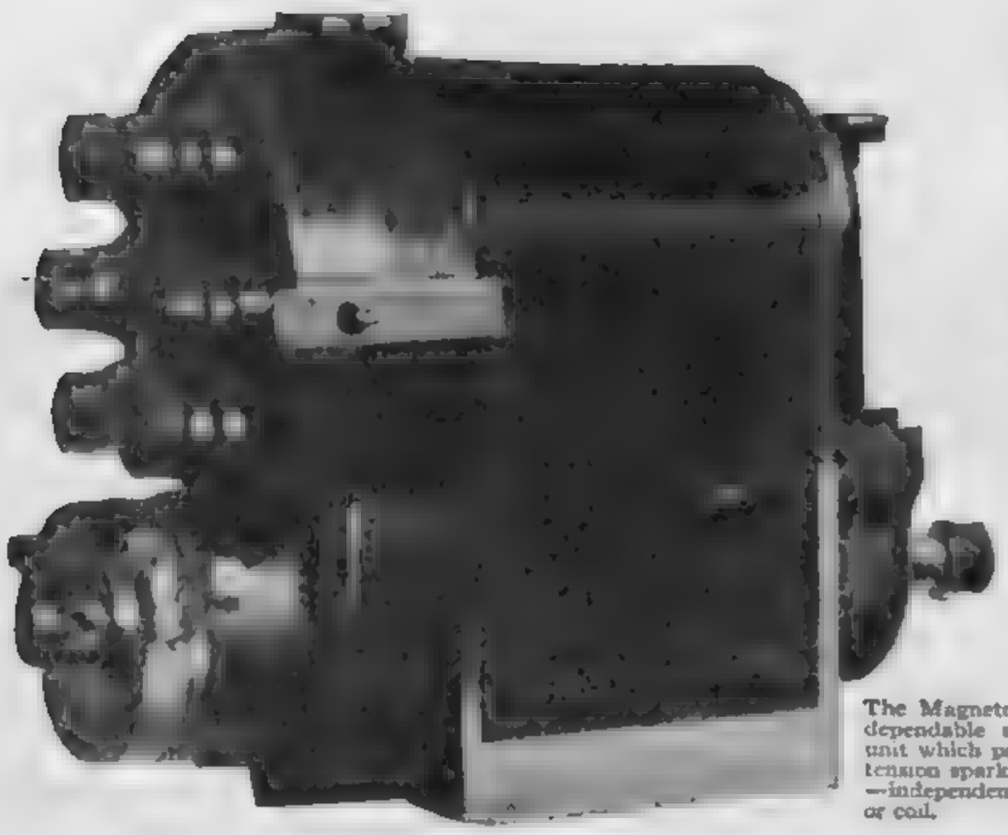

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(Continued from Page 160)

of that business development. The minute we cease to be a nation of makers and sellers and traders and become a nation of theorizers and altruists and idealists and rescuers and keepers of brothers, is the minute we start for the dust heap of nations; the minute we exchange progress for protagonism, substitute beatitude for business, is the minute the national clock begins to go backward. Not that a certain admixture of idealism and of sane radicalism in our affairs is not of value—essential—but that our chief concern is business and not Utopia, because we can get and keep the business, and we never shall be nearer to Utopia than the adjoining county, even if the Utopians have got a chance to try to lead us there. Furthermore, with business as it should be and can be, about everything else of importance vital to our comfort, happiness and progress will be all square likewise.

At the beginning of this article I asked what it profits a people to be articulate if they say nothing and if they have nothing to say. Those questions were based on the statement—which has been dingdonged at us since the orators and publicists and other windjammers were apprised of the fact—that this war undoubtedly would change a great many existing phases of life, among them the dumb acquiescence of the masses of the people in the conduct of their own affairs for them by a self-constituted body of conductors—politicians and professors and theorists and tub thumpers. It may be that our people have become articulate, but if they have, I have not noticed it; and I have been round among them a good deal of late. It is my observation that they are saying nothing as usual, and it is my further observation that because they are saying nothing the same old games are being set up on them in the same old way.

If the American people have any intention of having a voice in their own affairs now is the time for the talk to begin. In a few months it will be too late. And if the American people, becoming vocal, realize wherein their best future interests lie they will demand that their next President shall not be a lawyer or a politician or a professional officeholder or a military man, but shall be a business man. A concerted demand, enforced by action, is all that is needed. There is plenty of precedent, of a left-handed sort, but sufficient. For example, take the case of Taft in 1908. The politicians never did want Taft, but Taft was nominated because the people had an idea that he suited their needs better than any of the other candidates. So with Hughes in 1916. The politicians did not want Hughes, but they had to take him—the bulk of the politicians, that is. The bulk of the Democratic politicians did not want Wilson in 1912. The Democratic politicians, in large number, did not want Cleveland in 1892.

Third-Party Possibilities

The reason the politicians nominated these men was because they sensed a demand for them among the people. It took time for that demand, which was more intangible than tangible, to seep into them, but they capitulated finally, as they always have capitulated. The fact that the people made their choice from a political list does not alter the fact that they made that choice and impressed it on the politicians. If there had been a demand for John Smith of sufficient volume and distinctness John Smith would have been nominated at any given time rather than the man who was nominated. The reason the nominations were political entirely was not because none but politicians could have been nominated but because the people, having a number of politicians displayed before them, picked the one they liked the best. If the people had gone to the trouble of making their own list, of selecting their own man instead of making a selection from a politicianly prepared number, the result would have been just the same. Their man would have been nominated.

It seems probable, as the situation stands at present, that the two old parties will retain their identities as organizations sufficiently to enforce their ar.ual claims as the two great political divisions of the country, and that their conventions in 1920 will be the principal conventions. They are the convenient mediums for political expression, because the real political division that is bound to come in this country—the division of conservatism as against radicalism—has not yet been brought about; and these two old parties continue impotently, neither political flesh nor political fish, each sheltering radicals and each harboring conservatives. Therefore the impress that it will be most convenient and most effective to make will be on the leaders of these parties, Republican and Democratic, with the alternative of a real third-party movement with its object the nomination of a real business man for President.

If by some strange good fortune the people of this country should awake to the vast benefit that would derive to the country and to themselves from their taking a hand in this matter the proceeding is as simple as it will be effective. All that is needed is an organization by business men for a business man in the various states, an awakening of the people to the desirability of such a candidacy, with the vast response that would be sure to come—and the politicians will not dare ignore it.

If they do dare ignore it—in that remote event—then a third-party movement could be organized overnight, a convention held, and a business man nominated. It isn't likely that that extreme step would be necessary. The Old Guard and the Old Gang are not looking for trouble. They are planning to set up one of their own number—amenable, pledged, complaisant, useful—and will do it if they are not stopped; but if they find an important protest they will throw over their own man and do the best they can with the man they must take. They are not altruists, these old politicians. They prefer to win with a man who is not of their kidney rather than to lose with one who is of them, hoping to be able to do a little dickering for themselves later. They will take bread if they cannot get cake.

Consider Mr. Hoover

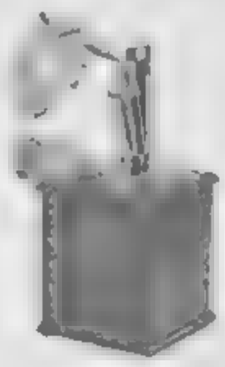
The term "business man" must not be interpreted too loosely. The Government of the United States is the greatest business organization in the world, but does its business in its own way, usually with a lawyer as its executive, and a board of directors—the Congress—packed full of lawyers also. The governmental difficulties that have ensued with popular business have come for the reason that the men who have been in executive positions in the Government, though they may have been reasonably conversant with party politics, have had no experience or basic knowledge of popular and private business, and thus government and private business have proceeded without coördination.

The fact that a man has been successful in building up a great manufacturing concern or a great merchandising concern or a great selling or financial organization does not of itself fit him for the Presidency. He must have more than that. He must have not only his knowledge and experience of private business but some knowledge and experience of public business in order that he may conserve the needs of each—coordinate them and make them both effective. He must know the machinery and operations of public business as well as those of private business.

That restricts a choice somewhat, but leaves a field of sufficient size for all needs. It is my purpose to indicate two or three men who might be taken into consideration if the people are awake to their opportunity and will voice their demand. These men are selected as types merely, and not put forward other than as such types to clinch my argument. I comment on them here in an entirely impersonal manner. These men are the sort of business men, on appearances, that I have been talking about, and each of them must be subject to the severest scrutiny by the people. They have the general qualifications and are mentioned only in a general sense. Specific objections to them are not in the province of this article; nor are statements of specific eligibility. They are types for my purposes—no more and no less.

To begin with, there is Herbert Hoover. He is admirably placed so far as political affiliation goes, because some of his friends say he is a Democrat and some say he is a Republican; and, from all I can learn, he has never said what he is so far as his politics is concerned. Thus he might be impressed on either party, or both, by a demand of the people should the people, on scrutiny, be satisfied of his qualifications. Hoover is a business man. He understands not only American business but international business, which will be of vast

(Concluded on Page 165)



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lights by wireless. The spark jumps to the wick and lights it instantly; then automatically extinguishes. No friction points to wear out. No smelly and dangerous gas. No burnt matches lying around. Place a Midland on your counter. It will prove a profitable investment. 105,000 in use because it gives a dependable, safe, sure light. The Midland will light 1000 cigars for 1c. All metal parts nickel-plated. Cabinet finishes in Mahogany, Oak or special to match fixtures. Equipped with auto coil and batteries. Guaranteed. Mail the coupon for information.

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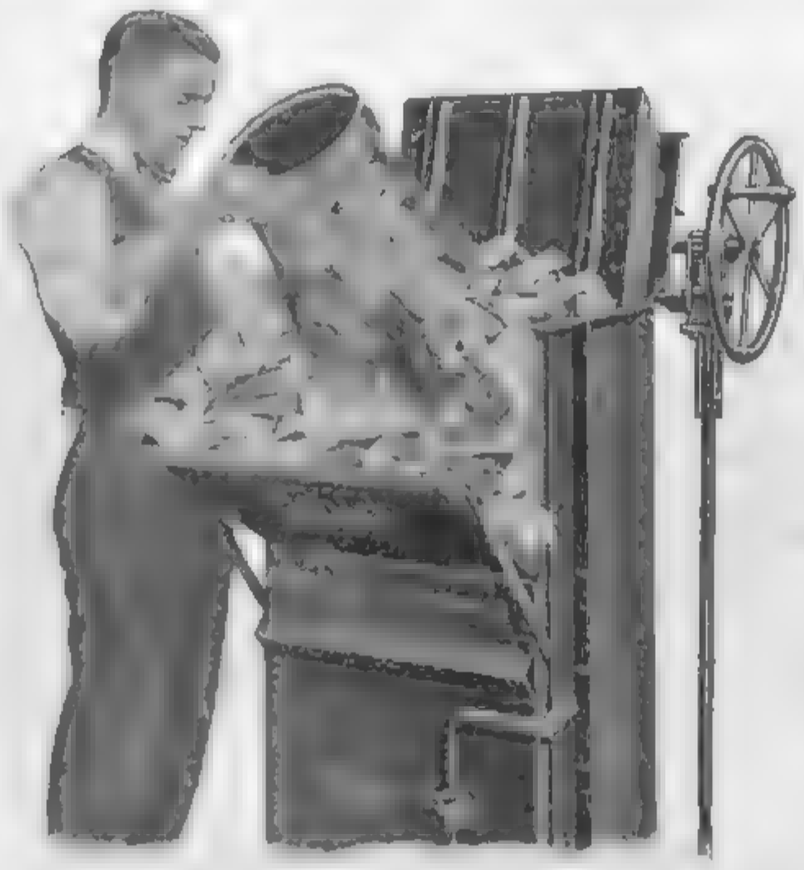

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An Electric Automatic Dish-washing Machine for use wherever food is served.

Washes *Sterilizes*
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dozens of dishes perfectly—in 5 minutes. The Electric Maid will prove a faithful, economical and cheer-promoting servant wherever it is placed in use. A special size for homes.

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MONEY IN WASTE PAPER

Save Dollars—Cut Fire Risk

Are you throwing away money in the form of waste paper—are you increasing your fire risk by leaving paper lying in corners and out of the way places *—or are you collecting big dividends by baling paper and selling it?*

The tremendous shortage of paper-making materials has created such a high price for baled waste paper and rags that, today as never before, every merchant, every office, every public building is offered an opportunity to turn an accepted loss into a profit—here's how:

All-Steel Schick Fireproof

BALING PRESS

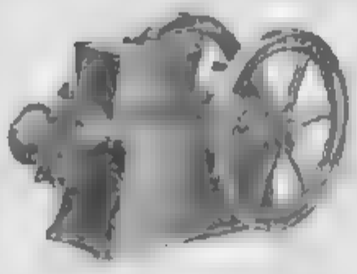
will help you collect and bale all your waste—*eliminate fire risks and reduce insurance rates.* The Schick Baler is strong, simple and easy to operate. It takes up little room and keeps your establishment clean of waste, rags and rubbish.

Made in six sizes. A size to meet your own particular requirements. The Schick is making a handsome profit for hundreds of business concerns similar to your own.

"How to Make Money In Waste Paper" is an interesting and profitable booklet every business man should read. It tells how the Schick Baling Press will solve YOUR waste paper problems by placing it on the profit side of your ledger. It's free for the asking—Mail the coupon.

The Factory Back of the Davenport Products

The Penmac Internal Combustion Engine



The latest development in *true* oil-burning engines—uses as fuel any oil thin enough to feed properly. *No Carburetor or Ignition System.* Economical, reliable, simple to operate. Reasonably priced—a model to fit your exact requirements.

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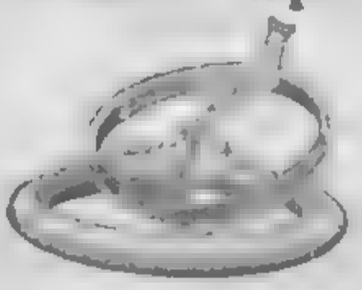
✣ ✣ ✣

Positive Split Rim Remover



Removes the rim from the tire—not the tire from the rim. Indispensable to the garage man and car owner.

The Positive Split Rim Remover opens the rim lock, and contracts the rim, overlapping the ends, to permit immediate removal. Simply hook it to the rim of the wheel, push down the lever, and lift the rim from the casing. Does not spring the rim out of line, nor kink, grip, or bend it in any way. A positive money back guarantee of satisfaction. Reasonably priced.

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The Davenport Mfg. Co. can offer, to wide-awake distributors, an attractive proposition in connection with any of the products shown on this page. Write for information.

The Davenport Mfg. Co., an Institution

Founded originally to build its own products; the scope of the organization has steadily grown. Today, many quality utilities are turned out of a new and spacious factory for firms who realize the benefits of what might be called, "community manufacture." In other words, The Davenport Mfg. Co., offers unexcelled production facilities, to business concerns who wish to place on the market any product of mechanical nature.

The advantages of such a connection are manifold. The overhead carried by many instead of by one firm —means *economy.* A system of rigid supervision, maintained over both material and labor — means *quality.* The ability to purchase materials in a broad and advantageous manner, plus an efficient organization backed by extensive equipment — means *service.* There are scores of other advantages, which limited space prohibits mentioning here.

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Gentlemen:—Please send, without obligation, complete information regarding the items I have checked.

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- ☐ *Midland Cigar Lighter*
- ☐ *Electric Maid Dish Washer*
- ☐ *Penmac Internal Combustion Engine*
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THE DAVENPORT MANUFACTURING CO.
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"I Love the Flavor of Hot Steero"

Hot Steero tastes good because it is good. Because everything that goes into the making of a Steero Cube is chosen for quality and flavor, and because the wholesome ingredients are combined in a masterly way and seasoned to suit the most critical taste.

"A Cube Makes a Cup"

"Simply Add Boiling Water"

Ask for "Steero"

STEERO CUBES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Hot Steero is so easy to prepare. Just drop a Steero Cube into a cup, pour on boiling water, and you have a delightful bouillon ready to serve as the first course of your dinner, for afternoon tea, as a bracer after a shopping or motoring trip, for the children's lunch, or when they come racing in from school.

Steero Cubes will add a new relish and flavor to soups, gravies, meat jellies and made-over dishes.

The name Steero is on every Steero Cube wrapper. Steero Cubes are sold in boxes of 12 cubes. Price 35c. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's we will mail direct upon receipt of price. Large families, clubs, boarding houses, and hotels will find the tins of 50 cubes and 100 cubes more convenient. Ask your druggist, grocer, or delicatessen dealer for Steero.

Send for Free Samples

Let us send you free samples of Steero Cubes so that you may learn how good Hot Steero tastes, what a wonderful flavor it has. Write today. If you enclose ten cents we will also send you the 64-page Steero Cook Book—helpful to every housewife.

Schieffelin & Co., 235 William St., New York

Distributors for

American Kitchen Products Co., New York

(Concluded from Page 162)

importance to this country in the next few years. He has had a large administrative experience. He knows the machinery of government as well as the machinery of popular affairs. His position, so far as announced, on the important topics of the day is sound in a business sense and sound in a governmental sense. He is known in every community in the United States, and equally well known in foreign countries. He has done a big job in a big way. Conversely, he may entertain convictions that may be more radical than this country can assimilate. I do not know that he does. That is subject to declaration on his part. Certain sections of the population may object to him. That is to be inquired into.

The point is that in a discussion of this sort Hoover is a type worthy of consideration, and the further point is that he may be commandeered by the politicians of one party or another because of his availability. That would be a misfortune for Hoover unless the commandeering was on the initiative of the people and not on the initiative of the politicians. However, if the people want Hoover they can get him. There can be no denial of the fact that he is a great business man, apparently nonpartisan.

Governor Sproul's Qualifications

Another type is Governor William C. Sproul, of Pennsylvania, who is a Republican. He also is a business man, a man of large affairs, who has been in politics a long time in his state. He has been governor of Pennsylvania for a year, and before that had a long service in the state senate. His business interests are at Chester, where he is active in many lines, particularly in ships and shipbuilding, which gives added qualification inasmuch as a great deal of our future business expansion and prosperity will depend on shipping and the proper handling of our shipping affairs. Sproul's political and business records are open for inspection, presumably. He is an example of the sort of man who might do well because of his experience.

It may be that Governor Sproul, upon examination, will be found to be too political in his bearings because Pennsylvania is an intensely political state, and the Pennsylvania Republican organization, to which he probably belongs, is not only intensely, but intensively, political, also. An investigation would be necessary.

A third type is Charles G. Dawes, of Illinois. Dawes is a Republican also, and formerly of the stand-pat variety. He was active in politics in the McKinley days, and held the office of Comptroller of the Currency during McKinley's Presidency. He then went to Chicago, where he became the head of a banking institution. Dawes went into the war as soon as we entered it and for the greater part of the time was stationed in France, where he had charge of much of the business of the Army. He has a good record as a business man, both in private life and in the Army. He is experienced of governmental business methods and in close touch with private business throughout the country.

Here are three men who may be investigated by the people. There are others. These have the requisite of knowing both public business and private business, not as lawyers and lawmakers, but as actual executives and as business men. Moreover, they undoubtedly would appoint capable business men to head the great business executive departments of the Government—Commerce, the Treasury, the Post-office Department, and the Department of the Interior—rather than lawyers and politicians, to say nothing of having the hard business sense to put men especially fitted by training in charge of the War Department and the Navy Department instead of men having no qualification save political influence. They are not of the publicity-seeking, press-agented type of business man trying to be factors in public life through no particular abilities of their own but by virtue of advertisement. They are not captains of industry or high financiers. They are business men; and there are others like them. They might not stand up under popular analysis or exist through popular dissection; and they are mentioned here merely as types and with the conviction that the best thing for themselves the people of the United States could do would be to get behind someone of these characteristics and demand that person's nomination for President by one or both of the two parties at present holding the dominating positions in our politics merely because the people have been too negligent to revoke the charters of both of them and erect new parties that shall be representative of the present conditions.

Failing that, it would not be at all difficult to nominate a man of these characteristics as a third-party candidate; nor difficult to elect him. Once the people of this country awake to the necessities of the situation, become alive to the fact that their interests are paramount to the interests of the old-line politicians, realize that the most important American policy that can be evolved is the preservation and aid and proper conservation of American business, and neither participation in foreign affairs nor perpetuation of domestic policies that are outgrown, outlived, archaic, hereditary and as little in sympathy with the spirit of the day as locofocoism—the people can get what they want. But only if they make the insistent demand.

Now is the Time to Speak

Otherwise they will be handed at the conventions in 1920 political candidates, nominated by politicians and for the use and usufruct of politicians, however they may be ambushed behind a supposed availability or popular requirement; for it must not be forgotten that whatever the announced or postured independence of politicians of any candidate now in the running may be, there is not a man who is seeking the nomination on either side at this writing whose fortunes are not in the hands of politicians, and for whom politicians are not playing the old games, using the old methods, sewing up delegates in the old way. That goes for all of them, without exception. Inquire into who is managing any candidate at present apparent, or all of them, and discover for yourself. They may say they are not political, these candidates, but the men behind them are political, which amounts to exactly the same thing.

If the American people really are articulate concerning their own political affairs, now is the time for them to speak.

"JUST look at that unsightly garter run—why didn't I insist on getting *TRUE SHAPE* Hosiery, then this couldn't have happened."

Did you ever stop to realize that you discard *most* of your silk stockings not because they're worn out, but because these runs make them unusable?

TRUE SHAPE Hosiery No. 564 has a patented cross stitch at the garter top that *prevents runs*—that alone would be enough to make you insist on *TRUE SHAPE*. But you'll be so pleased, too, with its luxurious beauty and shapeliness.

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If you want this kind of hosiery satisfaction, you have but to remember two words—*TRUE SHAPE*. Should your dealer not carry *TRUE SHAPE*, write us and we will tell you of one who does.

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Blind!

Blind to the dangers that lurk under the hood.

Blind to the importance of motor temperature.

Blind because he still believes he can detect motor trouble in time to avoid it. But he's dead wrong! No one can do that. Not even Ralph De Palma or Barney Oldfield.

In the old days he might "get along" with his senses of sight, hearing and smell, but modern high-speed *heat* motors demand a *heat* gauge.

BOYCE MOTOMETER

keeps you constantly posted as to the thermal conditions of your motor. Its ever-visible red ribbon of fluid indicates plainly whether your car is running too cool, too hot, or at its normal temperature. Unfailingly indicates motor trouble 15 to 20 minutes before *you* can detect it. Eliminates premature wear, burned bearings, scored cylinders, and other motor ills and expenses. Over two million in use.

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THE MOTO-METER CO., Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK

YOUR BUDGET

(Continued from Page 32)

of the secretary, the secretary could transfer him somewhere else and put another man in charge of the bureau.

"That is true," Mr. Roosevelt admitted. "The difficulty is, though, that when the average secretary and assistant secretary come into office they are pretty new at the game, and are saddled with a system. They work along with that system for a time while they learn it, and the chances are that during a short term of office they will not make any change."

It seems useful to go into that at some length in order to give an idea of the amazing extent to which the executive side of the Government is cut up into score upon score of almost independent units—each, as a rule, going its own sweet way with little regard to any other unit and with no regard whatever to the Government as a whole. It is these independent units, acting each for itself, that make up the estimates of the needs of the Government upon the basis of which Congress makes its appropriations.

Governor Lowden, of Illinois—who has got a very promising budget system started in that state—remarked at the hearings that the better bureau chief a man is the more his estimates may need revision and coördination with a view to the needs of the Government as a whole. Because if he is a good chief he will be very zealous for his own particular bureau, have a very lively sense of its importance, and be anxious to extend its activities. But certainly if he is a bad chief his sloth, indifference or incompetence will be reflected in swollen estimates. At Washington, where scores of bureau chiefs are estimating for billions of dollars, with no intelligent revision and coördination, anybody can see the inevitable extravagance.

A System That Makes for Waste

These various estimates, unrevised, unedited, unchecked, are simply brought together in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury and handed on to Congress. And Congress makes a great virtue of the labor which it expends on the estimates. It does spend a great deal of hard, conscientious and mostly useless labor on them. It toilfully checks over a great number of items—some of which it cannot understand. Said Mr. Sherley, formerly chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations: "Bureaus of the same department would present estimates in such varied form that it required days of work, literally, to understand the accounting basis on which they were made." In short, a large part of the labor which Congress expends on the estimates ought to have been done beforehand by competent clerks.

And practically always Congress cuts out something, reduces the estimates, gives the executive side of the Government less money than it asked for. A table is presented showing that in the twenty years from 1897 to 1916 the executive estimates asked for eighteen billions and odd, and Congress appropriated only seventeen billions and odd—half a billion less than the departments asked for. This is modestly acclaimed as a proof of Congressional economy. But merely cutting out something may be waste rather than economy, for real economy means money well spent.

Under that head a witness recalled an instance that had come under his observation, but not at Washington. A bureau chief thought he could use a horse and buggy to advantage and included them in his estimates. The prudent legislative branch cut out the horse but gave him the buggy. Congress cuts out something, but it is agreed on all hands that the bureau chiefs expect Congress to cut out something, and tend to overestimate in anticipation of a cut.

It is agreed on all hands that the present system makes enormously for waste and inefficiency. It is agreed on practically all hands that it must be changed. The House's nearly unanimous vote for a budget is a sign of that. But when it comes to the question of how to change it, all the forces that have made for waste and inefficiency are immediately in play. One of those forces is the inveterate jealousy between the legislative branch of the Government and the executive branch—no matter who is President or whether his party has a majority in Congress or not. Congressmen are continually coming back to the point that the executive side of the Government is responsible for the waste, since Congress appropriates practically nothing except on request of the executive departments.

They say: "Why pass a budget bill to make the President responsible for the estimates when he is responsible already? He could order his cabinet heads to cut down their estimates if he wanted to."

A Congressman observed: "Three Presidents have occupied the White House since I have been here, and only one of them has shown any interest in economy." That one—presuming he meant President Taft—was unable to get far with it.

All the same nearly everybody who has studied the subject at all agrees that the President—or an executive officer under the President—must make up the budget. The estimates must come from the executive side, for that side carries on the business, does the spending and knows the facts. The Good bill, which the House has passed, provides that the budget shall be framed by a presidential appointee. Whatever bill Congress finally passes will undoubtedly provide that. The idea is that somebody on the executive side, working under the President, shall take these many estimates, revise and coördinate them, and present a complete fiscal program for the coming year.

Departmental Jealousies

Congress, it may fairly be said already, is quite agreed as to that. So far as it goes that would simply give a budget on paper, which might not be worth the paper it was printed on. For the executive side can merely propose—it remains for the legislative side to act. And Congress, if it wishes to, can undermine and nullify any budget that the executive side draws up. It can do that openly by disregarding it; or it can do it secretly by exerting the same kind of pressure which we saw illustrated above. Only executive and legislative acting together can possibly make a real reform. The House has voted to give the President authority to frame a budget. But how does the House itself propose to coöperate for budgetary reform? On that question the House, so far, is silent. It has made no promises of any sort, to this writing.

When these unrelated, unrevised bureau estimates get to Congress they are immediately referred to various committees of the House, each acting independently. Estimates from the same department and even from the same bureau are split up and sent to different committees. As to estimates from a given department, that practically always happens. For example, one committee or subcommittee has supervision of building the barracks at a given army post while another committee or subcommittee has supervision of building the hospital at the same post. One committee has jurisdiction of the guns, another committee has jurisdiction of the emplacements for the guns. All committees are jealous of their own prerogatives and sometimes more or less jealous of other committees. And when these various committees get through and make their recommendations the House generally accepts them. To thrash it all out in debate on the floor of the House would be out of the question.

Those who are entitled to speak as experts on the subject substantially agree that all appropriation bills ought to be referred to and considered by a single committee—for reasons so obvious that they hardly need stating. Only in that way can there be a comprehensive coördinated review. President Wilson has urged a single committee for appropriation bills. Six years ago John J. Fitzgerald, the capable and experienced chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, delivered a carefully prepared speech reviewing the whole situation and recommending a single committee. Swagar Sherley, also at one time chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, recommends it. In fact the weight of evidence on that point is so convincing that the present Budget Committee, of which Mr. Good is chairman, has adopted that view and recommends a single committee. "This change," says Mr. Good's report, "was strongly urged by practically every person who appeared before the committee as being a very important and necessary step if appropriations in the future are to be made with intelligence and economy."

(Continued on Page 169)

Why Business Is Seeking La Salle Trained Men

BIG employers are fast learning the value of filling their organizations with specialists and executives trained under the La Salle Extension Method.

When Theodore Roosevelt wrote: "I look upon instruction by mail as one of the most wonderful and phenomenal developments of this age," he was confirming a conviction already expressed by many men of prominence, such as J. Ogden Armour; E. P. Ripley, President Santa Fe Ry.; Walter H. Cottingham, President Sherwin-Williams Co.; F. H. Sieberling, President Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.; Geo. M. Reynolds, President Continental and Commercial National Bank; Alexander H. Revell, and numerous other large employers who are endorsing the La Salle plan of business training. Their opinions properly carry weight as the expressions of men who are among the Deans of American Business, and who are filling their organizations with the best brains and ability obtainable.

The La Salle Problem Method

To the La Salle problem method of business training, perhaps, more than to any other of the distinctive features of the plan worked out by La Salle's Educational Staff, is due the quickness with which La Salle members learn to grasp business fundamentals, and acquire the ability to assume, without long years of "inside" experience, duties of executive and administrative importance.

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The La Salle Problem Method of Business training is like being privileged to sit in a council of modern executives, and taking an active part in the right solution of their daily problems

It is a modern development in the field of higher business education, made possible because of LaSalle's thorogoing policy of sparing no expense in securing problem specialists who have been conspicuously successful in business practice as well as thoroly experienced in classroom methods of teaching. It is well within the bounds of fact to say that in the preparation and development of basic material and service, a quarter of a million dollars has been expended by the University in perfecting a single course of training.

La Salle Extension University

"The Largest Business Training Institution in the World"

Business is moving ahead with marvelous rapidity. Never before in history has industry in all branches faced such vast opportunities. Experts agree that the only limit to phenomenal development is the ability to secure an adequate supply of *trained men*. To put it in the words of Chas. M. Schwab: "The captains of Industry of America are not hunting money; they are seeking brains—specialized brains."

It is no mere figure of speech to say that there is a "crying demand" for trained men in business. Literally the heads of big business institutions are today "crying" from the housetops for business specialists capable of independent thinking, planning and the exercise of sound judgment in the conduct of important departments.

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Salaries from $3,000 to $10,000 a year and more are readily bid for proficient Business Managers, Expert Accountants, Auditors, Comptrollers, Financial Managers, Cost Accountants, Credit Men, Banking Experts, Law-Trained Men, Traffic Directors, Sales and Advertising Managers, Interstate Commerce Experts, Efficiency and Production Managers, Business Correspondents and Office Managers. The rewards today are sure, swift and exceedingly liberal for the man—or woman—who shows ability to rise above the level of routine work.

The person who would be sure of his advancement, today, *must* have training, for as Theo. N. Vail sharply warns the job hunter: "Too much is involved in big business to have its affairs retarded because of friendship. It has been discovered that one cannot run a business under the present high pressure by favoritism or nepotism. I don't mean that men with friends are not given chances, but I say that they have to make good or get out."

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More than 185,000 men and women from all walks of adult life have been helped thru La Salle training. It was this fact that prompted Ex-President Taft to say of La Salle: "You in this school are facilitating that which we cherish as the great boon of Democracy—that is, equality of opportunity." And it is true that La Salle training does give every man that chance. It enrolls the young man just beginning his career; it gives the man already started a new impetus; and it also has as members old, seasoned executives who realize that even they, too, can learn and profit from La Salle's large staff of business and educational experts.

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- ☐ **BANKING AND FINANCE:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ **BUSINESS LETTER WRITING:** Training for positions as Correspondents, Mail Sales Directors and all executive letter-writing positions.
- ☐ **INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT EFFICIENCY:** Training for Production Managers, Department Heads, and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of industrial efficiency
- ☐ **TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC:** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Managers, etc.
- ☐ **BUSINESS ENGLISH:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech; for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.
- ☐ **COMMERCIAL SPANISH:** Training for positions as Foreign Correspondents with Spanish-speaking countries.

Name ____ Present Position ____ Address ____

Wilson dependable MOTOR TRUCKS

Wilson—
That's Haul

The Armstrong Transfer Company Uses Wilson Trucks in Boston

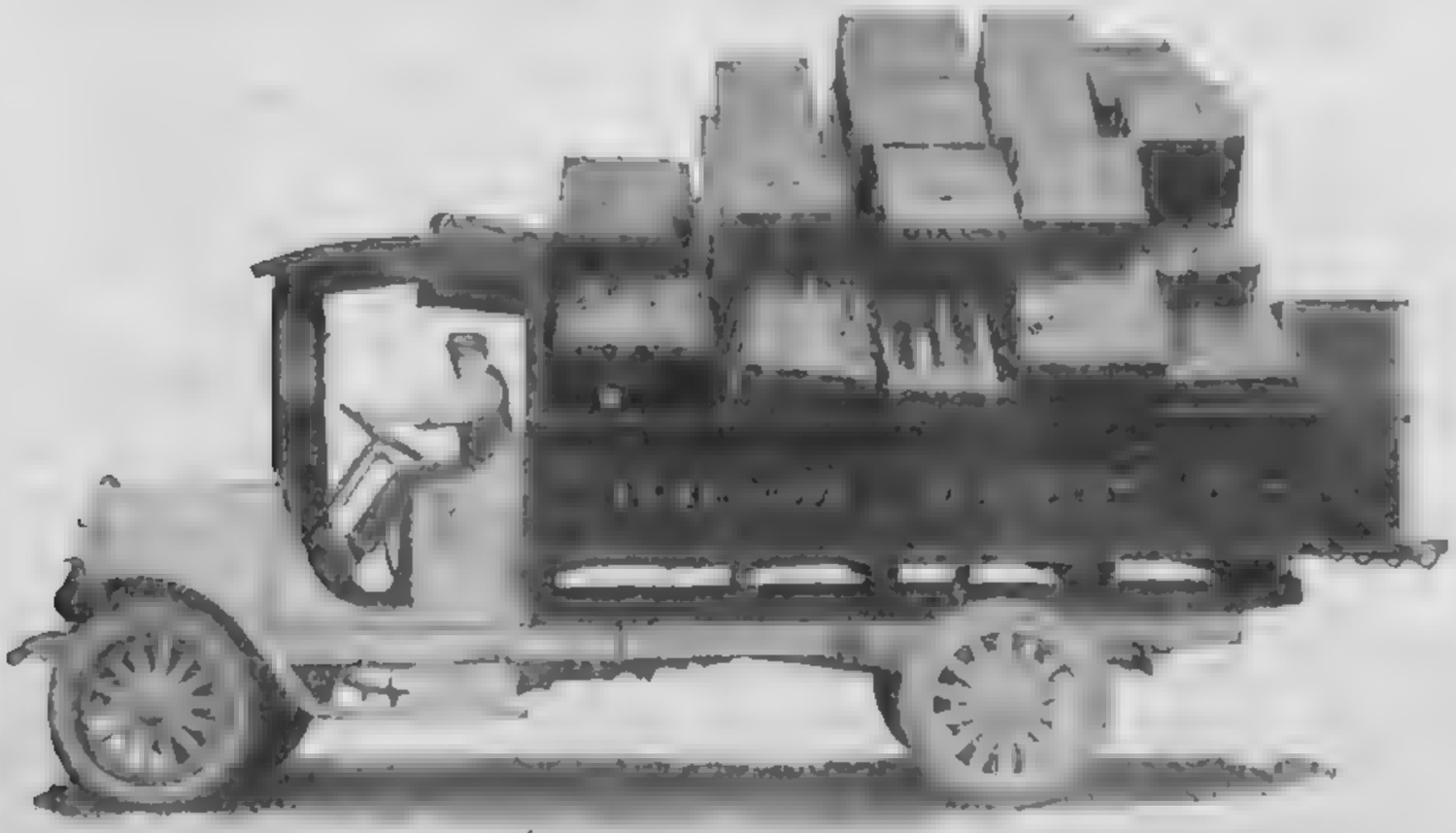
All New England knows the Armstrong Transfer Express Company of Boston.

For nearly forty years this great corporation has served the needs of its thousands of patrons from all parts of the world. Its name in New England has become a household word.

As experts in motor truck haulage the Armstrong Transfer Company's efficient transportation department naturally seeks the best and most durable truck construction to be found.

In June, 1917, Mr. W. J. Doherty, general manager of the Armstrong organization, purchased his first Wilson truck. Since that time several other Wilsons have been added as greater needs have developed.

We can offer no more fitting testimonial to the worth of Wilson service, construction and design than the letter on this page from this old and respected New England company, in whose strenuous service Wilson trucks are performing in their usual superb manner.



Armstrong Transfer Express Company.

371 Albany Street
Boston.

W. J. Doherty

Nov. 20th, 1919

J. C. Wilson Company,
Manufacturers Wilson Trucks
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—

Replying to your recent letter we are glad to say that our Wilson trucks are giving us splendid service.

The first Wilson we bought proved so satisfactory that we have since purchased four more. We keep them in continual and severe service. They have proved economical and reliable in every way and we do not hesitate to recommend them highly.

Yours truly,
Armstrong Transfer Express Co.
W. J. DOHERTY, *Gen. Manager*

National Motor Truck Shows

A complete line of Wilson Motor Trucks will be exhibited at the New York (Jan. 3-10) and Chicago (Jan. 24-31) National Automobile and Truck Shows. The New York Exhibit will be held in the Eighth Coast Artillery Armory, 194th St. and Jerome Ave., and can be reached by the Lexington Avenue Subway or the Sixth or Ninth Avenue Elevated roads. The Chicago Exhibit will be held in the International Amphitheatre, reached by the South Side Elevated road.

1½—2½—3½—5 Ton, All Worm Drive

36th Year

J. C. WILSON COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

London — *Export Office:* 100 Broad Street, New York — Paris

COMMERCIAL VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS

(Continued from Page 168)

This would require simply a change in the rules of the House, and the Budget Committee has introduced a resolution making such a change—enlarging the Committee on Appropriations to thirty-five members, requiring all regular appropriation bills to be submitted to that committee, and taking away from the Committee on Agriculture, the Committee on Foreign Affairs, the Committee on Indian Affairs, the Committee on Military Affairs, the Committee on Naval Affairs, the Committee on Post Office and Post Roads and the Rivers and Harbors Committee the jurisdiction over appropriation bills which those committees now enjoy.

The House passed the Good budget bill by an overwhelming vote. But that bill simply permits the executive side of the Government to improve its present method of presenting estimates. It does not in the least trench upon any powers, privileges, prestiges and jealousies which the House and its individual members now enjoy. The resolution for a change in rules does—to some degree—trench upon powers and privileges which individual members of the House now enjoy. It is by no means a heavy draft on their stock of self-denial, but it does ask them to give up something. Members of the various committees whose jurisdiction over regular appropriation bills is taken away would not—as members of the one big appropriations committee—cut quite so much figure in shaping fiscal legislation. The resolution no doubt will come up for action this winter, and the House's action on it will tell us whether in the matter of budgetary reform that body is merely willing to let George do it or is minded to do something itself. To give all parties their due, they have always been rather willing to let George do it. What all parties need now isn't so much a given budget bill as a self-denying ordinance.

In fact most students of budget systems agree not only that all appropriation bills should be referred to a single committee but that the same committee should have jurisdiction of revenue bills too. Then and then only would government finances really be considered as a whole, but genuine budgetary reform will come only a step at a time—in response to persistent pressure of public opinion. Referring all appropriation bills to one committee is one good step. When the House takes that step we may feel encouraged.

Defects of the Bill

The Good bill itself is only one small step. It provides that there shall be created in the office of the President a Bureau of the Budget, with a director and an assistant director, at salaries of ten thousand and seventy-five hundred dollars a year respectively; that the director shall employ necessary clerks, a total sum of one hundred thousand dollars being appropriated for the maintenance of the bureau the first year; that this bureau shall examine all laws and customs respecting the preparation of estimates and report to the President, who may then make recommendations to Congress for changes in the laws. All departments, bureaus, boards, commissions or other establishments of the executive branch of the Government shall be open to inspection and examination by the bureau, and all such establishments shall transmit the estimates of their requirements for the ensuing year to the President, instead of to the Secretary of the Treasury, as the law now requires. Then, beginning in 1920, the President shall annually transmit to Congress a document to be known as the budget, containing balanced statements of the revenue and expenditure of the Government for the past fiscal year, his estimates of revenue and expenditure for the current fiscal year, and his estimates of revenue and expenditure needs for the ensuing fiscal year, "and how in his opinion those needs should be met."

The departmental estimates are to be made to the President and by him transmitted to Congress in the same form which is prescribed by various statutes—a form which, all competent critics agree, is a very bad and inexpedient one. But for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, the President is also to transmit to Congress an alternative budget drawn up in such form as, in his opinion, based on the investigations of the Budget Bureau, is most expedient. In other words, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, the President is to try his hand at putting the estimates in tolerable shape. The bill also provides for a new or reorganized auditing department.

Now that, on its face, is but the shortest of steps toward budgetary reform. In effect it merely authorizes the President to make some investigations and recommendations, at a cost not to exceed a hundred thousand dollars. The bill does not expressly authorize the budget bureau to revise, reduce or coördinate bureau and department estimates at all. It does provide that those estimates shall be made in the present bad form. Two years hence the President may suggest a good form. Probably the Senate will amend the bill, and so—it may be hoped—make it step a little farther. Of course a budget bureau that did not have undoubted authority to revise and reduce estimates would never get very far.

It is said, and it is technically true, that the President can force his cabinet members to reduce their estimates now. They are all appointees of the President and practically removable by him at will. But that, like everything else that touches the subject in any really vital way, is ticklish. Mr. Fitzgerald testified that he took up with several Presidents the question of having the President direct the Secretary of the Treasury to revise departmental estimates when they were submitted to him and before they were sent on to Congress; but the answer, "which I think is quite persuasive, was that to do that would demoralize the cabinet—if he singled out some member of the cabinet to pass on the recommendations of all other members."

Mr. MacVeagh's Example

Better a harmonious cabinet and riotous waste of public money than a rift in the cabinet and economy. That has been the spirit. There is no point in blaming individuals. They are only human, and if the public didn't care why should they get themselves into a disagreeable mess? In the same connection Mr. Fitzgerald told how Franklin MacVeagh, when Secretary of the Treasury, proposed to reduce the expenses of that department. He called in his bureau chiefs and told them they must cut down their estimates.

"In practically every instance when the bureau chief had had his estimates under consideration for a few days he brought them back with the statement that it was impossible to reduce them. The secretary said, 'Very well, I will do it myself.' And he went through with a blue pencil and struck out some items. Then the bureau chief said, 'If you eliminate that it will destroy my bureau. Let me see what I can do with it myself.' And he took it away, and when he brought it back he had eliminated some items."

In that way in three years he cut down the cost of the Treasury about half a million dollars and abolished some four hundred places without dismissing anybody. Because of the system, in short, a head of the Treasury Department who wanted to economize had to shut his eyes and wade in with an ax. Very rarely will the head of a department, coming to his office without knowing anything about it, and aware that his tenure is only a few years, go to that trouble. Somebody, informed, capable and vigilant, must be there with a pruning hook all the time.

One objection that has been urged against the Good bill is that a bureau chief such as that bill contemplates will not have sufficient weight and prestige to stand up against a full-fledged secretary, who is a member of the cabinet, when he wants to cut down that secretary's estimates of the needs of his department. It is proposed therefore to divest the Secretary of the Treasury of his nonfiscal duties and make him the supreme fiscal officer of the Government, to whom estimates shall be submitted as at present, but who shall then have plenary power to revise and edit them before sending them to Congress; in short, to make him the budget agent of the Government. But here again the spirit is everything, the letter nothing. Whether the budget officer is a Secretary of the Treasury with a seat at the President's cabinet table or only a head of a budget bureau, he gets his real authority from the President. If there is a dispute between him and the head of a department over the cutting of a departmental estimate it will be up to the President to settle that dispute. If the budget officer is the head of a budget bureau and the President backs him up he will have his way. If the President doesn't back him up he will not have his way, whatever his

Remember
The One-Cent Dish

The Delicious Food of Foods

A dish of Quaker Oats—the finest form of the supreme food—costs you but a cent.

A big, hearty dish of the greatest food that grows. It is almost a breakfast in itself.

Note what that cent will buy, at this writing, in other foods which are excellent.

What One Cent Buys

A bite of meat.
A trifle of fish.
1-5 of an egg.
1 slice bacon.
1 slice of bread and butter.
1 large potato.
2 small prunes.

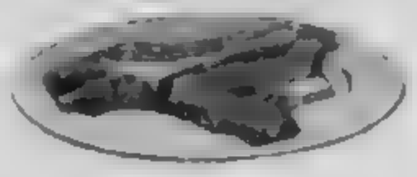
A cake of Hamburger Steak costs about as much as 5 dishes Quaker Oats.

There is no greater food fact to consider in your breakfasts.

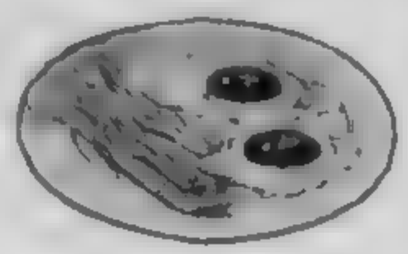
The oat is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. A food which every mother wants her child to get.

And it costs one-ninth what meat costs, or eggs or fish, for equal calories of nutrition.

5½ Cents
Per 1000 Calories



50 Cents
Per 1000 Calories



70 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

Cost by Calories

The calory is the energy measure of food value, used in Government comparisons.

At this writing, this is what some necessary foods cost per 1,000 calories of nutriment:

Cost Per 1,000 Calories

Quaker Oats	5½c
Average Meats	45c
Average Fish	[illegible]
In Hen's Eggs	70c
In Vegetables	11c to 76c

Eat all these foods, but make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast to average up your food cost. Also make sure your people get elements they need.

Quaker Oats

The Super-Grade of Oat Flakes

For flavor's sake be sure to get Quaker Oats. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

This flavor has won Quaker Oats a world-wide fame. It makes the dish doubly inviting. And it costs you no extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

nominal rank may be. Any way you fix it on paper it will really be up to the President.

The Good budget bill says there shall be a director and an assistant director of the Bureau of the Budget, with salaries of ten thousand and seventy-five hundred a year respectively. It says the director, with the approval of the President, shall appoint and fix the compensation of necessary employees, and so on; that the employees whose compensation is less than five thousand dollars a year shall be appointed from the list of eligibles furnished by the Civil Service Commission and in accordance with civil-service laws and regulations; that no person appointed by the director shall be paid a compensation in excess of five thousand dollars a year, and not more than three persons appointed by him shall be paid that much. Further on, in creating an audit department, substantially the same restrictions are repeated.

That is in pursuance of Congress' settled policy of tying a string, as far as possible, to every dollar that it appropriates for the use of the executive side of the Government. The director of the bureau might be able to get the best man in the country—a man worth two at five thousand each—for six thousand dollars a year. But Congress will not give him that much latitude. Broadly speaking, it appropriates in detail—not so much money for such and such a service, but just so many dollars for so many clerks, each of whom is to receive just so much, no more, no less.

Now hardly anybody has given any real attention to the subject without coming to the opinion that this practice of earmarking the money, so that it can be used only in that particular way—for six men at fourteen hundred dollars each, for example, but not for five men at sixteen hundred dollars each—tends powerfully toward inefficiency. But when students of the subject insist that the money should be appropriated in lump sums for particular services, instead of in detail—so that the man who is running the service has very little discretion in the spending of the money—Congress replies in this wise:

Chairman Good is speaking in answer to a witness who has been recommending lump-sum appropriations. "If they had it that way they would spend it in the first four months of the year and then come back for a deficiency appropriation. When we provide for so many clerks of Class One, Class Two, Class Three and Class Four, they can have no more than the number specified—of this class so many, and of that class so many. But if you give them a lump sum they spend the whole thing in the first six months, and then come back and say, 'We must have this much more or all those clerks will be discharged'; and what can Congress do but give it to them?"

Hamstrung by Legal Restrictions

Other congressmen spoke to the same effect. Presumably—however prejudiced—they spoke from experience. There must be a different spirit from that which their expressions suggest.

The budget bill, as mentioned above, provides that all employees receiving less than five thousand a year shall be appointed from the certified civil-service lists, under civil-service laws and regulations. When those laws and regulations were passed—or the earlier of them—taking subordinate employees of the Government out of politics, making their appointment to office, their tenure of office and their promotion dependent upon merit as disclosed by civil-service examinations instead of upon party services, the achievement was hailed as a great reform; and it was a good reform, because the spoils system which it was designed to overthrow, or at least to restrict, was thoroughly bad. But when assistant Secretary Roosevelt was testifying before the budget committee he said, "If we can get a reorganization of our department"—the Navy Department—"through this budget system and a more efficient personnel based on better pay, and ridding us of certain ridiculous restrictions, I would come pretty close to guaranteeing a twenty per cent decrease of present cost."

Congressman Taylor asked, "What is one of the restrictions in law that tends to make you less economical?"

Mr. Roosevelt answered, "Civil service—as conducted." He explained that it did not permit them to pay enough to attract good men, that promotion was too much by mere seniority instead of by ability, and that getting rid of inefficient men was difficult. "Out of the thousands of employees we have here in Washington," he said, "take a boy who goes in at the age of nineteen or twenty-one as a clerk or stenographer or messenger. If he lives to be old enough and has enough luck he will finally have open to him six or eight positions that pay twenty-four hundred dollars a year and one position that pays three thousand dollars a year. That is all he can ever look forward to, no matter how efficient he is. The positions that pay over twenty-two hundred dollars a year you can count on your fingers. That is the top."

Congressman Temple asked, "Do you lose many capable men by outside corporations, business corporations, overbidding the Government?"

Mr. Roosevelt replied, "I would say offhand that we lose nine out of ten of the efficient men."

That is a picture of much-acclaimed civil-service reform—not on paper, but in actual practice. Those outside business corporations have got to have efficient men. In the competition for efficiency they don't hamstring themselves with elaborate laws and regulations. Mr. Roosevelt mentioned a twenty per cent reduction in the cost of operating his department. Twenty per cent on the cost of the Federal Government in the future probably means about a billion dollars a year.

Keep Them Stepping

It may strike the reader that all these quotations and illustrations taken together leave a pessimistic impression. But it seemed worth while to dip considerably into these hearings—even when, now and then, the matter did not directly relate to the subject of a budget—because they do give a picture of the present situation at Washington with regard to economy and efficiency. Only by understanding the size and difficulty of the job will the public buck up to that determined insistence upon real thorough reform which will finally bring about real thorough reform. You can take it as final that nothing else will bring it about.

As to the need of it, before the war expenditures of the Federal Government ran below a billion dollars a year. Conservative guesses at present put the expenditures of the Federal Government in the future—at least under the present situation respecting economy and efficiency—at never less than four billion dollars a year; a billion for interest on the public debt alone. Guesses that are probably nearer the mark put the minimum at five billions a year. Until a few years before the war much the greater part of Federal revenue was raised by indirect taxes—customs duties and internal revenue from liquor and tobacco. Anybody could avoid the latter at least by abstaining from liquor and tobacco. Much the greater part of Federal revenues in the future will be raised by direct taxes and however Congress tries to arrange it otherwise, the great weight of these taxes is going to fall on the whole body of the public. It is clear enough that it does so fall at present—which is one of the reasons, and a very important one, for this high cost of living.

On that point Secretary Glass said: "Some methods of finance are better than others. Some taxes are less readily adapted to being shifted from the backs of the original taxpayers presumably better able to pay them, to the backs of the people as a whole; but in the long run the burden of governmental waste and extravagance falls more heavily upon the poor than upon the well-to-do, and more heavily upon the well-to-do than upon the rich."

I believe that is absolutely and inevitably true. It is not the people who pay heavy income taxes who find it difficult to buy roast beef and shoes for the children to-day. It is your burden. It must be your remedy; your budget.

The Good bill as passed by the House is one small step—principally because it is a formal acknowledgment that Congress is ready to deal with the subject. The Senate ought to carry it further, at least by expressly authorizing the budget officer to revise estimates. But however well the Senate amends it, don't, for heaven's sake, call it a finished job and forget the subject. It will still be only a step and—so far—a thing on paper. Only by continuous study, continuous vigilance and trying many experiments can the operations of the Government be brought to and kept upon a reasonable basis of economy and efficiency. Your motto must be: Keep them stepping.

Don't, Madam—

Don't Try to Bake Beans

We Bake Them
So that every bean is mellow, mealy, whole and tender to digest

Ever on Call
You can serve Van Camp's in ten minutes, hot and savory, seemingly just baked.

It takes too many hours. And no home oven can fit beans to easily digest.

Leave this dish to the Van Camp scientific cooks. They have worked for years to perfect it. They have the facilities.

The New-Day Way

The Van Camp experts—college trained—make a science of bean baking.

Their beans are grown on studied soils. Each lot is analyzed before they start to cook.

Their boiling water is freed from minerals, for hard water makes skins tough.

Their baking is done in steam ovens. Thus they bake for hours at high heat, without bursting or crisping a bean. And they bake in sealed containers so no flavor can escape.

The Ideal Sauce

They perfected a supreme sauce by testing 850 recipes. It is ideal in its tang and zest. That sauce is baked with the pork and beans, so that every atom shares it.

The result is beans as men like them. They are nut-like and whole. They have savor and zest. And they don't upset digestion.

Such beans can't be baked at home. They are nowhere baked as we bake them. Serve a meal of Van Camp's and you will gain an entirely new idea of baked beans.

VAN CAMP'S

Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

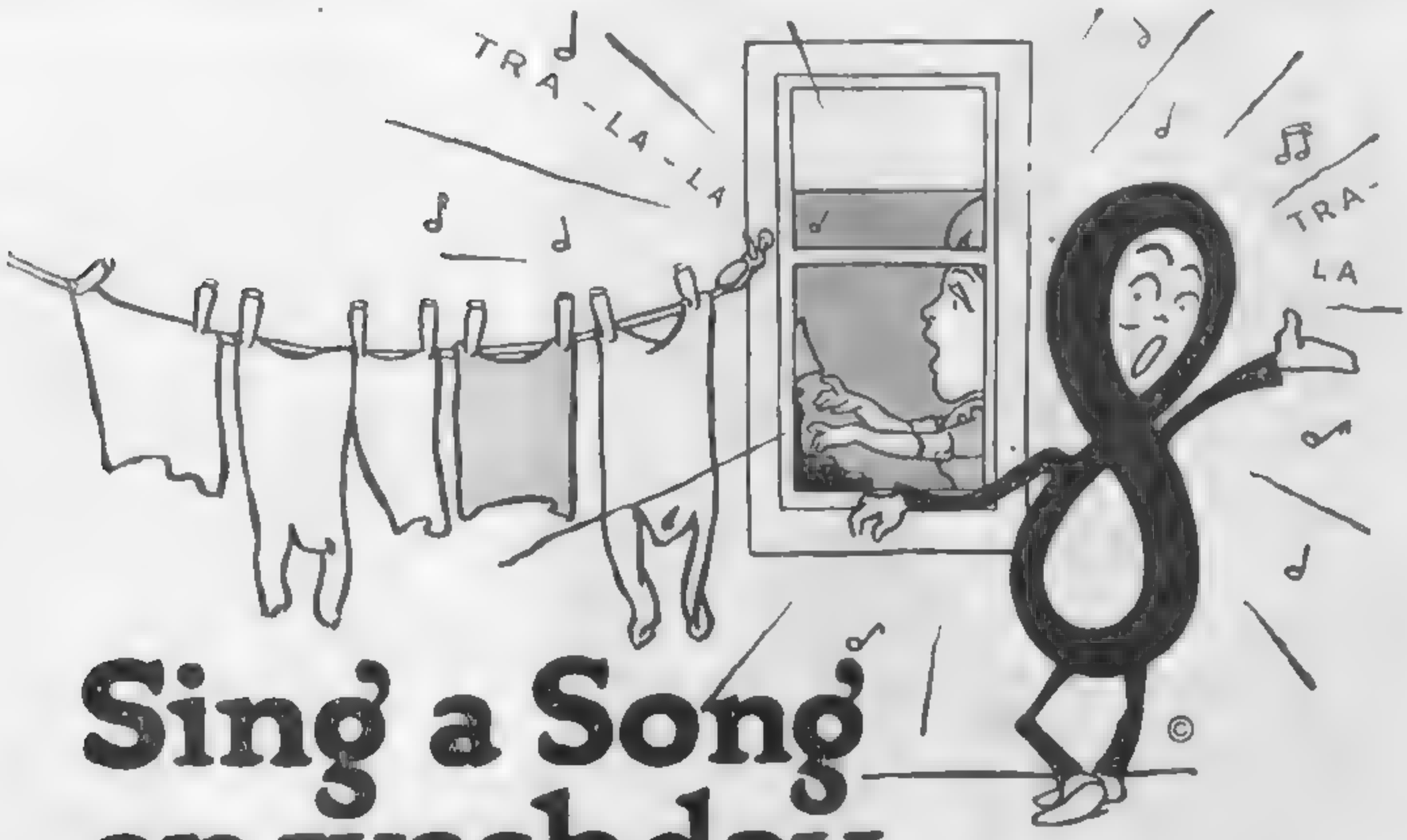
Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Soups
—18 kinds
Based on famous French recipes, but perfected by countless tests.

Van Camp's Spaghetti
The finest Italian recipe made vastly better by our scientific cooks.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter
Made from a perfect blend of nuts, with every skin and every heart removed.



Sing a Song on washday

You'll feel like it, too—if you have a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer! For the 1900 is the *perfect* washing machine. Here's why—

In the first place, there's the magic figure 8 which is an exclusive feature of the 1900. This means that the water is forced through the clothes in a figure 8 motion—four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

And the gleaming copper tub—there's not a single part in it to tear fine blouses or dainty underwear. You can trust anything to it! And when you're through with the washing, there are no parts in the tub to lift out and clean.

But that isn't all—the swinging, reversible wringer which works electrically also, can be swung from washer clear over to the clothes basket without moving or shifting the washer.

In 8 or 10 minutes, your whole tubful of clothes is snowy white—and at a cost of less than 2c an hour.

The water swirls through the tub in a figure 8 movement four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

Comes in 8 and 12 sheet sizes.

Just connect it with the electric light and off it starts.

Our Special Trial Offer

You may prove to yourself that the 1900 is the perfect washing machine. There is a 1900 dealer near you who will gladly demonstrate a 1900 Cataract Washer right in your own home. Then if you wish, you may start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. Remember, we also have washing machines operated by hand and water power.

Write us today for the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the book, "George Brinton's Wife." It's a story you will enjoy. Molly, his pretty little wife, had troubles of her own until she interrupted a bridge party, and then things began to happen.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

1900 WASHER COMPANY,
203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

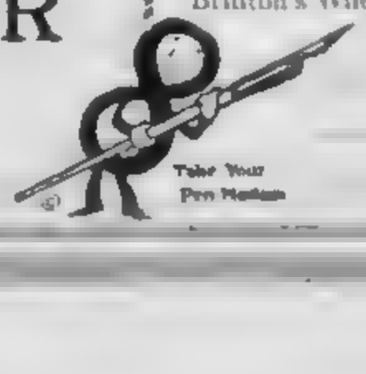
Canadian Factory and Office, CANADIAN 1900 WASHER CO., 357 Yonge St., Toronto

1900 WASHER COMPANY
203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the story, "George Brinton's Wife."

NAME

ADDRESS



PROMETHEVS

The Titan caught a living spark
From the flaming forge of the heavens, and [illegible]
[illegible]
Hanging for warmth and light.
He swung his torch across the skies,
The [illegible]ightened shadows fled.
With a vast arc of flame he swept
The continents and seas, and then
Men lifted up their eyes, forgot the night,
And turned with joyous hearts to their great enterprise

IN ancient legend, Prometheus personified the genius of Mankind struggling to master the forces of Nature. He stole fire from the heavens and brought it to earth in a tinder-stalk, giving to men light and warmth and the means of developing arts and handicraft.

The myth was prophetic. Centuries later man actually drew down from the sky a spark of lightning, and thus discovered electricity.

From hand to hand the torch of Prometheus was passed down through the years. The tinder-stalk became a shell; a bit of clay, oil-filled; a vessel of iron or bronze; a candle; a flame of gaseous vapor. At last the torch was grasped by Edison, and lo! it became an incandescent lamp, glowing with electricity.

And today the MAZDA Lamp cheers the humblest home with the wonderful gift of light for which Prometheus dared the wrath of the gods.

EDISON MAZDA

The first of a series of paintings by Maxfield Parrish, portraying the development of light.
EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 25)

And very likely it will turn up again anyway," she added.

He took her hand in his and patted it.

"I wish all my clients were like you!" he said earnestly. "I'll do my best. And I'll say this much—that it's an awful fool law that hasn't some way round it!"

It does not appear from Holy Writ that Solomon was a learned man, but merely that he was a wise one. Surrogates are apt to be learned men, and learned judges who are not also wise are inclined to revel in technicalities and to become so logical that they overlook the spirit of the law in their strict application of its letter, and thus tend to bring it into ridicule. No system can afford to be so rigid that it breaks. The efficiency of the jury system lies in its elasticity. The successful judge is he who is no less a man because he is a judge. In a word, justice must not be so blind as to overlook the patent fact that human laws must be administered with a certain discretion. Otherwise—but Mr. Tutt was not really a Bolshevik.

Surrogate Pettingill, before whom the Grover case was to be tried, was celebrated for his exactitude of mind. Logic was his passion. In the application of a principle he was less flexible than the Flatiron Building, which is said to owe its permanence to the fact that it sways slightly in the wind. Does not all nature—human or otherwise—survive by virtue of the doctrine of give and take? Be that as it may, it was with a feeling akin to dismay that Tutt & Tutt found themselves confronted upon the morning of the trial by the learned Mr. Toddleham, attorney for the heirs-at-law and next of kin, an old crony of Judge Pettingill and a lawyer familiar with every technicality of the rules and practices of the Surrogate's Court.

But the senior partner gave no sign of anxiety. With the urbanity of a Chesterfield—though certainly not, as Mr. Choate once said of another lawyer, with the suburbanity of a West-Chesterfield—Mr. Tutt rose to establish the lost will and testament of Caroline Grover, deceased. Miss Block, who had witnessed the will and to whom Mrs. Grover had read its entire contents, the preceding evening, was naturally his first witness. She was a palpably honest old lady who had nothing to gain by her testimony, and she swore positively that the testatrix had left all her property to Miss Aymar and designated her as executrix as well. The ancient Toddleham made no impression upon her by cross-examination and Surrogate Pettingill waved her from the stand with a courtly bow. Score one for Tutt & Tutt. The two other witnesses to the execution of the instrument then gave their testimony. Though they were not able to testify to its contents they swore that Mrs. Grover had stated that the document which she requested them to sign was her will, and that they had affixed their signatures immediately after that of Miss Block. Upon their uncontradicted evidence Mr. Tutt thereupon offered the will for probate.

The surrogate frowned.

"The code requires that the contents of the will be clearly proved by at least two witnesses," said he.

"I have offered three," declared Mr. Tutt.

"At best only one as to the contents," retorted the surrogate.

"But, Your Honor, if Miss Block identified the instrument signed as the one read to her by the testatrix and the others signed the same paper, there are three witnesses."

Surrogate Pettingill looked bored.

"The law is clear," he announced. "At least two witnesses are necessary to prove the contents—not the mere identity of a paper. Besides, Miss Block cannot swear that the document Mrs. Grover read to her the evening before its execution was in fact the instrument which she actually witnessed. How could she? She assumes that it was, but she cannot know it for a fact!"

In the face of such pettifogging Mr. Tutt was stricken dumb. Was it possible that any sane human being could so stultify common sense by reason? However, there he was! He caught his breath and started in again.

"But a draft—or copy—is equivalent to one witness."

"Precisely."

"Well, there is a draft."

The surrogate nodded. But first Mr. Tutt had another perfectly good witness to the contents of the will—Miss Aymar.

Even the surrogate, as she rose and came forward so gracefully, yet so diffidently, toward the bench, forgot momentarily that he was the surrogate in the unexpected discovery that he was a man.

"Ah!" he exclaimed gallantly, attempting to put her at her ease. "Take your time, Miss Aymar. There is nothing to be excited about. Are you quite comfortable? You do not mind the draft from that window?" Then, embarrassed, he recalled the fact that he was a judge. "Um!" he growled. "You may proceed, sir!"

"Miss Aymar," began Mr. Tutt, "did Mrs. Grover tell you anything about having made a will?"

"I object!" exclaimed Mr. Toddleham, popping up like a jack-in-the-box. "The witness is an interested party under Section 829 of the code, and hence is precluded from testifying."

"Quite so!" snapped the surrogate. "Sustained."

"But she can testify to the contents of the will!" argued Mr. Tutt. "We need another witness."

"I have ruled," said the surrogate severely.

"Well," remarked Mr. Tutt, "I will save an exception. Mr. Tutt—please take the stand."

Tutt, arrayed as befitted the occasion, hopped to the chair in his usual sprightly manner and was sworn.

"Mr. Tutt," said Mr. Tutt, "did you assist me in drawing up and revising the last will and testament of Caroline Grover?"

Again Mr. Toddleham interposed an objection. The witness' testimony was, he pointed out, obviously within the prohibition of the statute which precluded an attorney at law from disclosing any communication made between him and his client in the course of his professional employment. The drawing of a will was clearly such a communication and had been so held in Loder vs. Whelpley, 111 New York Reports 239, at page 248.

"That is the law—unless Mr. Tutt was also an attesting witness. Were you?"

"No, sir," admitted Tutt.

"Then this testimony cannot be received!" ruled the surrogate. "The point is perfectly well settled."

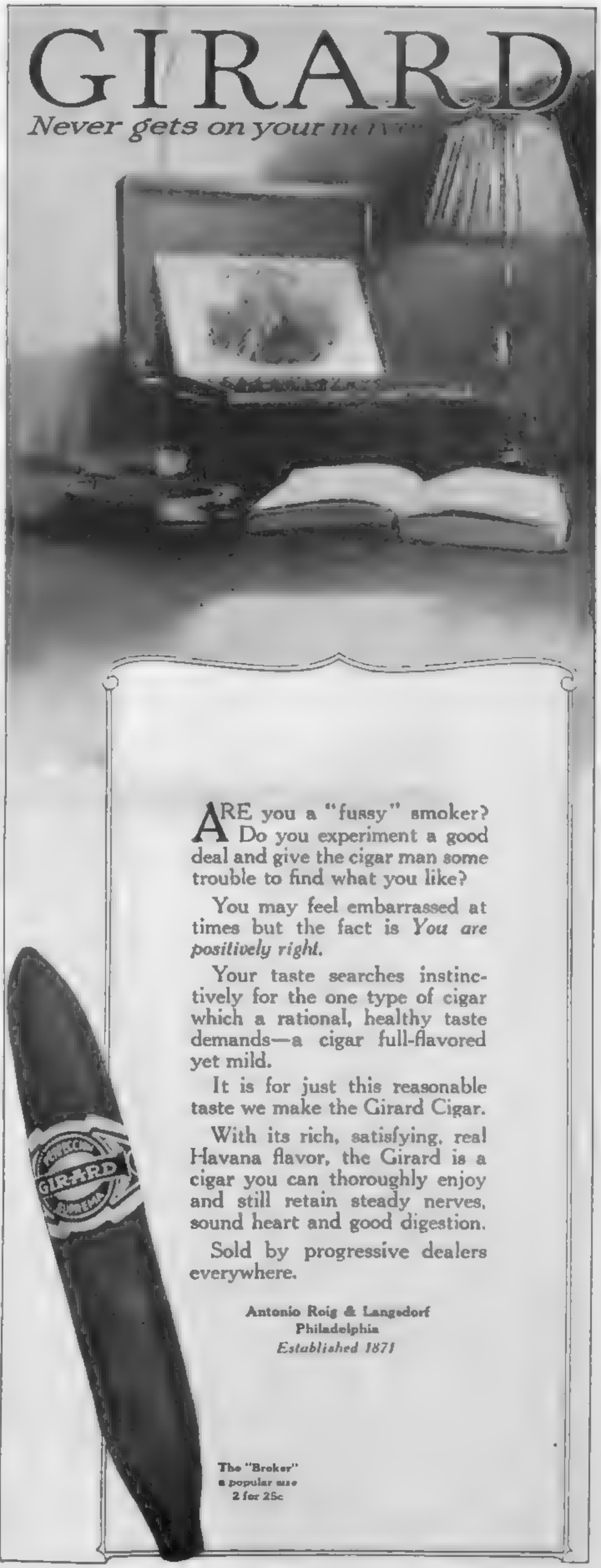
Mr. Tutt shivered internally. He had received the body blow which he had anticipated all along, though he betrayed no sign of it. This was not a propitious moment for his supreme effort. So he took Tutt out of the line and put in Scraggs, freshly barbered and otherwise in fighting trim. Since the alcoholic scrivener had actually drawn the will that Mrs. Grover had signed, and had done so from a memorandum in that lady's own handwriting given to him by Mr. Tutt, he if anybody knew what was in it! But when he was asked to state what its contents were Mr. Toddleham objected again. The will drawn up by the witness, he argued, was not shown to be connected in any way with the paper signed by the testatrix. Scraggs had not delivered it to Mrs. Grover, but on the contrary had turned it over to Mr. Tutt, who had mailed it to her. She might or might not have received it. There was no way to establish that Scraggs' will was the will which, in fact, she signed.

"But," cried Mr. Tutt impatiently, "the contents show them to be the same."

"That would be putting the cart before the horse, Mr. Tutt!" returned the surrogate with animation. "You are trying to prove the contents, are you not? Yes! Very well. To do so you must prove that the paper signed by Mrs. Grover was the identical paper drawn up by Mr. Scraggs. Until then he cannot possibly tell us what the paper contained, for the two documents have not been legally identified as one and the same. The last may have been utterly different from the first."

"I propose to show that it was not, Your Honor, by proving that the disposition of the property in the two papers was identical."

"But, my dear sir, that does not prove that the two papers referred to were identical," retorted the surrogate delightedly, devouring the quibble with glee. "They may have been entirely different documents, even if their contents were exactly the same!"



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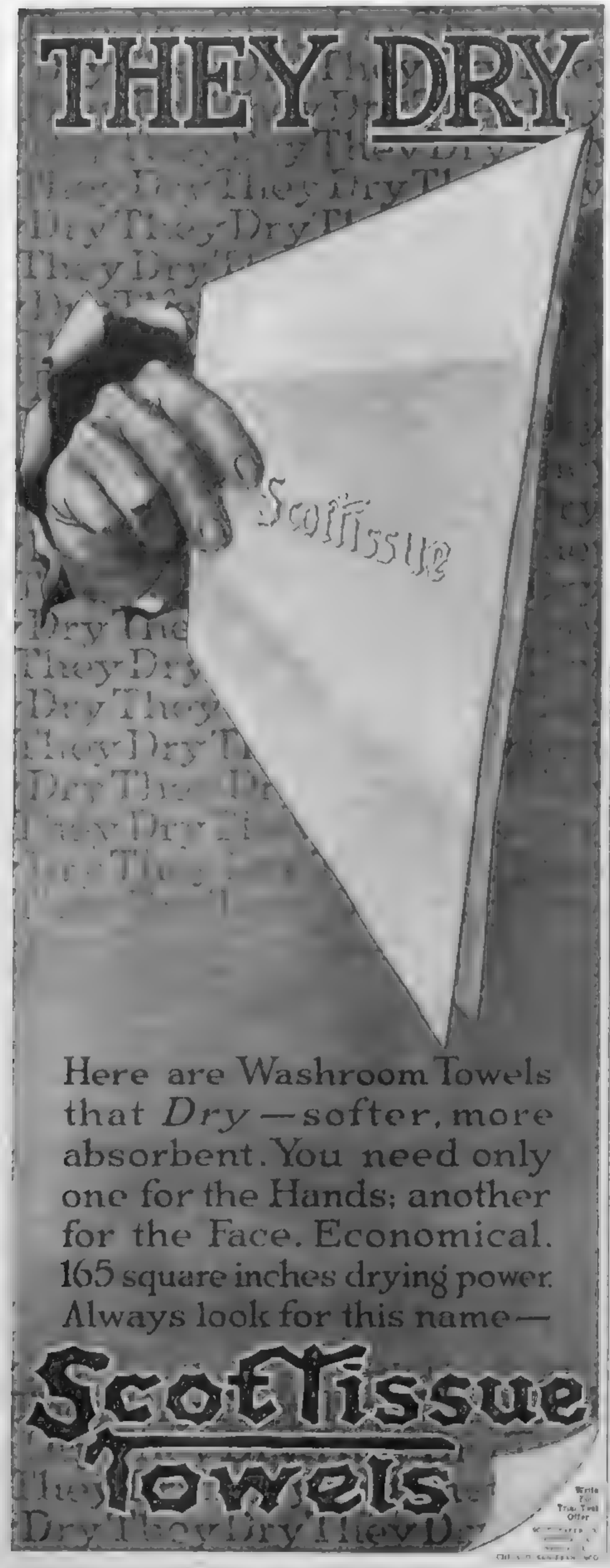
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"Oh!" returned Mr. Tutt. "If that is the point—and I agree entirely with Your Honor's reasoning—then Mr. Scraggs' testimony should be admitted as a declaration of intention on the part of the testatrix."

"In that case I object to it as coming within the prohibition of Section 829 against the disclosure of confidential communications between attorney and client, Mr. Scraggs standing in *pari passu* with his employer," interpolated Mr. Toddleham.

"Oh, most clearly so!" ejaculated the surrogate. "That is quite obvious! Objection? Do I hear an objection? Sustained!"

If Mr. Tutt had not been so depressed at the predicament in which he found himself he would have greatly enjoyed this extraordinary exhibition of judicial agility. As it was he leaned over to Tutt and whispered in his ear: "Did you ever see such a pair of dodos? I'd like to knock their two noddles together!"

"Oh, most certainly so!" returned Tutt solemnly. "That is quite obvious!"

"I most respectfully save an exception," said Mr. Tutt, resuming his former position. "Luckily I have a draft of the will, which will satisfy the requirements of the code, as being equivalent to another witness. I will ask to be sworn."

He stepped forward, took his seat in the witness chair and raised his right hand, while Surrogate Pettingill glanced significantly at Counselor Toddleham and smacked his lips. This was a choice morsel indeed! He had Mr. Tutt running round like a rat in a pit and he was successfully blocking his escape at every turn. To him it was an exciting game. The giant of justice was bound and helpless by the spider's web of technicality. There was Mrs. Grover's will—everybody knew it was her will!—and every time Mr. Tutt attempted to probate it the surrogate pushed him back. And now the old lawyer was about to make his final attempt. The draft of the will in Mrs. Grover's handwriting was in his breast pocket.

Smiling pleasantly at Pettingill he said: "With Your Honor's permission I will examine myself. Question: 'Have you in your possession a paper delivered to you by Caroline Grover as a draft of her proposed will?'"

"Object!" shouted Mr. Toddleham.

"Sustained!" chortled the surrogate. "No, no, Mr. Tutt!" It was tantamount to his saying: "Naughty! Naughty!"

"Oh, Lord!" muttered Tutt. "Isn't it sickening!"

"But, Your Honor," protested Mr. Tutt, "what better proof could you possibly want than a copy of the will in Mrs. Grover's own handwriting?"

"I don't want any proof," grinned Pettingill. "You're trying to prove a lost will. I merely hold that you can't prove it that way."

Mr. Toddleham nodded in a highly commendatory manner.

"Precisely!" he enunciated.

Mr. Tutt's weather-beaten face grew dark.

"If Your Honor please," he said with an effort at patience, "the rules of evidence are for the purpose of getting at the truth—not obscuring it. Though it is true that under the law the communications passing between a lawyer and his client are forbidden to be disclosed by the attorney, this is for the protection of the client and is his privilege, which under certain circumstances he can waive if he chooses. Is there any doubt but that Mrs. Grover would waive it were she alive?"

"We cannot speculate upon what the dead would do if they were not dead," replied the surrogate sententiously. "It is no longer possible for Mrs. Grover to waive the privilege of the statute by which your lips are sealed."

"Yet," argued Mr. Tutt, "as Professor Wigmore points out, though 'it can hardly be doubted that the execution and especially the contents'—of a will—'are impliedly desired by the client to be kept secret during his lifetime, it is plain that this confidence is intended to be temporary only, and that after the testator's death the attorney should be at liberty to disclose all that affects the execution and tenor of the will.

"'Otherwise what is intended for the client's protection may become the means of defeating his wishes.'"

"That, however, is not the law of this state," said Pettingill coldly.

"Oh, no!" chimed in Mr. Toddleham. "See Fayerweather vs. Ritch, 90 Fed., 13; Butler vs. Fayerweather, 91 Fed., 458; and Matter of Cunnion, 201 N. Y., 123—all directly in point!"

"Exactly!" agreed the surrogate with gusto. "I am quite familiar with all those cases."

"Then," cried Mr. Tutt angrily, "what you call a privilege is, in fact, a curse, and the law becomes ridiculous!"

The surrogate stiffened.

"That will do, Mr. Tutt! I do not care to hear any more comments from you of that nature."

The old lawyer, confronted by an impassable barrier of technically sound and undeniably logical deductions, and so prevented from introducing positive and irrefutable proof of the justice of his cause, controlled himself with difficulty.

"I have in my pocket," he said in a low voice, "the paper to which I refer, and I offer it in evidence."

"Excluded," gloated the surrogate, "on the ground that, as it was received by you in your confidential capacity as her attorney and produced by you as such, it is a privileged communication from Mrs. Grover and cannot be disclosed."

"I except," murmured Mr. Tutt. "In that case I ask that you grant me an adjournment until to-morrow morning."

The surrogate smiled triumphantly and glanced at Mr. Toddleham.

"That is reasonable," he admitted. "Adjourn court until to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

"Did you ever hear such utter rot!" wailed Tutt on their return to the office. "As for that old pettifogger—I'd like to crack his brain!"

"It's not brain, but bran!" cried the senior partner. "I have never known anything so utterly absurd. Here we have a crowd of reputable witnesses who know exactly what was in Mrs. Grover's will—one whom she consulted about it, another who drew it, a third to whom she read it, and two whom she told what it contained—besides a draft in her own handwriting of exactly what she wanted done—and yet for one reason or another the judge excludes practically every bit of evidence in the case. It's not only absurd, it's preposterous! It isn't equitable—it's criminal! The trouble is we're lawridden—at least as far as evidence is concerned! Give me the Continental system every time, and let the witnesses tell everything they know!"

"Except in criminal cases!" qualified Tutt, raising one eyebrow.

"Yes—except in criminal cases!" agreed Mr. Tutt hastily. "It almost makes me want to turn Bolshevik!"

"You're quite Bolshevik enough already!" remarked Miss Wiggin as she appeared in the doorway, preceding Willie with the tea things. "You know perfectly well that though the law may work hardship in individual cases it is the crystallized wisdom of human experience. And we should respect it as such. The law protecting confidential communications is one of the most salutary that we have. You have only recently claimed that it ought to be extended rather than restricted—in the O'Connell case, you remember, where the defendant confessed to Miss Althea Beekman that he committed murder and she refused to testify."

"Quite so," answered Mr. Tutt, helping himself to a piece of toast. "What I am raving about is the technical and iniquitous way in which perfectly good laws are applied. Here is a case where a testatrix's wishes are going to be absolutely defeated because the court holds that I cannot put in evidence the draft of Mrs. Grover's will which she left in my possession."

"That seems hard!" acquiesced Miss Wiggin as she rinsed a cup for him with hot water. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't see what we can do about it," he groaned, "except to take an appeal."

"There are times," said Miss Wiggin soothingly, "when it must be very difficult for judges and lawyers to remain faithful to the law as it stands. And yet one thing is absolutely sure ——" She paused and lifted the teapot preparatory to filling the cups.

"Yes—O wise Minerva?" said Tutt with a touch of condescension.

"And that is that our first duty is to obey the law whatever it is—no matter what the result may be. If we lawyers do not respect the law, who will? Besides, we have taken an oath to do so."

"Nobody could respect the New York Code of Civil Procedure!" declared Tutt.

(Continued on Page 177)

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(Continued from Page 174)

"Perhaps one could if he knew what was in it!" she retorted tartly.

Tutt grinned good-naturedly.

"I don't pretend to—never did—if that's what you mean!"

"Here's your tea," she said, passing it to him. "Even if the enforcement of a law is to result in what seems to be a wrong, to connive at an infraction or evasion of it is a greater one—the greatest that a lawyer can commit, for it attacks the very foundation of society."

"Quite right—as usual!" admitted Mr. Tutt as he drained his cup and fumbled in the box for a stogy.

"Well, you can run that sort of thing into the ground!" asserted Tutt, wiping his mouth. "There's no use in being overconscientious. You've got to have common sense about everything."

"Common sense or—common honesty?" she shot over her shoulder as she went back to work.

Tutt flushed.

"I guess I'm as honest as the average," he growled. "But I won't stand seeing people robbed—even by the law that Miss Wiggin seems to think so perfect."

"How are you going to help yourself?" inquired Mr. Tutt. "Take our present case—suppose one were willing to strain a point?"

Tutt whistled a bar or two thoughtfully.

"I don't say I'd do anything," he replied at length, "but I might—sort of—let things take care of themselves."

"How do you mean?"

Mr. Tutt gazed at his partner searchingly.

"Look here, Mr. Tutt," said Tutt. "This whole case apparently turns upon the comparatively trifling fact that when she died the draft of Mrs. Grover's will was in your possession instead of hers."

"Well?"

"Why shouldn't it—still—apparently—be found among her effects?"

Mr. Tutt straightened.

"Do you suggest ——" he began sternly.

"No, no!" interrupted Tutt. "I don't suggest anything at all. I merely say that if this infernal paper should even now turn up in Mrs. Grover's desk I don't imagine anybody would feel obliged—from this office—to suggest that it was a confidential communication prepared for the use of her attorney."

Mr. Tutt was listening attentively—his mind in a turmoil. It was monstrous—and yet it was a fascinating idea!

"No," he agreed slowly, "I wouldn't go out of my way to do so."

"And I don't suppose you'd inquire too closely how it might have got there either?" went on Tutt shrewdly.

"No-o-o," acknowledged Mr. Tutt.

"Well, then! Just keep your hands off and leave things to me a minute," supplicated Tutt. "You can do as you like afterward, but give Fate a chance!" And as Mr. Tutt, like a bird charmed by Satan in the form of a serpent, offered no tangible opposition, Tutt pressed the button that summoned Willie, and as the latter entered for the tea things struck a Napoleonic pose and exclaimed in distinct if pathetic tones:

"I agree with you entirely, Mr. Tutt! It is indeed unfortunate that the mere fact that this paper"—he took it from his senior's unresisting hand and tossed it on the desk in plain view of Willie—"was not in Mrs. Grover's desk at the time of her death, but happened by merest chance to be in this office, may lose us our case! What a shame that it was not found among her effects—in her house! Why did we not have foresight enough to send it back to her? What a godsend it would be to poor Miss Lucy Aymar if it, or another exactly like it, could even now be found in Mrs. Grover's desk or bureau! Yes," he repeated with slow significance, "what an infinite blessing it would have been if this paper had been discovered lying in a drawer of Mrs. Grover's desk!"

He paused sententiously. Then he apparently awakened to Willie's presence for the first time.

"Oh! You there, Willie?" said he. "Er—what was it we wanted, Mr. Tutt?"

"I haven't the remotest idea!" answered his partner as if in a dream.

"Whatever it was," said Tutt, "it's entirely slipped my mind!"

"Perhaps it was the tea things," hazarded Mr. Tutt shamelessly.

Then he and Tutt ostentatiously rose and peered through the window with their backs to Willie. A moment later, when they turned round, Willie was gone. So was the draft of Mrs. Grover's will.

It is the business of the recording angel and not mine—of which I am very glad—to determine just how outrageous Mr. Tutt's conduct was and what should be done with him in the hereafter. No one—least of all he himself—will attempt to deny his joint moral responsibility for Willie's subsequent acts.

"I'm all in!" he said, running his hands through his thin gray locks. "I don't know how I stand on this business. I've got to think it over. I don't like it, and yet —— I'm going up to the club and take a Turkish bath and—trust in the Lord!"

"And I," remarked Tutt, "am going to take one last look round this office for that damned old will!"

Those readers who happen to recall the circumstances surrounding the historic case of Toggery Bill and how, in connection therewith, Willie had been rescued from the horrors of a juvenile reformatory by Mr. Tutt, will not fail to appreciate that what Tutt had just essayed was not exactly a shot in the dark. "*Qui facit per alium, facit per se.*" Willie was indubitably Mr. Tutt's slave. No question of morals entered into the situation—so far as he was concerned. Whatever his master wanted, whatever would benefit or assist him in his profession—that was good. Slowly, as he washed up the tea things, his mind proceeded to visualize the nature of that assistance and the course, step by step, necessary to achieve it. Then, having put everything carefully away, he picked up his hat and silently stole out of the office and hurried to the Subway. Fifteen minutes later, his being permeated by the delicious knowledge that he was about to do a favor to his benefactor, confer a blessing upon a beautiful young lady and at the same time outwit the law—for which he had a deep-rooted antipathy—he approached the Grover mansion whistling, surveyed it with the practiced eye of a born housebreaker and pressed the bell.

He was prepared to go any length to put that draft will where it would do most good—even if he had to cram it down Surrogate Pettingill's wizened gullet. The trim maid who answered the bell laconically informed him that Miss Aymar had not yet returned home and Willie had only just time to back up against the edge of the door and press the catch, which left the handle free to turn upon the outside, before she closed it. It was long after four. Miss Aymar would soon be in. He walked the length of the block, keeping an eye on the house meanwhile, and having given the maid plenty of time to get belowstairs he slipped back up the steps again and stealthily opened the door. The lights had not been turned on and the hallway in which he found himself was almost dark. A white envelope which lay on the table shone in the dusk like the eye of Cyclops.

It did not take him long to find the library, for at the end of the passage he saw the gleam of gilt upon rows of books. There was the desk—right in the bow window looking into the side area. On the mantel a heavy marble clock wheezing, coughed five times as Willie lifted the desk top, and selecting a small drawer underneath upon the left-hand side placed the draft carefully within it.

There had been a period in Mr. Tutt's career when the ethical aspect of Tutt's conduct would not have particularly worried him; but that was before the advent of Miss Wiggin, who undeniably had exerted a strong counter influence to that of the junior partner. In the old days he had been prone to fall in with Tutt's clever and sometimes rather shady schemes, overlooking their questionability in his delight at their ingenuity and the element of risk involved in their execution, but the clear moral vision of their managing clerk and her uncompromising attitude toward anything but the highest standards had gradually come to predominate in the office, and if Mr. Tutt ever played too close to the line he carefully did so without her knowledge.

Now as Ephraim Tutt sat before his sea-coal fire after his Turkish bath, smoking his stogy and taking an occasional nip of brandy and water from the kettle upon the hob, he was fully conscious that what he had participated in doing would have called down the severest censure from Miss Wiggin, yet —— He smiled inscrutably into the glowing coals. That was a clever thought of Tutt's! He wondered if Willie would. There was nothing wrong in putting the paper back in the house—for it belonged to Mrs. Grover! Not a thing!

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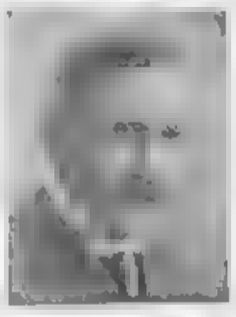

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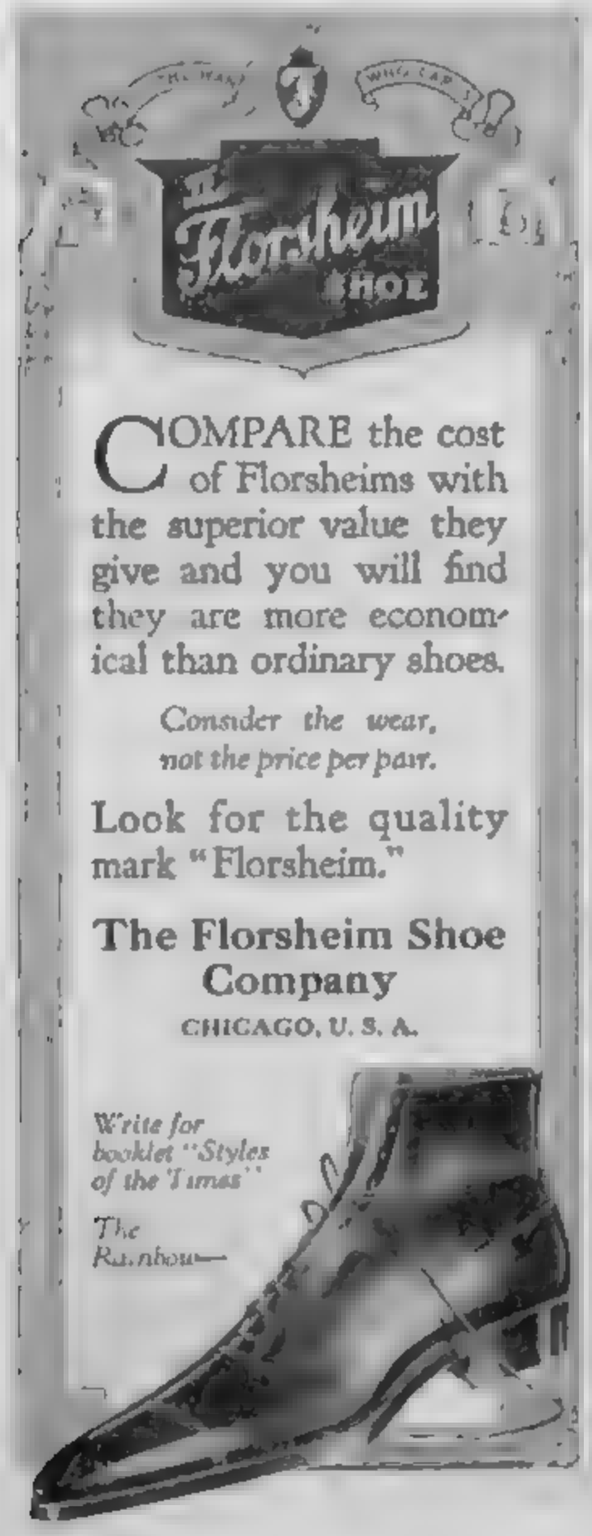

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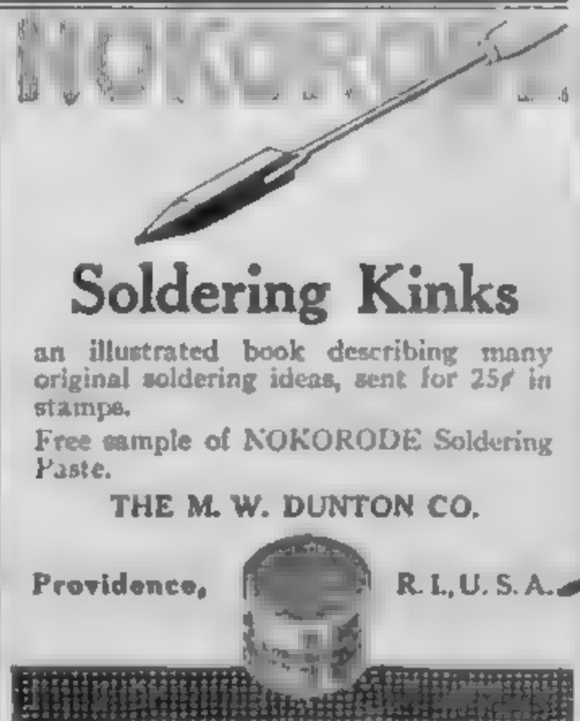

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There could be no adverse criticism unless the paper should be found and produced, and it would not be found unless, first, Willie should place it safely among Mrs. Grover's effects; second, he, Mr. Tutt, should suggest a search; and third, the paper having been thus discovered he should produce it in court and offer it in evidence. It might be that none of these things would occur. Willie mightn't have taken the paper at all. It might still be in the office. It would be an outrage if Miss Aymar should lose a million dollars just because a paper happened to be lying in one place rather than another! Nobody would hesitate in a case like that to take a chance, when not to do so would result in a hideous miscarriage of justice. On the other hand, argue as he would, he could not help feeling Miss Wiggin's sternly disapproving eye upon him. Mr. Tutt was genuinely troubled and unhappy. Down below the bell tinkled and he heard Mandy, his faithful colored maid of all work, going to the door. Then there were voices—he recognized Miss Aymar's. Good!

"Come right up!" he called cheerily, going to the head of the stairs.

"Excuse my interrupting you in the evening, but I had to leave court early, you know, and I wanted to find out how things went after I left," she explained.

World-worn old Ephraim Tutt, sad, childless and lonely, held out his withered arms to radiant youth. How charming her lithe, almost boyish figure, how lovely the smile on her flushed cheeks, how brilliant the light in her brown eyes! To hell with ethics!

"Why, my dear!" he answered, pushing a chair toward the fire. "The case—is—I hope—going—very well!"

It was not later than eight o'clock the next morning that Mr. Tutt, after a rather restless night, called Mrs. Bartlett, Miss Aymar's housekeeper, upon the telephone.

"I would like to have you make another search of Mrs. Grover's desk," he said, "for the purpose of seeing whether, by any possibility, any papers—such as notes for making a will—have been overlooked. If you find anything kindly let me know."

Mr. Tutt did not spring his surprise at the opening of court, for he did not wish to have it appear as a surprise. So he interrogated various other witnesses as to comparatively trifling matters, who did not help the case at all, but who created an impression of activity, and then summoned Mrs. Bartlett to the stand. She was an impressive looking lady and she gave her testimony with a positiveness and wealth of detail that left nothing to be desired, and rendered impossible any suspicion of disingenuousness. She was, she said under Mr. Tutt's gentle guidance, the late Mrs. Grover's paid housekeeper, and had been so for fourteen years. In recently going over Mrs. Grover's effects she had found a paper, among many others, which she was informed had an important bearing upon the case and which was entirely in her mistress' handwriting and indorsed "Memo of my will." This paper she produced and Mr. Tutt immediately offered it in evidence.

"Show it to Mr. Toddleham," directed the surrogate briefly, and the Updycke forces crowded glowering about the attorney as they scrutinized the document.

"Well, I object to it as privileged," said Toddleham finally.

"How privileged?" inquired the surrogate. "It isn't addressed to anybody. It's one of the deceased's personal papers—found in her desk after her death. It has a convincing value as evidence—almost conclusive, I may say—of the testatrix's testamentary intentions, and is equivalent to an additional living witness as to the contents of the will. I may be in error—if so, my action can be reversed through the greater wisdom of the appellate courts—but I will admit it. Mark it in evidence."

"And now," said Mr. Tutt, "I offer the will for probate—at least such parts as have been clearly substantiated by the evidence as required by Section 1865 of the code."

"I will allow it," nodded the surrogate, "and deny Mr. Toddleham's motion. Letters testamentary may be issued to Miss Lucy Aymar as executrix."

That was all there was to it! Perfectly simple and easy! And neither member of the firm of Tutt & Tutt batted a lid or quivered as to a facial muscle. Yet Mr. Tutt had been guilty of gross professional misconduct—not a doubt of it!—and his conscience might—I say "might" advisedly—have rendered him quite miserable throughout his entire subsequent professional life had not Mandy, while passing him a liberal helping of chicken pie that evening, said as she drew forth a crumpled document: "I found dis yeah paper in dat ole pair ob trousers you tole me gib to de ash man—and I reckon it's de same one I hear you and yo' partnah making sech a fuss about."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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Saving Begins at Home

How Thrifty Housewives can save by making and mending

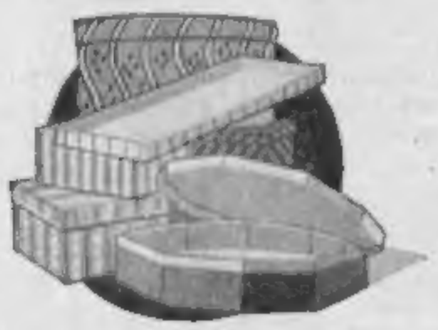
Suggestions by Annette Warren

Mending tears in fabrics

Erna was wearing a charming new taffeta silk dress. I'd been so busy admiring it from the moment we met that I could hardly answer her questions intelligently. And she knew it, and it pleased her, as it would any woman.

We left her car on Boylston Street, and started to walk to Tremont, when a workman passed directly across us, carrying an armful of long boards. A nail sticking from one of the boards caught Erna's skirt and before she could release herself tore a three-cornered rent in it. It was one of those mean accidents that are really nobody's fault, so you haven't even the comfort of blaming someone. Erna looked heart-broken, but she is a wonderful sport, and I could see her getting ready to pretend she didn't care. I said, "What would you give to have it as good as new again?" "What would I give," she said. "But don't talk like that—what's done is done and done for." "All right," said I, "but your skirt isn't done for by a long shot. Trust my experience."

I drew her into a shop and invested 15 cents in a tube of LePage's Glue, the Universal Mender. When we reached home a piece of material the same as Erna's skirt was glued under the rent, thus holding the torn edges together, and the beautiful skirt was practically as good as ever.



Fancy gift boxes, too

I believe it was when Margaret Fuller told us of the beautiful cretonne boxes she made for the Red Cross Fair that I fully realized the wonderful usefulness of LePage's Glue. And this only goes to show how little attention newlyweds pay to the details of keeping house, because when I mentioned Margaret's experience to Mother, she said, "Why yes, dear, I've been married forty years, and almost all of that time I have never been without it in the house. I think I'd rather do without my tack hammer than without LePage's Glue!" Dear, practical, saving Mother mine!

Fixing slippers and rubbers

I often think of the first time I met Don. It was at a Country Club dance. Going down stairs I caught the heel of my slipper in my dress, pulled the heel completely off, and fell into the arms of the man I afterwards married. I've danced many a dance with Don since then and in the same slippers. LePage's Glue replaced the broken heel. I've fixed rubbers and pumps with it, too. When rubbers get to the slipping-off stage, just glue a strip of felt around the back, inside and flush with the top, and they will take on a new lease of life.

For making things of paper

The Blathwaites have a large family of small children. The hard-working father has some difficulty in keeping their little stomachs filled. We've always tried to help them at Christmas time so that the youngsters would have their share of good times and good things. But last year Don and I were hard put to it ourselves—war-saving and all that, you see. I hated to give up the old custom, but it seemed as if we must. A few days before Christmas I saw little Susie Blathwaite looking at a doll's house in a toy shop window with an expression that just went through me. I went back home resolved to "make" something for the kiddies' Christmas. With colored paper and LePage's Glue I made cornucopias and filled them with spice drops and animal crackers. I never realized that I had such genius for making paper fans and flowers. Don was astonished at the lot of things I had literally turned out of nothing. And did the Blathwaites have a Christmas? Well, just ask them.

Furniture and picture frames

When a picture falls from the wall they say it's bad luck. Don doesn't agree. Here's the reason. When we were married a friend of Don's gave us a picture. Don said it was hideous. And I didn't like it. So Don declares it was good luck and not bad luck when it fell and was smashed. From Don's view that was all very well, but in falling it broke the scroll work on top of my writing desk. But things of that sort don't disturb me very much now that I've made it a practice always to have a tube of LePage's in the house. My desk was easily mended. I put the frame together again, too, and it looks mighty well enclosing a picture of our baby.

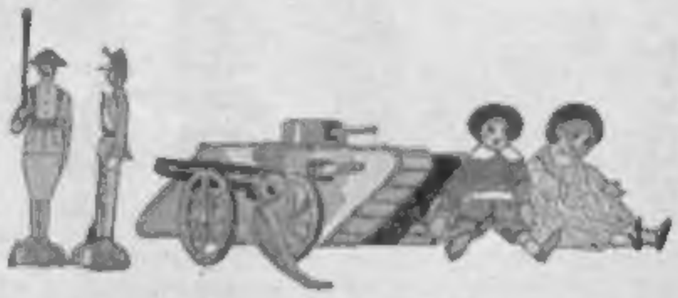
LEPAGE'S GLUE

The Universal Mender

The clean tube and handy spreader always there ready to mend it.

Mounting photographs

When Nellie Storm was married I gave her the darlingest little pocket camera you ever saw, together with a photograph album, and —what do you think? —a tube of LePage's Glue. There is nothing like this combination for recording a honeymoon. Don and I, with the help of our album, have lived ours over, I don't know how many times. LePage's Glue, you know, will never discolor the mount, and just a drop will do. That's why almost all photographers use LePage's—they cannot afford to take chances.



Playthings for kiddies

What mother doesn't sigh over the problem of keeping her children amused and out of mischief. My sister Mona never has the least bit of trouble with her family of four. She says it's because she starts them off right. She gathers them around her in the children's room and then gets out her "Kiddie Kit," as she calls it—a handy box that contains scissors, colored paper, cut-out dolls and soldiers, and material for mounting—and last, but not least, a tube of LePage's Glue. The children play for hours with these inexpensive things, and have made many quite durable and attractive toys. LePage's Glue is the only adhesive that holds the paper edges securely. The tube is clean and the spreader easy to use.

For umbrellas and golf sticks

Why are not umbrella handles put on to stay? Until we formed the LePage habit, the habit of "mending and not spending," it seemed that every umbrella in the house had a loose handle. And my experience in LePaging things prompted me to suggest to Don that instead of his spending money (I said *wasting* money) for having his favorite golf stick repaired he should mend it himself, which he did. Don is very "temperamental" about his golf tools. Like old friends, his old sticks are best, he says. I'm sure Don's LePaging saved a tried and true old friend for him. And Don found LePage's splendid for fastening the handle-wrappings on his clubs. He mended a fishing-rod with it, too.

The universal mender

LePage's Glue is the strongest adhesive known. For a half-century it has been the Universal Mender. It is pure and contains no acid. The tube, very easy and clean to handle, has a spreader (which is also a stopper) that is a most efficient tool for applying the glue. It is well always to have a tube handy ready for instant use. *Mending* to-day means *saving* to-day. You can buy it at department, hardware, stationery and drug stores. Dealers everywhere handling quality products sell LePage's Glue.

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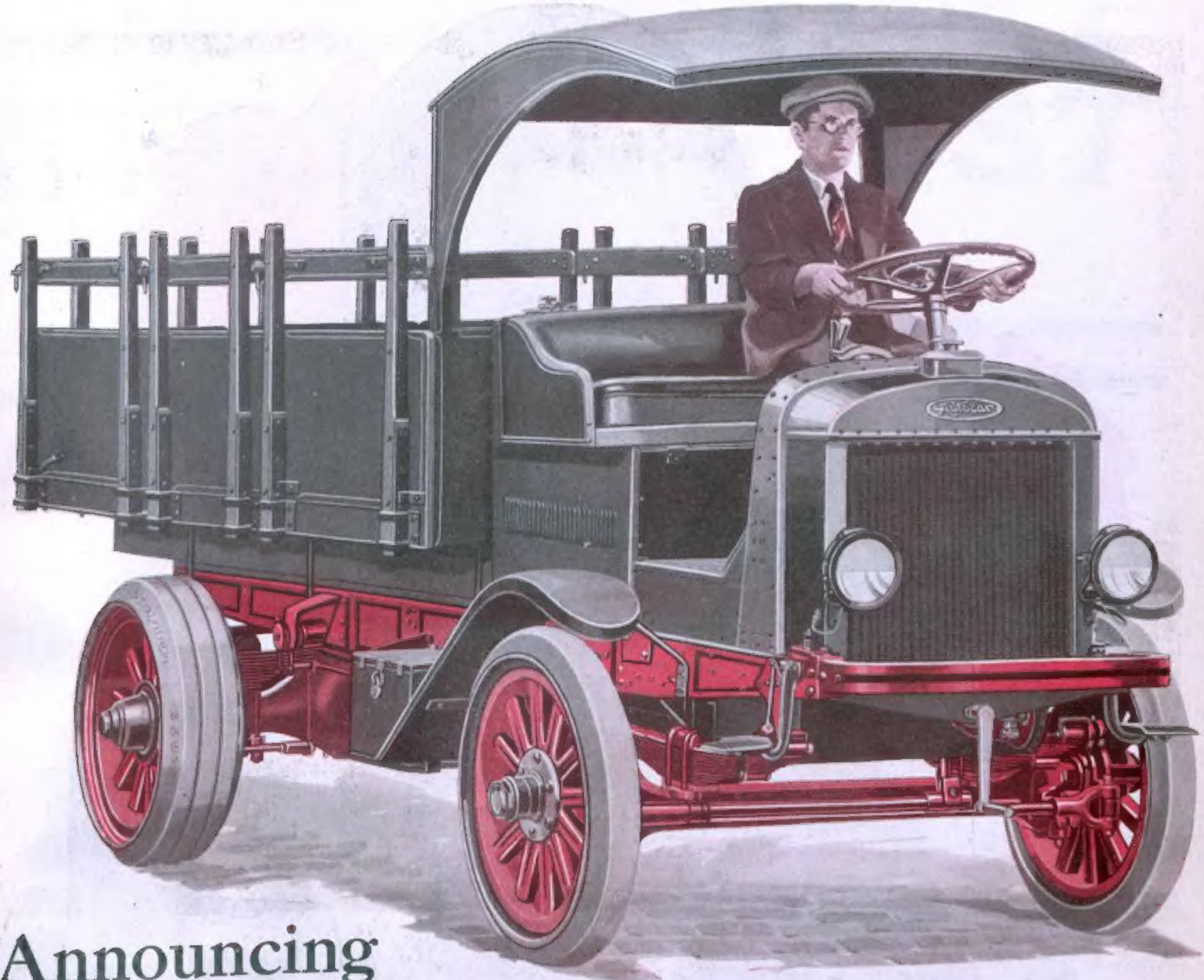

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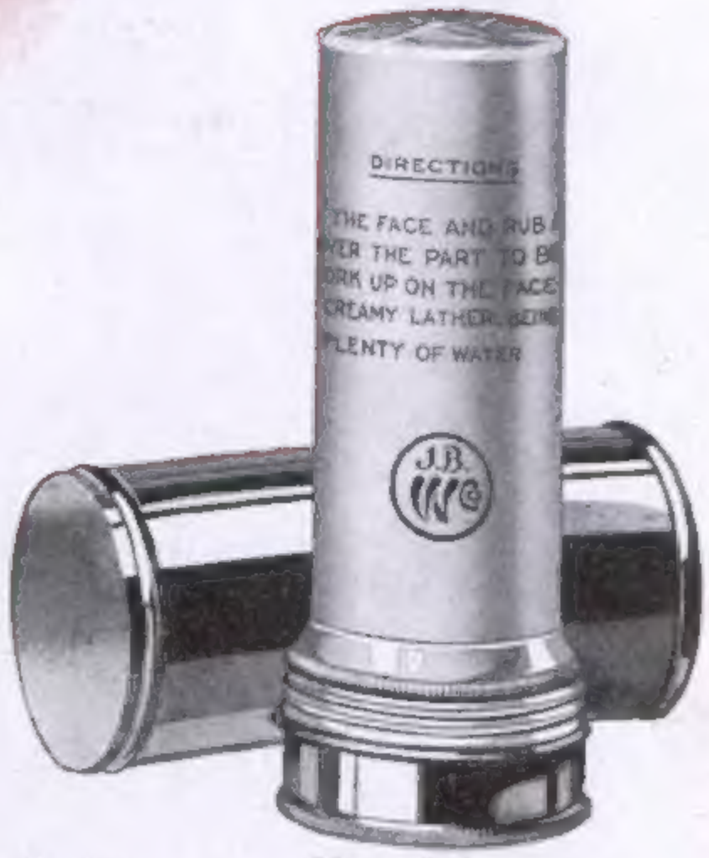

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